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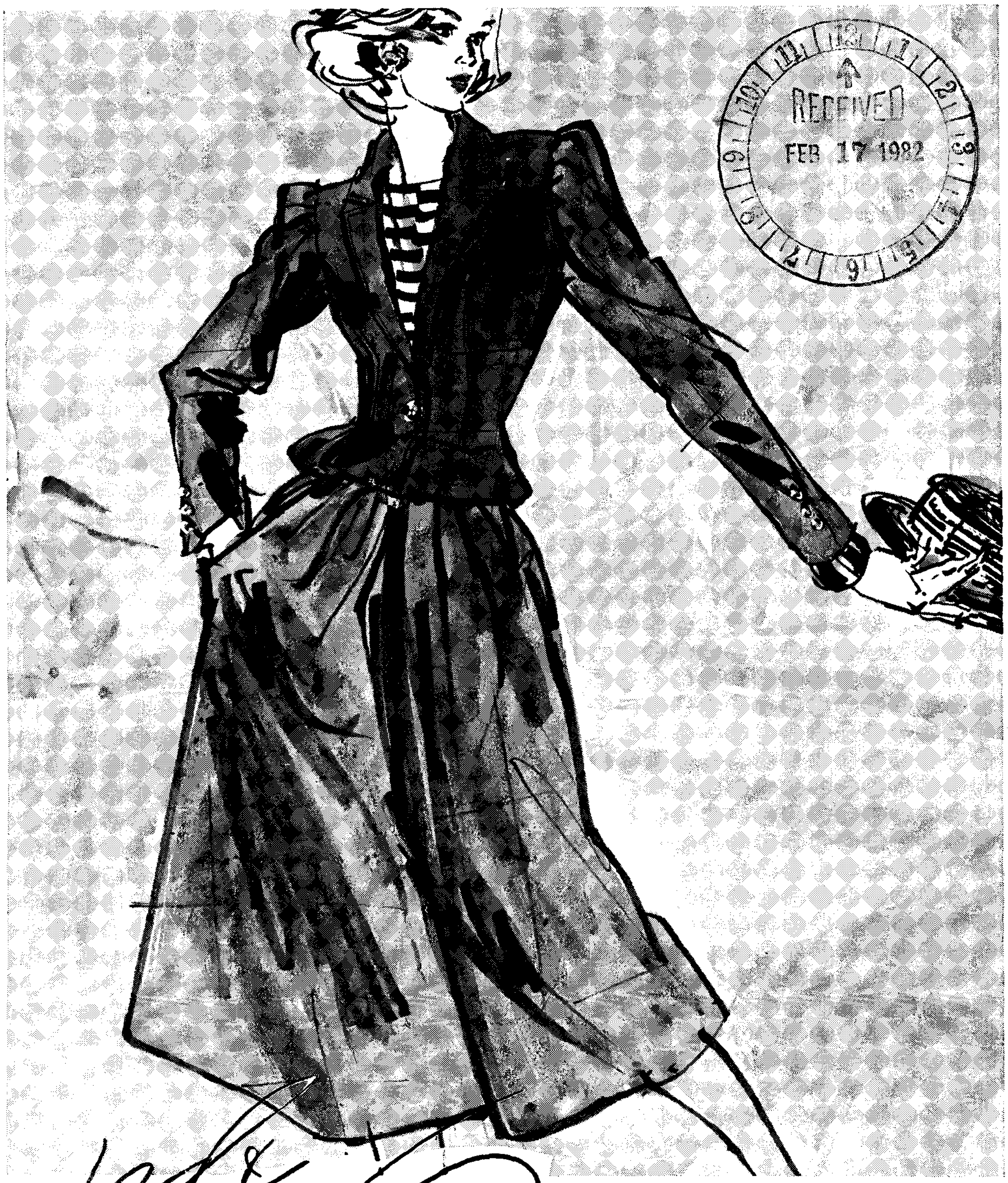

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

La Chefa—A play by Tato Laviera about a Puerto Rican family living on the lower East Side. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 28.)

Chucky's Hunch—A monologue that becomes an anatomy of failure. A middle-aged man who has failed as a painter, a husband, a philanderer, and now as the live-in son of his ancient mother, speaks aloud imaginary letters to the second of his three wives as he gulps down gin. Rochelle Owens is a clever writer who should be writing dialogue; her Chucky, even in a strong, imaginative performance by Kevin O'Connor, is never entirely credible as a solo turn. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean—A play by Ed Graczyk, with a cast headed by Cher, Sandy Dennis, and Karen Black. The director is Robert Altman. It was presented Off Off Broadway two years ago. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 18. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes, wonderfully well acted. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/16/81.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Curse of an Aching Heart—William Alfred conducts a brief and sometimes humorous examination of the Irish-American lower-middle-class depths. The time is the twenties, the place Brooklyn. Faye Dunaway makes a splendid heroine. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 21.)

The Dining Room—A play by A. R. Gurney, Jr. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Dreamgirls—The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dresser—An oddly Dickensian play, which might well have formed a part of "Nicholas Nickleby." Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers take the leading roles, and what actors they are! The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Equity Library Theatre—Aristophanes' comedy **Lysistrata** is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 28. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Grown Ups—Jules Feiffer's awkwardly constructed play about the hell of Jewish middle-class life in New York. The cast, headed by Bob Dishy, is superlative. (12/21/81) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

How I Got That Story—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and cleverly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. This revival opens Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 7. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicy-

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COVER: *Rea Irvin*

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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y 10036; Peter F Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601, 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361, 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. 1, February 22, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W 43rd St., New York, N.Y 10036.

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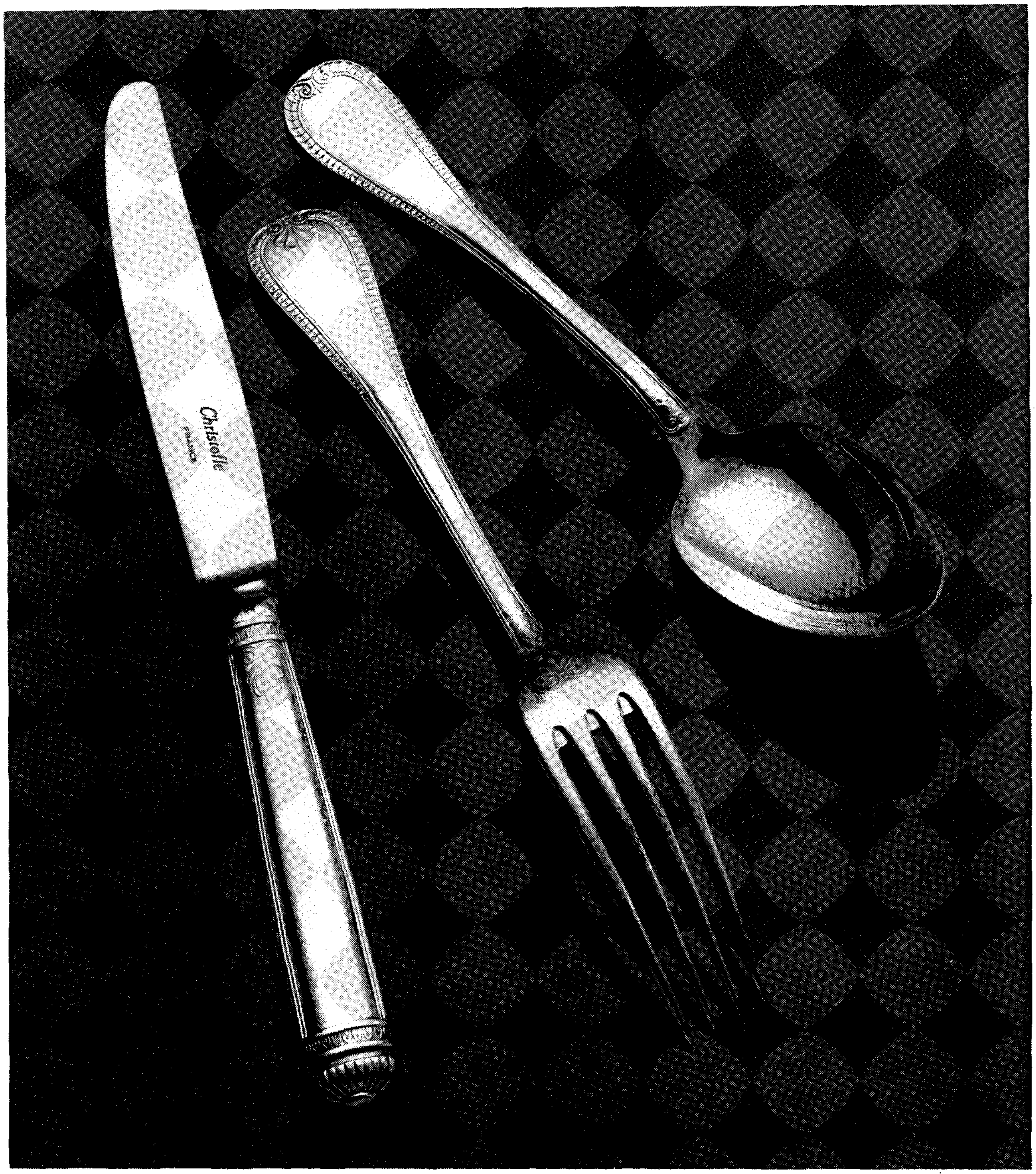

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cles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 21: **princess ida**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Feb. 24: **the grand duke.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Me—A totally unnecessary revival, in somewhat altered form, of a twenty-year-old musical with a book by Neil Simon, music by Cy Coleman, and lyrics by Carolyn Leigh. That excellent comic actor James Coco goes largely to waste in it. (2/1/82) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lullabye and Goodnight—Elizabeth Swados's self-designated "musical romance" about whores and pimps in New York is a disappointment. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Man and the Fly—A play by José Ruibal, presented in an English version with Rip Torn and in a Spanish version with Norman Briski. Jack Gelber is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 749-8474. In English Wednesday through Friday at 7:30, and in Spanish Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Mass Appeal—A worldly, self-satisfied, middle-aged priest and an idealistic young seminarian seek to find common ground, not altogether in vain. Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe make up the small cast, and they suffice. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Julie—The Strindberg play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 7.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **a soldier's play** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except Feb. 27, at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except Feb. 27, at 3 and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 2.)

Othello—A well-acted and unusually handsome production of Shakespeare's sure-fire thriller, starring James Earl Jones and Christopher Plummer. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Potsdam Quartet—David Pinner's often funny comedy about an English string quartet whose emotions unravel during an intermission in their performance for Truman, Churchill, Attlee, and Stalin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lion, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Moves on Wednesday, Feb. 24, to the Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St., 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Strange Snow—This play about two war-damaged Vietnam veterans and the sister of one of them is in-and-out absorbing (to say nothing of plausible), but the playwright, Steve Metcalfe, surely seems to be in the right profession. With Christopher Curry, Dann Florek, and Kaiulani Lee. (2/15/82) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Tomfoolery—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. His performance is stylish and very good, and he is ably supported by, among others, Estelle Getty, as his mother on a visit from Miami, and Matthew Broderick, as a street kid he is trying to adopt. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

The Unseen Hand—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork—A so-called "comedy with music," written, directed, and acted by Melvin Van Peebles, whose talent, energy, and attractiveness are everywhere apparent but who has plainly undertaken more than any one man should. (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The West Side Waltz—Katharine Hepburn, Dorothy Loudon, and Regina Baff fill this rather thin little comedy with a brisk and sometimes touching liveliness. The author is Ernest Thompson, who wrote "On Golden Pond." (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

The Whales of August—Two elderly sisters, both of them widows, spend their final summer together at a beach house off the Maine coast. David Berry's play is very much one of mood, and the mood is well sustained by the company, under William Ludel's direction. Edward T. Gianfrancesco's spacious setting on a tiny stage is a mystery and a wonder. (2/15/82) (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 691-2274. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 21.)

The World of Sholom Aleichem—A revival of Arnold Perl's dramatization of stories by Sholom Aleichem and I. L. Peretz. Jack Gilford, who appeared in the original 1953 production, stars. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zastrozzi—The great Czech actor Jan Triska in a murky drama. (2/1/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 28.)

Long Runs—ain't misbehavin': A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Final performances Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 3 and 8; Friday, Feb. 19, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3.) . . . **amadeus:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. John Wood plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Peter Firth plays the hapless Mozart; and Caris Corfman plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **annie:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **barnum:** David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **children of a lesser god:** An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and Peter Evans. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,072 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Treat Williams, Patrick Cassidy, Kaye Ballard, George S. Irving, David Garrison, and Maureen McGovern in a lively take-off of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Everyman—The medieval morality play performed by the Classical Theatre Ensemble. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, at 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Orpheus," "Histoire du Soldat Suite," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Capriccio Italien," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Chaconne," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2: "La Source," "Andantino," "Meditation," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "The Cage," "Andantino," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 21, at 1: "Square Dance," "Davidsbündlertänze," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Capriccio Italien." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 21, at 7: "Agon," "The Gershwin Concerto," and "Union Jack." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Meredith Monk and Company—A full-length work, "Specimen Days." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette Street. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 28.)

Tappin' Uptown—Honi Coles and the Copasetics, Chuck Green, Peg Leg Bates, Steve Condos, Harold Nicholas, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2.)

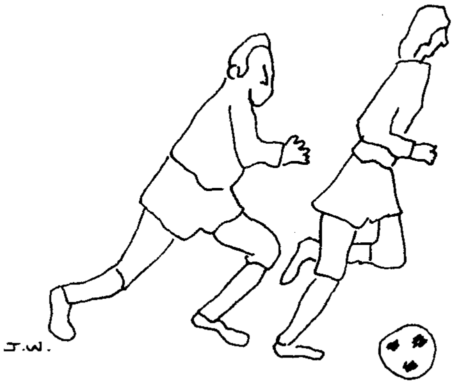
Don Redlich Dance Company—Two premières—"Ratatat" and "Stumble Up to Stand"—"Disposal," "Harold," and "Traces." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Feb. 17, and Friday, Feb. 19, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 20-21, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, Detroit hard-bopper **BARRY HARRIS** will play piano and lead a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio will be present. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this new room. The back wall is graced with a four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. The great guitarist **JIM HALL** performs delicate and fiery solos (sometimes in the same tune) with his trio through Sunday, Feb. 21; on Tuesday, Feb. 23, clarinettist **BUDDY DE FRANCO** will arrive with a quartet. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.



Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. Wednesday, Feb. 17, the Shirts; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, rock-and-roll singer Del Shannon; Monday, Feb. 22, three fine musicians and their bands—the great rolling and rocking Chicago-blues pianist **SUNNYLAND SLIM,** blues singer and guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND,** and the bluesy tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE;** Friday, Feb. 26, rock singer Beaver Brown; and Saturday, Feb. 27, a program of commercials, with Paul Dooley as master of ceremonies. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music, after all these years. **SHIRLEY SCOTT,** noted for her rhythm-and-blues organ, is here through Saturday, Feb. 20, acclimating herself to the piano, with support from the mellifluous bassist **CECIL MC BEE.** On Sunday, Feb. 21, pianist **MIKE RENZI** will work with bassist **BOB CRANSHAW.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BARBARA COOK** is singing in her wonderfully clear, ringing soprano with pianist Wally Harper Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** a singer and pianist who sometimes gets a look of wild delight on her face while she's at her nimble work, can be heard from nine-thirty every night but Sunday in the Bemelmans Bar.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ELLIS LARKINS,** a diffident performer and a delicate, elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between eight and midnight nightly, except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Feb. 17, Pack Nine, Rockaways, the Breakways, and the Swing; Thursday, Feb. 18, Richard Thorne & the Side Effects, the Po-dant-iks, and the Brightons; Friday, Feb. 19, the Same, Cool It Rheba, and Dizzy & the Romilars; and Saturday, Feb. 20, Velveteen, Eat Right with Stu Daye, and the Id. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-

A car that "weighs" its own passengers and luggage then tells the brakes how much power is needed. Such a car is the Peugeot 505 STI.

The car hurtles towards the obstacle. It is a double row of pylons forming a lane 120 feet long and only 12 feet wide that hooks severely to the right.

The driver must bring the car to a halt from an indicated 55 miles an hour within this narrow, curving lane... *while turning*.

There is the hideous sound of tortured rubber. Acrid tire smoke billows in the air. It is frightening to see and hear.

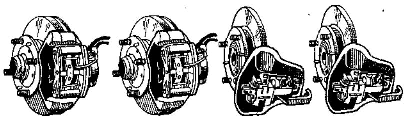
When it is all over, almost two tons of car and passengers have pulled to a stop with several feet to spare.

Brakes that "read"

The car is the Peugeot 505 STI.

It is fitted with an ingenious device that "reads" the weight of the passengers and luggage, then instantly calculates the division of braking power that is needed between the front and rear brakes.

The reason: if a car is lightly loaded, it has a tendency to lock its rear brakes as the weight shifts forward. The result could be a dangerous skid. When the device senses such a light-load condition, it will automatically shut down some of the power to the rear brakes to help keep them from locking. But if a car is *heavily* loaded, as is the case in this test, full braking power is sent to all four wheels.



Peugeot equips every 505 with disc brakes on all four wheels. They shed water and dissipate heat faster than drum brakes.

Test driver demonstrates emergency-braking power of Peugeot 505 STI. Driver maintains control, even though car is braking and turning at the same time.

The sensation in a panic stop has been likened to running into a giant pillow.

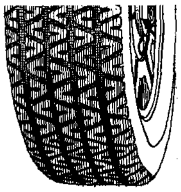
Tires that cling like limpets

Powerful brakes are of little use if the carmaker scrimps on tires; it is the tires, after all, that have the final word about stopping the car.

You will never find mere lette of-the-law tires on a Peugeot.

The Peugeot Lion

The lion has represented Peugeot since 1858. It was Peugeot that built the first car ever sold commercially (1891)... the world's first diesel-powered car (1922)... and the first high-rpm diesel engine (1967).



Michelin TRX® low-profile radial tires, mounted on alloy wheels, are standard. Note wide, flat footprint for sure-footed handling.

Every tire is a Michelin steel-belted radial. Special to the 505 STI is the Michelin TRX® tire, mounted on low-profile alloy wheels. The flat, wide footprint o this tire applies a limpet-like grip to the road.

Coupled with stabilizer bars that are thicker than on other 50 models, the tire edges the already surefooted handling of a Peugeot up another notch in the new STI

© 1982, Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.

A most-complete car

So lavishly equipped is the Peugeot 505 STI that there is only one option, a 3-speed automatic transmission ($370) in place of the 5-speed overdrive manual gearbox.

Here is a partial list of the equipment that is standard on this $14,990 car:

- Air conditioning, factory-installed
- Power-assisted steering
- Power-assisted 4-wheel disc brakes
- Cruise control
- Electric sunroof
- Electric windows
- Central locking system—a twist of the key locks all four doors and fuel-filler door
- Digital AM/FM 40-watt stereo radio with cassette player, scan tuning, and four speakers
- Automatic electric antenna
- Leather upholstery
- Multi-adjustable driver's seat
- Tachometer
- Limited-slip differential

Unhysterical seats

lick open the door of the Peugeot 05 STI and your nose will immeiately tell you what the seats are nade of; the car's interior is redoent of leather. What none of your enses will detect, however, is what ies beneath that soft, tanned hide...

Peugeot has banished springs rom its seats. Springs have a atural tendency to flutter and ounce hysterically when a car neets with rough roads. In their lace, Peugeot has used polymrized foam.

It is more costly to make all seats of the Peugeot in this maner—yes, this is a true 5-seater—but the expenditure has led to seats that have been described as almost sinfully comfortable.

The strokes of a master painter

Pass your hand over the paintwork of the Peugeot 505 STI and you will make a further discovery about the car.

No bored, "just-doing-my-job" worker has created this smooth finish. Instead, the critical part has been done by a computerized robot, taught to imitate the strokes of a master painter.

The STI is the only model of the Peugeot 505 available in a metallic claret or classic black. The black is a wet-on-wet process. First comes the enamel itself. Then, while the black is still glistening wet, it is overlaid with a clear coat of lacquer, sprayed to a thickness of 30 microns.

A final search for faults

Once built, every single car is taken to a special track and road-tested by one of Peugeot's 65-member team of expert drivers. Only when it has met Peugeot's standards is the car permitted to leave Europe for the U.S.

Does this mean that nothing will ever fail on a Peugeot? That would be wishful thinking. The perfect, indestructible car does not exist, no matter what its price. But one can usually count on a car to reveal its little glitches and foibles during the first year of driving.

You will be reassured to know that Peugeot does not care how many thousands of miles you put on your car during the first year you own it. The Peugeot new-vehicle limited warranty is for 12 months... *with unlimited mileage.**

Peugeot has little tolerance for poorly made cars.

*See your dealer for details of Peugeot's limited warranties.

Based on P.O.E. manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices may vary according to local dealer. Destination charges ($255), state and local taxes, dealer preparation, if any, and license fees are extra.

For name of nearest Peugeot dealer, call **1-800-447-2882** toll free in the continental U.S. In Illinois, 1-800-322-4400.

Please send me the Peugeot Facts Kit, complete with brochures, road tests by leading car magazines, plus list of my nearest dealers.

☐ Please include details on Overseas Delivery.

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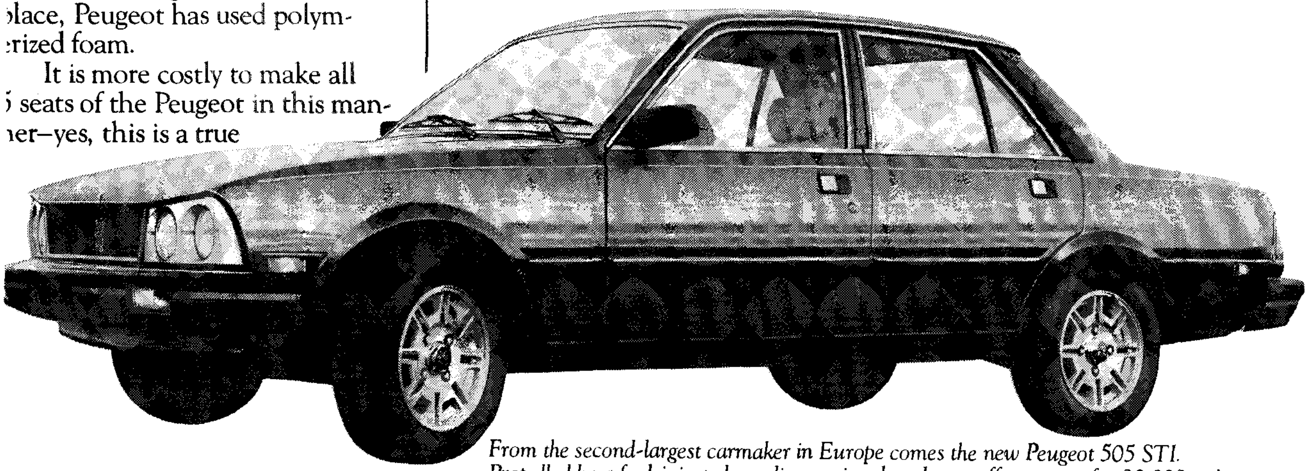

From the second-largest carmaker in Europe comes the new Peugeot 505 STI. Propelled by a fuel-injected gasoline engine that shrugs off tune-ups for 30,000 miles.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Actor **MICHAEL MORIARTY** sings some of the songs he's written, with the assistance of bassist **JAY LEONHART** and pianist **DAVID LAHM,** through Saturday, Feb. 20. On Monday, Feb. 22, a street singer named Arthur Tracy will move in. Sundays belong to composer, singer, and pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** who presents show tunes, mostly in medleys, and introduces them with thorough, witty dossiers on their history. His performing style isn't self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward—in short, perfect. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 17, the **IRISH TRADITION;** Thursday, Feb. 18, a jam session; Saturday, Feb. 20, the Chicken Chokers String Band; Sunday, Feb. 21, guitarists Rory Block and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday, Feb. 24, Dan Milner and Paul Friedman; Thursday, Feb. 25, Steve Uhrick and Steve Garcia; and Saturday, Feb. 27, **LAUGHING HANDS,** a fine quartet made up of guitarist **RUSS BARENBERG,** fiddler **MATT GLASER,** mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN,** and bassist **MICHAEL GOLD.** Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen, and Sundays at nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 21, at about nine-thirty, jubilant trumpeter **TED CURSON** will lead a quintet that will feature **ROLAND HANNA** on piano. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, often very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly mainstream-jazz room. Alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** is here with his quartet through Sunday, Feb. 21; on Tuesday, Feb. 23, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his portable graduate school for up-and-coming musicians, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** will take over the bandstand. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music from their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. Trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** bassists **AL HALL** (Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 18-20, and Saturday, Feb. 27) and **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** (on Thursday and Friday, Feb. 25-26), tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** pianist **GENE RODGERS,** trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** and drummers **RONNIE COLE** (Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 18-20) and **TOMMY BENFORD** (Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 25-27)—collectively, the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—perform from nine on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL—JACKIE & ROY** to their many ardent admirers—who make up perhaps the best vocal duo in jazz, sing through Saturday, Feb. 20; on Monday, Feb. 22, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will collaborate with vibraharpist **RAY ALEXANDER;** and on Tuesday, Feb. 23, **DAKOTA STATON** will begin singing some jumping, bluesy tunes with her backing crew. On Sundays, a band called Kenia performs Brazilian music. Sets begin at eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at ten-thirty on Sundays and Mondays. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from seven to ten, except Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano five until ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern and warmer. Bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** buzzing and bowing as usual, performs with pianist **RICHARD WYANDS** through Saturday, Feb. 20; on Tuesday, Feb. 23, **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the very best bebop pianists, will come in with his bassist. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** plays just about everything that crosses his mind in his seamless style Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, Feb. 21-22, Hal Schaefer will man the dining-room grand. The music runs Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Bob Curtis is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. Thursdays are the property of a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—tenor saxophonist **ION MUNIZ,** bassist **SERGIO BRANDÃO,** guitarist **DATCHA,** percussionists **CYRO BAPTISTA,** ***DUDUCA FONSECA, TONI NOGUEIRA,*** and ***JORGE SILVA,*** and trombonist **DAVID SACKS** (can you guess which band member isn't Brazilian?)—which plays satisfyingly wild, swirling sambas. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, saxophonist **BILL BARRON** will head a quartet that will feature his little brother **KENNY,** the famous jazz pianist; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** will work with pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** bassist **MIKE FLEMING,** and drummer **WALTER PERKINS.** Music from about eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about one in the morning—Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group o musical archivists from eight until two.

CORT
THEATRE

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped and percussive, other times undulating and romantic but always a powerhouse of a pianist, is on hand with bassist **MIKE RICHMOND** through Saturday, Feb. 20. On Tuesday, Feb. 23, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** wil take charge. On Sundays and Mondays **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play some bouncing, bluesy jazz duets. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and fo French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and i starts after eight-thirty. Part of the schedule Wednesday, Feb. 17, three Chicago bluesmen of the highest order—slide guitarist ***J. B HUTTO, LUTHER (GUITAR SLIM) JOHNSON,*** and ***EDDIE (THE CHIEF) CLEARWATER;*** Thursday, Feb. 18, the Burrito Brothers; Sunday, Feb. 21, singer and bassist **RICK DANKO;** Monday, Feb. 22, singers Terri Gibbs and Lee Greenwood; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 23-24, country singer Johnny Paycheck. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St (228-3788)—A brand-new jazz club. Bassist **ART DAVIS,** pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** drummer **BOB MOSES,** saxophonist **DAVE SCHNITTER,** and trombonist **DICK GRIFFIN**—known collectively fo this gig as the **VIBRATION SOCIETY,** the name o the band that the late Rahsaan Roland Kirk used to lead—perform Kirk's music through Saturday, Feb. 20. On Sunday, Feb. 21, pianist **DON PULLEN** and drummer **BEAVER HARRIS** wil co-pilot their big band; Monday and Tuesday Feb. 22-23, will belong to guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD's** trio; and on Wednesday, Feb. 24, **AIR**—saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL,** drummer **STEVE MC CALL,** and bassist **FRED HOPKINS**—the avant-garde trio that on occasion plays red-hot ragtime, will move in. Sets begin at nine-thirty eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singer's room in this restaurant of many rooms (take a right, then a left to get to it) is presenting Johnnie Ray, whose recordings of "The Little White Cloud Tha Cried," "Broken Hearted," and "Cry" resulted in the three most touching hits of 1951 His shows run Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, has settled in to work with his bassist, **BRIAN TORFF,** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell homemade chutney; it is this R. & B. and jazz club. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 17, singer **GRACE TESTANI** and her band, pianist **JIM MC NEELY,** bassist **RON MC CLURE,** and drummer **JIMMY MADISON;** Thursday, Feb. 18, String Fever, an eleven-piece swing band; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, guitarist **ERIC GALE** and his reggae band; Monday, Feb. 22 French Toast; Wednesday, Feb. 24, saxophonist Dave Tofani; Thursday, Feb. 25 singer Cathy Rose Salit; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** and his African-funk quartet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday Feb. 17, the Fishman Brothers Band; Thursday, Feb. 18, first-rate rhythm and blues with the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl Sunday, Feb. 21 (at ten and eleven-thirty) jazz singer **CHRIS CONNOR;** Tuesday, Feb. 23, the Aztec Two-Step; Wednesday, Feb. 24, Fred Willard; and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 25-

There are times when only the best will do.

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Hiram Walker & Sons
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Canadian Club®

"The Best In The House"®

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racy new hues for eyes, lips, cheeks, fingertips.
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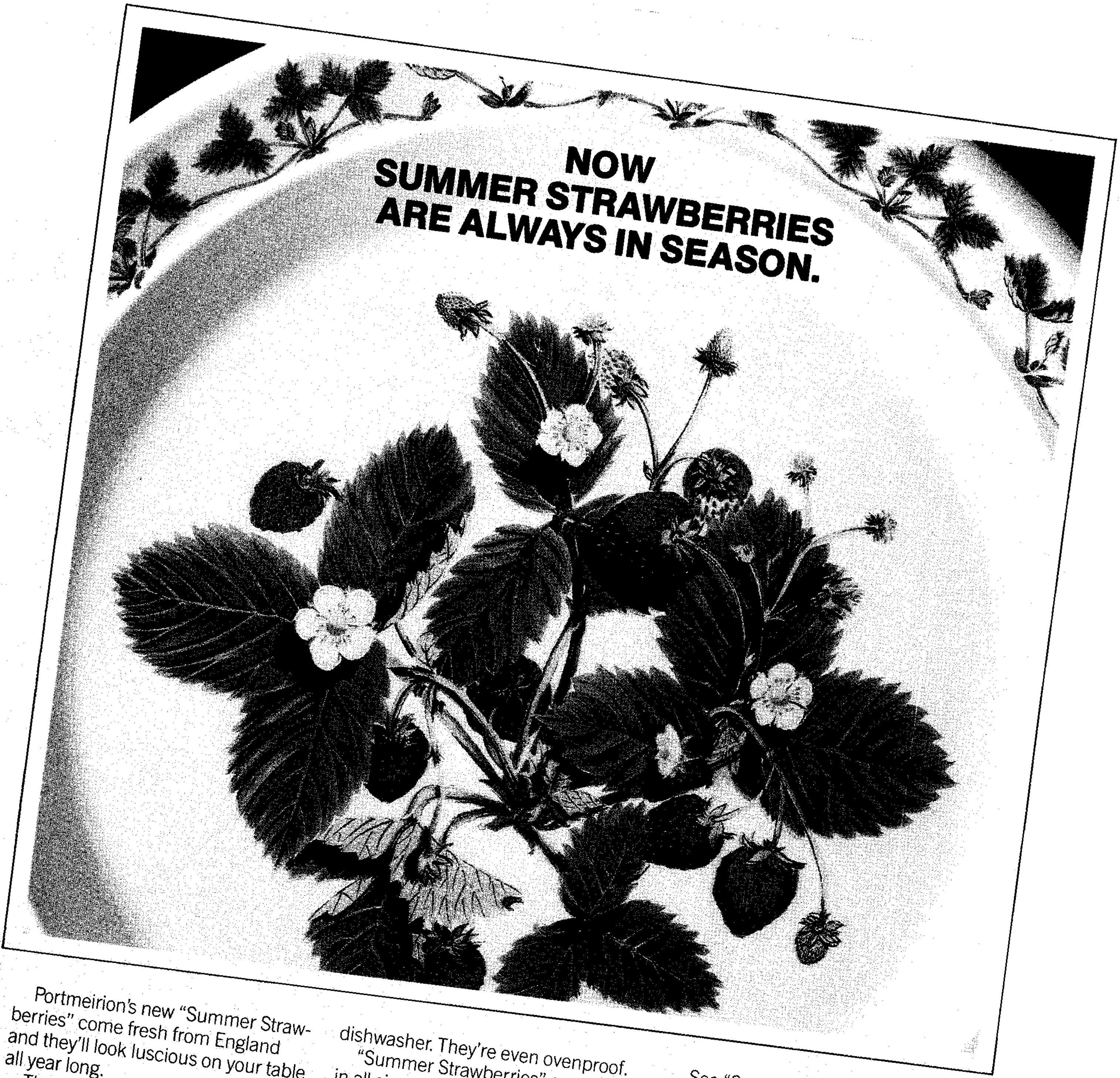
Pressed Eyelid Shadow: The Deep-Sea Colors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Portmeirion's new "Summer Strawberries" come fresh from England and they'll look luscious on your table all year long.

These delicate fruits and flowers were faithfully copied from nature in the style of 19th century botanic prints. Painted on a milk-white ceramic surface, these succulent strawberries will never wither on the vine nor dull in the dishwasher. They're even ovenproof.

"Summer Strawberries" grow in all sizes and shapes, and on every piece the design's a little different. You can have strawberry planters. Strawberry casseroles. Strawberry canisters. Strawberry coasters. Even a strawberry rolling pin. It's a whole patchful of Dinnerware, Kitchenware and Cookware.

See "Summer Strawberries", ripe for picking, at a fine store near you. Dinnerplate $13.00, salad plate $11.00, cup and saucer $13.00. Other pieces from $9.50. For brochures, send $1 to Portmeirion, Dept. PS, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010.

PORTMEIRION

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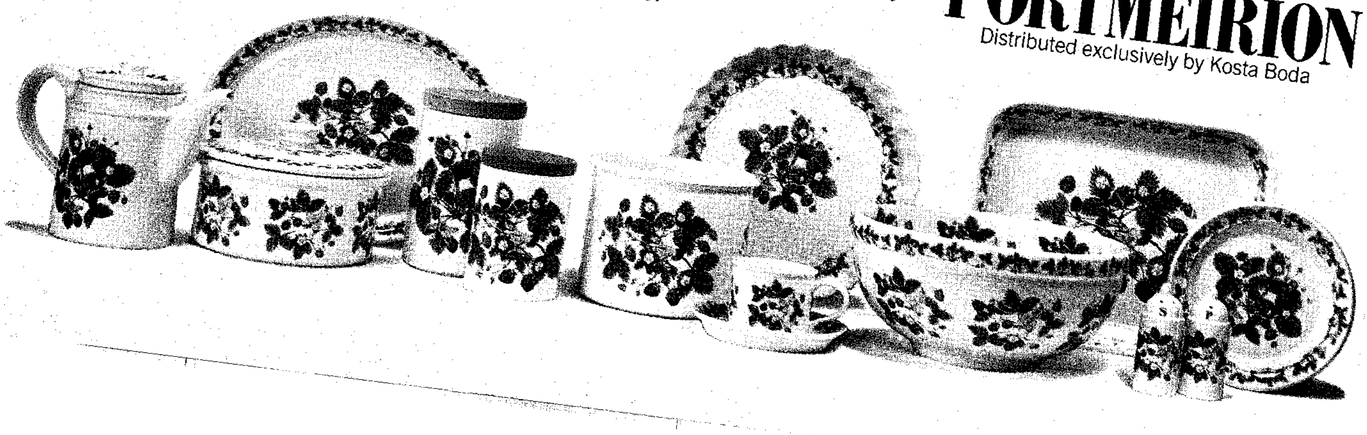

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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26, **KENNY RANKIN,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—A big rock-and-rollers' space that could be even bigger, since it's usually very crowded, with a balcony to survey it all from. Wednesday, Feb. 17, rockabilly singer Marshall Crenshaw; Thursday, Feb. 18, Ballistic Kisses; Friday, Feb. 19, the Drive-Ins and the Whyos; and Saturday, Feb. 20, Fingerprintz. The music *might* begin before midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the RCA Building—one almost expects to see Fred and Ginger pop up from behind a table. **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make it virtually impossible not to want to Lindy Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, Feb. 18, soul singer Bobby Womack (at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty); Friday, Feb. 19, Bob January & His Satin Swing Orchestra, Busta Jones, and Sherri Beachfront; Saturday, Feb. 20, the dB's and guitarist Rhys Chatham; Sunday, Feb. 21, **CHUCK BERRY** (the correct answer to the question: What is rock and roll?); Monday, Feb. 22, Hooks; Tuesday, Feb. 23, the Drive-Ins; Thursday, Feb. 25, the Jamaican trio the **MIGHTY DIAMONDS** and Pablo Moses; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, Wilko Johnson, the Solid Senders, and the Blockheads. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute honors Jerome Kern and features a cast of four: Cris Groenendaal, Judy Kaye, Armelia McQueen, and Ken Page. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 17, blues and jazz guitarist **YOSHIAKI MASUO;** Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 18-21, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and his super sidemen, drummer **BILLY HIGGINS,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK;** Tuesday, Feb. 23, guitarist Rodney Jones; Wednesday, Feb. 24, Chin Suzuki; and Thursday, Feb. 25, singer Janet Lawson and her backup quartet.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will lead his quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, **ROLAND HANNA** will commandeer the piano. Music from about ten.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Bluesy alto saxophonist and singer **JOHN HANDY** winds up a rare visit on Saturday, Feb. 20; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 21-22, will be claimed by Kilimanjaro; and on Tuesday, Feb. 23, high-tech tenor saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS,** who plays solid-state, gizmo-reliant reed and keyboard solos and sings bluesily, will arrive with his band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and occasional reggae music—what else would anyone want? Blues pianist **BLIND JOHN DAVIS** has settled in to perform Wednesdays through Saturdays. If you wander in on Tuesday nights, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue soul nonet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.

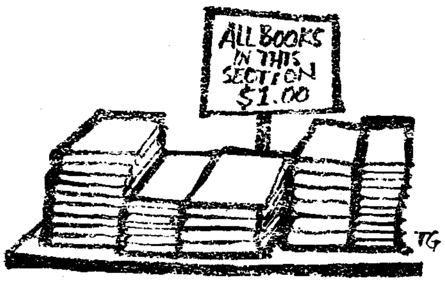
TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Feb. 17, Satie and Billy Falcon; Thursday, Feb. 18, Cries and Lil Red; Friday, Feb. 19, Broken Arrow and Scarlet Fever; Saturday, Feb. 20, Sic F*cks and Cyclones; Sunday, Feb. 21, **FINN & THE SHARKS,** a limber rockabilly band from Nyack; Tuesday, Feb. 23, the Drongoes, a rock band from New Zealand, and Silent Types; Wednesday, Feb. 24, Sci-Fi and the Hardbeats; Thursday, Feb. 25, Radline; Friday, Feb. 26, Fitz and Lightnin'; and Saturday, Feb. 27, Heaven and the Jon Paris Band. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine for exuberant audiences; on Monday, Feb. 22, **TIPICA '73,** the great **MACHITO** and his orchestra, and guest soloist, tenor saxophonist and composer **FRANK FOSTER,** will provide the music. On Friday, Feb. 19, at eleven, trombonist and arranger **MELBA LISTON** will guide her nonet, which will feature tenor saxophonist **BUDD JOHNSON.** Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** leads his all-star nonet through Sunday, Feb. 21; on Tuesday, Feb. 23, **ELVIN JONES,** the athletic drummer, will bring in his quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass light fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Esther Blue is the pianist; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Tony Regusis has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE'S** quintet, Two Tenor Boogie, is onstage through Sunday, Feb. 21; on Wednesday, Feb. 24, ex-Basie trombonists **DICKY WELLS** and **BENNY POWELL** will move in. On Mondays, pianist Gene Rodgers is present, and on Tuesdays a quartet is nurtured by the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music nightly from about nine.


ALL BOOKS IN THIS SECTION $1.00
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JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

WNYC ANNUAL FOLKSONG FESTIVAL—Oscar Brand, Dave Van Ronk, the Song Project, and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

TRIUMPH—With Saxon. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

THE GREAT GUITARS—Charlie Byrd, Barney Kessel, and Herb Ellis, with saxophonist Gerry Mulligan. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

JOAN ARMATRADING—With Tom Chapin. (Palladium. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

J. GEILS BAND—With George Thorogood and the Destroyers. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

DOC WATSON—With the Bluegrass Band. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 7:30 and 10:30. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

SALSA MEETS JAZZ—McCoy Tyner, Eddie Palmieri, and Arthur Blythe. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8 and 11:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 10: Mike Crotty Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Frank Foster's Loud Minority. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 9: Brazilian Carnaval, with Pé-De-Boi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 21, at 10: Mark Morganelli quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 24-25, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Woody Shaw quintet, with Bobby Hutcherson. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Walter Davis, Jr., quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Monday, Feb. 22, at 9: Billy Falcon. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 25, at 9: James (Blood) Ulmer and Eric Gale. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 10: Mink DeVille. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday, Feb. 26, at 9:30: Vortex. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 9:30: Rachel Faro. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

MAUREEN CONNOR—Delicate constructions (organdy, caning, straw) by a costume designer. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—New semi-abstract works in oil and in charcoal, including several landscapes of the Bernal-Heights area of San Francisco. Through March 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

STEPHEN EDLICH—Abstract paper collages. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

IGOR GALANIN—Recent paintings, surreal in nature and somewhat naïve in style. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

BUDD HOPKINS—An installation in mixed mediums mounted on the gallery wall (and taking up part of the floor), plus four maquettes for outdoor sculptures; all the work was influenced by Greek temples the artist saw on a trip last summer. Through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954)—Ninety linoleum cuts designed by Matisse in the early forties and printed for the first time last year. Through March 16. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St. Open Mondays.)

Isabel McIlvain—Small (fifteen to thirty inches), highly articulated sculptures of female nudes, in bronze and hydrocal. Through Wednesday, Feb. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Howard Newman—Figurative bronzes and drawings. Through March 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Kenneth Price—A group of drawings and six new ceramic cups. Through March 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Marina Stern—Paintings of New England barns. Through March 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Richard Thompson—Figurative paintings with emblems of pioneer life—campfires, log cabins, and wagon trains. Through March 3. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Gérard Titus-Carmel—A series of watercolors, drawings, and prints under the title "Caparaçons." First one-man show in New York. Through March 13. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Bram van Velde (1895-1981)—Abstract paintings. Through March 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Kim Whanki (1913-74)—Forty-five gouaches from his sketchbook. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Poindexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Melanie Wygonik—Large scratch drawings—decorative grids picked out with a stylus on a checkerboard of colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Adja Yunkers—Large abstract works, most of them incorporating strands of cordage across a field of soft color, by this veteran artist, now eighty-two. Through March 17. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by Georges Braque, Paul Klee (paintings), Robert Delaunay, Henri Matisse (drawings), and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by John Parks, constructions and collages by Reginald Case, and sculptures by Bruce Pollock. Through Saturday, Feb. 27.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Gilles Aillaud—Paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Arlen—Serpentine wall sculptures cast in clear polyester in which strips of colorful plastic and infusions of dyes are embedded. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Austé—Macabre landscapes dotted with elongated figures, painted in bold colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Luis Cruz Azaceta—Self-portraits treated as fantasy; e.g., the artist depicts himself as a horseman of the Apocalypse. Through March 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Mersad Berber—Contemporary-looking figures set against richly ornamented Old World backgrounds by a Yugoslav painter showing for the first time in this country. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Allen Blagden / Irma Cavat—Watercolors: portraits, landscapes, and birds. / Closeup views of market produce and of studio paint pots, among other oils. Through Friday, Feb. 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Charlotte Brown—Recent collages in which rich, Oriental-tapestry designs are carried out in combinations of clay, fabric, and handmade paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charles Clough—Paintings with references to art history. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Richard Corey—Paintings. Through March 5. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Stuart Diamond—Painted-wood constructions. Through March 6. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joellyn Duesberry—Landscapes of the Hudson River and Martha's Vineyard. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

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Norris Embry (1921-81)—A memorial exhibition of works in mixed mediums on paper and board by the figurative Expressionist. Through March 13. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michael Gillen—Freestanding abstract steel sculptures. Through March 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Grillo—Sword swallowers, acrobats, jugglers, lion tamers, and other circus performers portrayed on both sides of large canvas scrolls. Through March 26. (Lumbard, 38 E. 57th St.)

Dieter Jung—Abstract paintings that have to be looked at for some time before the content becomes visible—misty horizontal stripes, for instance, in a pale spectrum of colors. The artist is a German. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Other paintings by the same artist, plus drawings and holograms, are now on exhibit at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Ray Lewis—Ovals, arcs, and triangles in pastel stick and acrylic on large canvases. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Elsie Manville—Still-life paintings. Through March 6. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bruce Monteith—Humble architectural details (a back porch, a side entrance to a house, a clapboard wall with a window) done in miniature and encased in viewing boxes. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Books, catalogues, portfolios, and other printed matter, dated 1915-74, with their respective "manuscripts" (which often include three-dimensional objects); early cut-paper collages; and graphics. Through March 13. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Martial Raysse—Episodes in a sylvan paradise depicted by a French artist who has invented a mythology of his own and developed a singularly personal way of painting it, in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Judy Rifka—Large youthful figures drawn in silhouette and seemingly racing along (on handball courts, in discos, at work) at about eighty m.p.h. Through March 6. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—Recent works–oils, collages, drawings–crowded with random sketches, private jokes, bits of ribaldry, family snapshots, doodles, and, here and there, flashes of this artist's virtuoso draftsmanship. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

François Rouan—Paintings and drawings. Through March 6. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fanny Sanin—Geometric abstractions. Through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **AARON BERMAN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by thirty-eight women artists from New York and from Florida: Fish, Nevelson, Krasner, and Sleigh are among them. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: "The Gloucester Years," a show of sixty paintings by Milton Avery, Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, Edward Hopper, and John Sloan, who recorded their impressions of that seaside town from about 1915 (Sloan) to 1956 (Avery). Through March 6. . . . **DE NAGY,** 29 W. 57th St.: Large abstract drawings with architectural elements by Andrea Blum; landscapes of Ireland, with cutout figures, by Patricia Patterson; abstract paintings by Colin Thomson; and two totemic structures about six feet tall by Clyde Connell, a Texas artist in her eighties. Through March 3. . . . **DINTENFASS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Five artists—Hyman Bloom, Philip Evergood, Sidney Goodman, Robert Gwathmey, and Jacob Lawrence—who, in diverse styles, "established the realist character" of the gallery between 1950 and 1970. Through Thursday, Feb. 25. . . . **EMMERICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: New monotypes by Sam Francis, Precisionist drawings by Jeannette LeRoy, and paintings by Simon Hantaï. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Small paintings and drawings by American artists who were included in exhibitions mounted by the curator Dorothy Miller at the Museum of Modern Art in the forties, fifties, and sixties. Kline, Pollock, Rothko, and Johns are some of the artists. Through March 6. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century European and American folk artists, including Edward Hicks, Henri Rousseau, and Grandma Moses. Through March 6. . . . **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.: "American Figurative Expressionism 1950-60" has paintings by Willem de Kooning, Lester Johnson, Grace Hartigan, and others. Through March 4.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Cathey Billian and David Nash—"Two Views of Nature," drawings by two sculptors. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Bruce Boice—Nonobjective, impasto paintings and the pencil studies for them. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Louis Cane—Expressionist paintings of women. Through March 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Rosemary Cove—Colored drawings and small sculptures based on the female body, which in some representations here takes on the qualities of a landscape. Through March 3. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Michel Gerard—Forged-steel sculptures and handmade-paper pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Michael Hurson—Drawings. Through March 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Patrick Ireland / Jean-Pierre Pincemin—A new wall painting and related drawings. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Mario Merz—Six oils and two metal-and-glass sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Donald Newman—Photographic blowups worked over with paint and charcoal. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Gladys Nilsson / Christina Ramberg—Watercolors depicting caricatured figures. / Totemic acrylics. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Anne Flaten Pixley—Paper reliefs. Through March 10. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Anne and Patrick Poirier / Christian Boltanski—Pagodas and pyramids represented in gilded wood. / A photographic installation. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Randall Schmit—Large compositions of kaleidoscopic intricacy painted for the most part in broad strokes of color straight out of the tube. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Mira Schor / Joseph Santore—Abstractions from nature; the medium is dry pigment on rice paper. / Small-scale abstract oils and ink drawings. Through March 6. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Nora Speyer—Paintings of sombre-looking figures, together with two Cape Cod landscapes, and working drawings for all. Through March 3. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

Robert Straight—Nonobjective paintings on shaped canvases and paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Michelle Stuart—The Peruvian Nazca lines were the starting point for a large wall work of a hundred per cent rag paper whose line was traced with earth. Also, other recent works. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Michael Tracy—Sculptured tablets on which the Stations of the Cross appear in multicolored abstractions, done in relief. Through March 3. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Selina Trieff—Self-portraits with animals, many full-scale, in charcoal and in oils, and small pencil drawings of figures. Through March 3. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Claude Viallat—Painted canvas pieces, including a large tent (one may enter) and unstretched, irregularly shaped wall works. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Anna Goth Werner—Thirty-odd oil paintings of architectural alterations (the Temple of Dendur at the Metropolitan, for one). Through March 3. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

John T. Young / Kevin Franke—A slender granite crag nearly fifteen feet tall, plus lesser sculptures in granite held together by steel cables. / Vast painted enlargements of flowers which the artist finds in everyday decoration—the sofa fabric, the kitchen linoleum, inlaid furniture. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: The first installment of a two-part fifth-anniversary exhibit, which consists in total of a hundred and seventy-four of the artists whose work has been featured here. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **meisel,** 141 Prince St.: Photo-Realist watercolors by C. J. Yao, paintings of cows on a grid by John Roy, and large abstract pastels by Evelyn Ellwood. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **soho 20,** 99 Spring St.: An all-gallery (twenty members), all-paper work in this feminist establishment. Through March 3. (Opens at noon.) . . . **holly solomon,** 392 West Broadway: Four French artists showing paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 20.

OTHER GALLERIES

Thomas Bang—Wall objects in black and red wax and in cast iron; also floor pieces and stencilled-graphite drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

E. E. Cummings (1894-1962)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Jean Le Gac / John Mendelsohn—Large works that combine photographs, drawings, and texts. / Paintings of women. Through March 6. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Lou Myers—Drawings by an artist whose work is often seen in these pages. Through April 1. (International Typeface, third floor, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

Small Works Competition—Dealer Nancy Hoffman judged this sixth annual show of art works that measure under a foot. Through Friday, Feb. 26. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University.)

Group Shows—At the **fraunces tavern museum,** 54 Pearl St.: The two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of George Washington's birth is the occasion for a show of contemporary renderings of G. W. by such artists as Roy De Forest, George Deem, and Audrey Flack. Through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.) . . . **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by six New York artists: Tom Butter, Tom Evans, John Fekner, Judith Hudson, Peter Julian, and Cheryl Laemmle. Through March 25. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **sculpture center,** 167 E. 69th St.: Mostly sculptures, but also drawings and photographs, one each by twelve artists, among them Janet Fish, Robert Stackhouse, and Italo Scanga. Through March 9. (Opens at noon.) . . . **visual arts,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Preparatory works for Precisionist paintings by Sheeler, Lozowick, Ault, and others. Through Friday, Feb. 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Marilyn Bridges—Sixty aerial photographs of the "ground drawings" attributed to the Nazca Indians of Peru—the titanic (one is over ten miles wide) renderings of plants, animals, and geometric forms which range across thirty miles of a desert plain southeast of Lima. Through Sunday, Feb. 21. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Lois Conner—Large-format platinum-palladium prints. Through March 12. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Andreas Feininger—Photographs: examples of photojournalism, nudes and portraits, architectural studies, abstractions. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mark Feldstein—Photographs of urban places. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

Evelyn Hofer—New work, including color portraits of Saul Steinberg and Diana Vreeland. Through March 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Les Krims—Photographs of interiors that are inhabited by nude people. Through March 13. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Werner Mantz—Architectural photographs of Germany during the twenties and thirties. Through March 6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

P. H. Polk—Portraits of Alabama blacks by Tuskegee Institute's official photographer. Through March 6. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

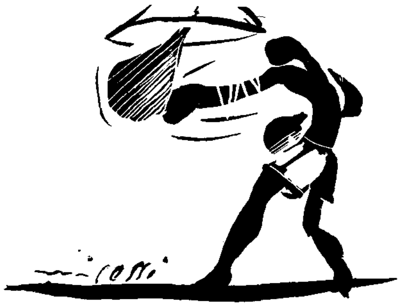
Cervin Robinson—Black-and-white photographs of notable buildings (Rockefeller Center, the Waldorf) that have not been designated as landmarks. Through March 11. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—A few obscure photographs paired with such well-known works as "Walk to Paradise Garden." Through March 6. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Show—An inventory of photographic techniques is provided in an exhibit of the work of eleven contemporary women photographers. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Michael C. Rockefeller Wing houses the permanent collection of traditional objects from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas in grand, newly constructed first-floor galleries that occupy nearly an acre of space overlooking Central Park to the south. Among the almost two thousand items (given largely by Nelson Rockefeller in memory of his son) are a Peruvian gold-and-shell nose ornament, which would mask the lower half of the face, and nine twenty-foot-high carved ancestor poles collected by Michael Rockefeller on his final expedition to New Guinea. . . . ¶ Two acquisition shows: thirty-one paintings and sculptures by contemporary artists and a hundred or so purchases, from seventeen curatorial departments, each costing under five thousand dollars. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for a few months for construction work.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Munich: 1896-1914," the first of three exhibits planned by the museum (to be held at two-year intervals) to follow the artist's development as influenced by the various cities where he lived. Most of the nearly three hundred works assembled here (paintings, works on paper, furniture and ceramic designs, books) are by Kandinsky himself, most are on loan, and all are intended to show the interrelation between the artist and the city where he arrived, at the age of thirty, to begin the formal study of art. Through March 21. . . . ¶ A fluorescent-light sculpture by Dan Flavin. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of small sculptures and project drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), who is best known for monumental earth-art sculptures, two of which ("Cayuga Salt Mine Project" and "Gravel Mirror with Cracks and Dust") are also reconstructed here. Starts Friday, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, drawings, and prints, selected from a bequest by Katherine Schmidt Shubert, which includes works by such artists as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Peggy Bacon, John Sloan, and the donor herself. Through April 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Brooklyn Before the Bridge: American Paintings from the Long Island Historical Society," sixty oils and watercolors chronicling Brooklyn's halcyon days as an independent city—shipwrecks on Coney Island, rapid transit (a coach and ten horses, East River ferries), and fireworks displays at the opening of the bridge in 1883. Starts Saturday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ New Testament paintings by James Tissot in a show that coincides with his show of Old Testament paintings at the Jewish Museum. Through April 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls, hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred original drawings (plus furniture, silver, and ceramics) by the Scottish architect Robert Adam (1728-92), as well as some by those who were influenced by his neoclassical style. Through April 11. . . . ¶ About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. Not necessarily intended as veritable construction proposals, the entries have titles like "Design for a Royal Palace in a Villa for Three Important Persons," or "Project for a Church to Be Erected in Gratitude for a Victory." Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of Asian art from the collection of the Idemitsu Museum of Art, Tokyo, centering on Japanese paintings and ceramics; a Yüan-dynasty cobalt-glaze jar stands out. The Nanga school, the Ukiyo-e school, and the painter Sengai Gibon are well represented. Through

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 14. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A display of paintings of Old Testament scenes by James Tissot, the late-nineteenth-century French painter and etcher who devoted his later years to illustrating the Bible. (His New Testament paintings are on view at the Brooklyn Museum.) Through May 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The many worlds of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (a.k.a. Lewis Carroll), the focal point of which is the original 1864 manuscript (with drawings) of the prototypical "Alice's Adventures Under Ground." Also, five illustrations by John Tenniel for "Wonderland" (which appeared the following year); holographic poems and riddles; photographs; and correspondence. Through April 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's nod to the centennials of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. Excerpts from Woolf's four decades of diaries (where one learns that she regarded "Ulysses" as "an illiterate, underbred book") are here, as are her letters and essays (in working drafts and final copies) and the bulk of her novels (manuscripts, first editions). The Joyce material focusses on his years in Paris (1920-40) and includes the first English (1922) and French (1929) editions of "Ulysses," along with the many pages of work involved in the translation of the novel. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—An index to black American history, ranging from a broadside (1812) offering freedom to slaves enlisting in the Army to a photograph (1963) of Martin Luther King addressing Freedom Marchers in Washington. Through March 27. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Larry Fuente's sculptures, both freestanding and hung on the walls, which incorporate familiar objects (bottle tops, coins) as decorative elements. . . . ¶ Portraits by fourteen artists, Duncan Hannah, Lucas Samaras, and Jolie Stahl among them. Both shows through Saturday, Feb. 27.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Charles Guarino & Robert Younger (performance), Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:30; Theatre for Your Mother (performance), Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A group show by conceptual artists, among them Komar & Melamid and Chris Burden. Through March 6.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Elizabeth Streb (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 18-21, at 8:30; Peter D'Agostino (a video piece entitled "Tele-Tapes"), Monday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; Richard Baim (performance), Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30; Steve Kramer (performance), Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:30; Paul McMahon (performance), Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A display of photographs and videotapes derived from pictures made at the Goddard Space Flight Center. Through Saturday, Feb. 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

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OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 17: "Così Fan Tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, James Morris, and Donald Gramm; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 18: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Pablo Elvira, and Rockwell Blake; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 19: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Julia Migenes-Johnson, Giuliano Ciannella, and Brent Ellis; Jeffrey Tate. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 20: "Così Fan Tutte," with Pilar Lorengar, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, Lenus Carlson, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 22: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Julia Migenes-Johnson, Placido Domingo, and Brent Ellis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 23: "Così Fan Tutte," with Pilar Lorengar, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, Lenus Carlson, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 24: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Pablo Elvira, and Rockwell Blake; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 25: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Julia Migenes-Johnson, Giuliano Ciannella, and Brent Ellis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 26: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Ermanno Mauro, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 27: "Così Fan Tutte," with Pilar Lorengar, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, Lenus Carlson, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 27: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Pablo Elvira, and Rockwell Blake; Andrew Davis. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, May 2—Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8: Antonio de Almeida conducting the New York City Opera Orchestra and Chorus in a concert version of Wagner's "Die Feen" (American première), with Penelope Daner, June Anderson, John Alexander, Frederick Burchinal, and Herbert Eckhoff. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 8: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Joseph Evans, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2: "Carmen," with Judith Forst, Marianna Christos, Riccardo Calleo, and Marc Embree; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8: "La Bohème," with Pamela Myers, Inga Nielsen, Jerry Hadley, and Charles Long; Judith Somogi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Performances of Thea Musgrave's "The Voice of Ariadne," conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Thursday, Feb. 18; Saturday, Feb. 20; Wednesday, Feb. 24; and Friday, Feb. 26, all at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Roger Sessions' "Montezuma" (New York première), staged by Ian Strasfogel, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Frederik Prausnitz. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3; and Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Hermann Goetz's "The Taming of the Shrew," conducted by Bruce Ferden and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Feb. 25, and Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Klaus Tennstedt conducting performances of Mahler's Ninth Symphony on Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); Friday, Feb. 19, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Charles Dutoit conducting a Haydn-Franck-Stravinsky program on Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8; Friday, Feb. 26, at 2; and Tuesday, March 2, at 7:30.

Orchestre de Paris—At Carnegie Hall—Daniel Barenboim conducting the last three in a series of concerts devoted to the complete symphonic works of Beethoven. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8: The Eighth Symphony and the Violin Concerto in D Major, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8: The Sixth and Seventh Symphonies. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 8: The First and Ninth Symphonies, with Christiane Eda-Pierre, soprano; Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Robert Schunk, tenor; Dimitri Kavrakos, bass; and the Westminster Choir.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Copland-Mozart-Ravel program, with Radu Lupu, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Verdi's Requiem—James Levine conducting the Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra in a benefit performance, with Leontyne Price, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Placido Domingo, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Metropolitan Opera House. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Michael Gielen conducting a Liszt-Mahler program, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting, with Anahid Ajemian, violin; Mark Shuman, cello; William Purvis, horn; and Morris Newman, bassoon and recorder. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Mozart-Debussy-Ravel program, with Paula Robison, flute, and Heidi Lehwalder, harp. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Lynn Harrell, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

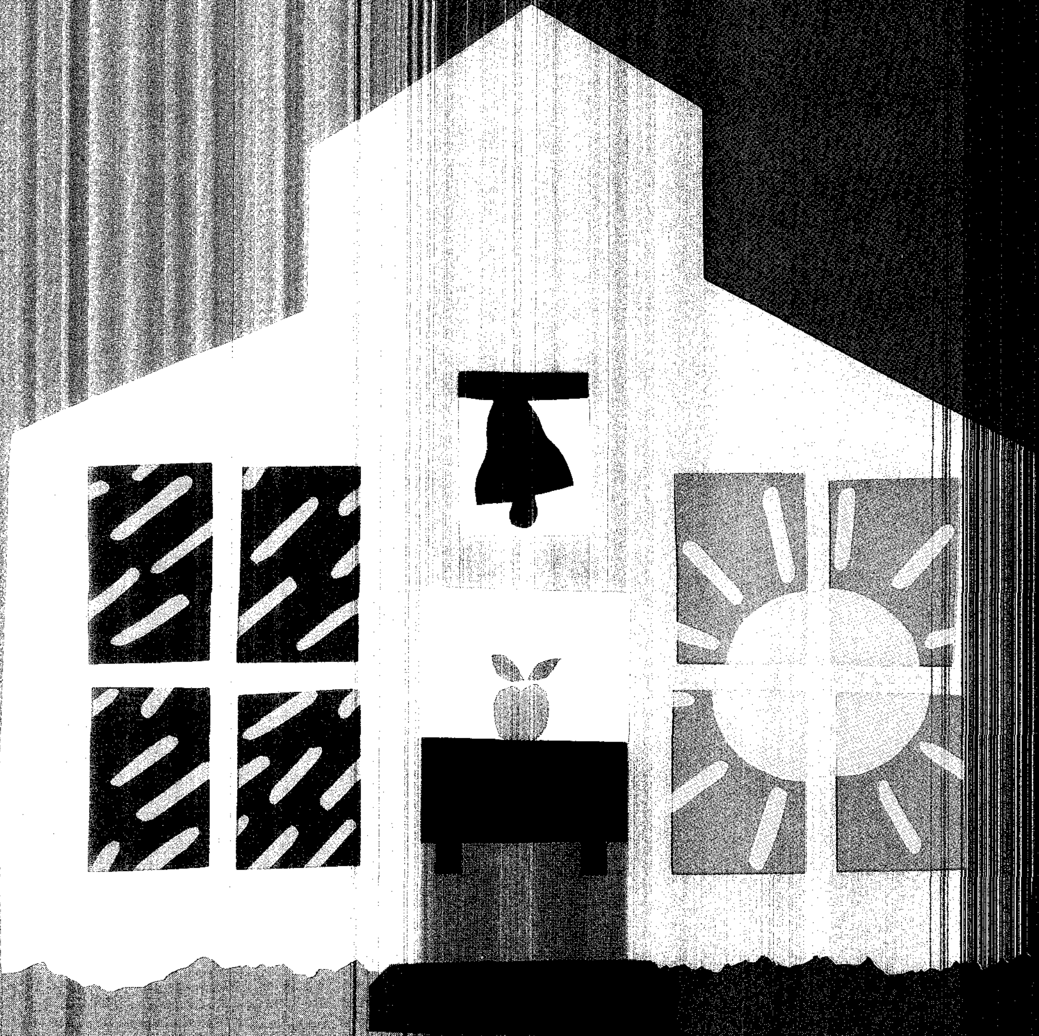
Beethoven Society—Oscar Shumsky conducting the Symphony Orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music and acting as violin soloist in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph conducting a Bruckner-Brahms program, with John Ogdon, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting a program of music by Japanese composers Kiyoshige Koyama, Maki Ishii, Teruyuki Noda, and Akio Yashiro. With Hiroko Nakamura, piano, and Paul Zukofsky, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman direct-

James Clavell's
The Children's Story...
but not just for children



A dramatic television program
without commercial interruption
Host: Peter Ustinov
Thursday evening, February 18
Check local listings

The Children's Story, published by Delacorte Press/Eleanor Friede, available at local bookstores.

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JONES NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier conducting a program that includes Beethoven's Mass in C, Randall Thompson's "Frostiana," and Leonard Bernstein's "Chichester Psalms." With Lila Deis, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Perry, tenor; and David Evitts, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

RECITALS

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The second in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century music by American composers, this one devoted to works by John Cage, Elliott Carter, Dean Drummond, Arthur Kreiger, and Andrew Frank. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—The second in a series of five programs, this one devoted to works by Ross Lee Finney, William Albright, Robert Ashley, George Crumb, and Roger Reynolds, (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 3.)

Renata Scotto—Soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Yo-Yo Ma—Cello, in two all-Bach programs with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Alan Marks—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8. Admission is free, but seating is limited, so it would be wise to arrive early.)

Benita Valente and Cynthia Raim—Soprano and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The second in a series of seven recitals will be performed by the Classical String Quartet. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

King's Singers—This vocal sextet, formed at King's College, Cambridge, in a program of classical and contemporary music. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Jan Opalach—Bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music devoted to the compositions of Milton Babbitt and Stefan Wolpe, performed by Benjamin Hudson, violin; Maureen Gallagher, viola; Ronald Anderson, trumpet; and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Christiane Edinger and Ilana Vered—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Susan Rotholz—Flute, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Edmund Battersby—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy, Itzhak Perlman, and Lynn Harrell—Piano, violin, and cello, in an all-Beethoven program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Music from Ravinia—The second in a series of three programs of vocal and instrumental music, this one performed by Kathleen Battle, soprano; Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; John Cheek, bass; Ray Still, oboe; and James Levine, piano and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Rogeri Trio—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Contemporary chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Mozartean Chamber Players—An all-Haydn program, celebrating the composer's two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Jupiter Symphony Chamber Players—Jens Nygaard conducting an all-Mozart program, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Continuum—A program of twentieth-century music demonstrating the influence of the Orient on composers Colin McPhee, Henry Cowell, John Cage, Alan Hovhaness, and Bruce Gaston. With Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Marilyn Dubow, violin; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and Joel Sachs, pianist-conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Historic Women Composers—A program of music by such composers as Clara Schumann, Lili Boulanger, Fanny Mendelssohn, and Cecile Chaminade, performed by Betty-Jean Hagen, violin; Ellen-Zoe Hassman, cello; Pamela Sklar, flute; Rosario Marciano, piano; and Karin Tripp, mezzo-soprano. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 759-5165.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Phoenix, Friday, Feb. 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Sunday, Feb. 21, at 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Friday, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Saturday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Friday, Feb. 26. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Thursday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Feb. 24. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Colorado Rockies, Saturday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Tuesday, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Feb. 27. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Lucky Draw, Wednesday, Feb. 24, and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 12. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 27.

Track Meet—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championships Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 26, at 7:15.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 3. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Carol Muske and Gerald Stern reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 22, at 8.) . . . ¶ James Purdy and Paula Fox reading from their own prose. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, Feb. 22, at 8.) . . . ¶ Ned O'Gorman reading from his own poetry. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 27-28, from 9 to 7.)

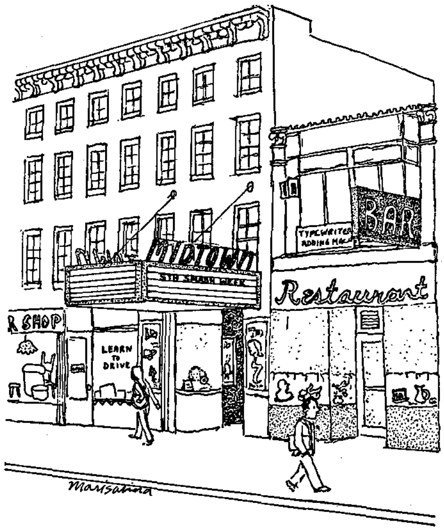
Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5.

National Antiques Show—Among this year's exhibits are a collection of Girl Scout memorabilia, a pair of porcelain opium pillows, a Wedgwood black basalt planter in the shape of a hedgehog, and some Hindu masks. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 17-20, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 21, from 1 to 8.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 18, at 2: Impressionist, modern, and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 25, at 10:15: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 19. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 10:15, and Thursday, Feb. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Watches and clocks, English and Continental silver, and portrait miniatures. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, at 10:15 and 2: International silver, porcelains, bronzes, furniture, decorations, and rugs—all from the Victorian era. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 25, at 2: Chinese snuff bottles. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jades and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 20. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 10 and 2, and Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 10: Chinese jades and snuff bottles. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 2: Nineteenth-century drawings. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 2:30: Twentieth-century Chinese paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 18. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 2: Antique and modern jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 20.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Feb. 17: "The Young Fighter" (1953) and "Strange Victory" (1948), both films directed by Leo Hurwitz.
Feb. 18: "The Sun and Richard Lippold" (1966), "This Island" (1970), and "The Museum and the Fury" (1956), all directed by Leo Hurwitz.
From Feb. 19: "Dialogue with a Woman Departed" (Leo Hurwitz), a four-hour documentary. Mr. Hurwitz will be present on Friday, Feb. 19, at 7:30.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 18: "True Confessions" (†) and "Thief" (†).
Feb. 19-25: "Prince of the City" (†).
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Border" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Reds" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Cannery Row" (David S. Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "Absence of Malice" (†). From Feb. 19: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
Theatre 3: "On Golden Pond" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ragtime" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 18: "McVicar" (1980; Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith.
From Feb. 19: "Over the Edge" (1979; Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Personal Best" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss. From Feb. 19: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Ragtime" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Shoot the Moon" (†). From Feb. 19: "Three Brothers" (Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Michel Placido.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "On Golden Pond" (†). From Feb. 19: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.
Theatre 2: "The Border" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Missing" (Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Cannery Row" (David S. Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: "Absence of Malice" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"One from the Heart" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 18: "Pennies from Heaven" (†).
Feb. 19-25: "Four Friends" (†).
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Border" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson. From Feb. 19: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 2: "Venom" (Piers Haggard), with Sterling Hayden and Klaus Kinski.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 18: "True Confessions" (†).
From Feb. 19: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "On Golden Pond" (†). From Feb. 19: "Personal Best" (†).
Theatre 2: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: A program of fourteen new animated shorts by American and Canadian independent filmmakers.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 23: "Without Anesthesia" (1978; directed by Andrzej Wajda; in Polish). Feb. 24-26: "Rockers" (1980; Theodoros Bafaloukos; a Jamaican film in Jamaican patois), with Leroy Wallace. From Feb. 27: "Loulou" (1980; Maurice Pialat; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Absence of Malice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Personal Best" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "Four Friends" (†). From Feb. 19 (tentative): "Ticket to Heaven" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cannery Row" (David S. Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 4: "Pixote" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Night Crossing" (Delbert Mann), with John Hurt and Jane Alexander.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Quest for Fire" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Everett McGill.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Pennies from Heaven" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Love and Money" (James Toback), with Ray Sharkey and Ornella Muti.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Feb. 17: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).
From Feb. 18: "She Dances Alone" (Robert Dornhelm), with Kyra Nijinsky and Bud Cort.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Sisters, or the Balance of Happiness" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Jutte Lampe and Gudrun Gabriel.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One from the Heart" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Chariots of Fire" (†). From Feb. 19: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 18: "David" (Peter Lilienthal; in German). From Feb. 19: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi and Anouk Aimée.
Theatre 2: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: "Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Night Crossing" (Delbert Mann), with John Hurt and Jane Alexander. From Feb. 19: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss. From Feb. 19: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 18: "Pennies from Heaven" (†). From Feb. 19: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 18: "Absence of Malice" (†). From Feb. 19: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Four Friends" (†).
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Los Olvidados" (†) and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (†). From Feb. 19 (tentative): "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Border" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pixote" (†).
Theatre 4: "Cannery Row" (David S. Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Making Love" (directed by Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "McVicar" (1980; Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith. From Feb. 19: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 4: "Absence of Malice" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Feb. 18: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Feb. 19 (tentative): "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Feb. 18: "Night Crossing" (Delbert Mann), with John Hurt and Jane Alexander.
From Feb. 19: "Ragtime" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "Ragtime" (†). From Feb. 19: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 25: "Return of Bruce." From Feb. 26: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 18: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From Feb. 19: "Venom" (Piers Haggard), with Sterling Hayden and Klaus Kinski.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Reds" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson. From Feb. 19: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 2: "Venom" (Piers Haggard), with Sterling Hayden and Klaus Kinski.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Personal Best" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "The Border" (†).
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.
Theatre 2: "Cannery Row" (David S. Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 17: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967; directed by Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway, Gene Hackman, and Estelle Parsons; and "Mickey One" (1965; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty.
Feb. 18: "The Parallax View" (1974; Alan J. Pakula), with Warren Beatty, Paula Prentiss, and Hume Cronyn; and "Lilith" (1964; Robert Rossen), with Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg, Peter Fonda, and Kim Hunter.
Feb. 19-20: "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn; and "Heaven Can Wait" (1978; Warren Beatty and Buck Henry), with Beatty, Julie Christie, James Mason, and Charles Grodin.
Feb. 21: "No Nukes" (1980), the September, 1979, Madison Square Garden rock concerts, with Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, and Crosby, Stills & Nash; and "Rockshow" (1980), with Paul McCartney & Wings.
Feb. 22: "Butterfield 8" (1960; Daniel Mann), with Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey, Eddie Fisher, and Dina Merrill; and "Waterloo Bridge" (†).
Feb. 23: "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Kill!" (1968; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese).
Feb. 24: "This Man Must Die" (†) and "La Femme Infidèle" (†).
Feb. 25: "Saint Jack" (†); and "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman.
Feb. 26-27: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Feb. 20: "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with

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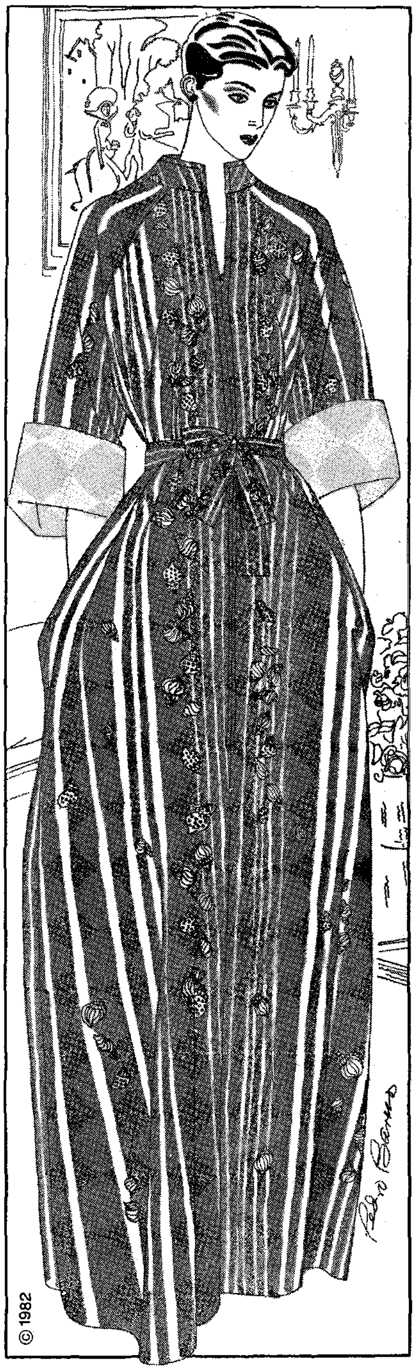

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

"Perspectives on French Cinema," a program *of new films, all in French with English* subtitles:

Feb. 21: "L'Homme Fragile" (Claire Clouzot) and "L'Ombre Rouge" (Jean-Louis Comolli). Mr. Comolli will be present at 6:30 and Miss Clouzot will be present at 9.

Feb. 22: "Chronique Indienne" (Bernard Mazauric and Antoine Sabarros); "Ambara Dama" (Jean Rouch and Germaine Dieterlen); and "After Pink Splash," eight short animated films by Paul Dopff. Mr. Mazauric and Mr. Sabarros will be present at 7:30.

Feb. 23: "Le Sang du Flamboyant" (François Migeat) and "Une Histoire d'Amour" (Gilles Béhat). Mr. Migeat will be present at 7:30.

Feb. 24: "Prends 10,000 Balles et Casse Toi" (Mahmoud Zemmouri), "La Fille Prodigue" (Jacques Doillon), and "Les Fourberies de Scapin" (Roger Coggio). Mr. Doillon will be present at 7:15.

Feb. 25: "L'Ombre Rouge" and "Prends 10,000 Balles et Casse Toi." Mr. Comolli will be present at 7:45.

Feb. 26: "Ambara Dama," "Chronique Indienne," "After Pink Splash," "Une Histoire d'Amour," and "Le Sang du Flamboyant." Mr. Migeat will be present at 6:25.

Feb. 27: "After Pink Splash," "Chronique Indienne," "Ambara Dama," "La Fille Prodigue," and "Les Fourberies de Scapin." Mr. Doillon will be present at 8.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 18: "Nicholas Nickleby" (1947; Alberto Cavalcanti), with Cedric Hardwicke, Derek Bond, and Bernard Miles.

Feb. 19-20: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro.

Feb. 21-23: "Dr. No" (1963) and "From Russia with Love" (1964), both James Bond films, directed by Terence Young, with Sean Connery.

Feb. 24-25: "1900" (Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Feb. 26-27: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (†) and "M*A*S*H" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"McVicar" (1980; Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Feb. 17: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.

Feb. 18-20: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.

Feb. 21-23: "Black Orpheus" (†); and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.

From Feb. 24: "Go West" (†); and "At the Circus" (1939; Mervyn LeRoy), with the Marx Brothers.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Feb. 17: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.

Feb. 18-20: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Feb. 21-23: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

From Feb. 24: "The Night Porter" (1974; Liliana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 17: "The Shanghai Gesture" (1941; Josef von Sternberg), with Gene Tierney, Victor Mature, Ona Munson, and Walter Huston; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

Feb. 18-20: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn.

Feb. 21-22: "Gypsy" (1962; Mervyn LeRoy), with Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood, and Karl Malden; and "Calamity Jane" (1953; David Butler), with Doris Day and Howard Keel.

Feb. 23-24: "A Woman of Paris" (†); and "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston.

Feb. 25-27: "Blonde Bombshell" ("Bombshell;" 1933; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, Frank Morgan, and Una Merkel; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 17: *Four silent films by René Clair*—"Imaginary Voyage" (1926), "La Tour" (1928), "Phantom of the Moulin Rouge" (1924), and "The Crazy Ray" (1924).

Feb. 18: "Bride of the Monster" (1956) and "Plan 9 from Outer Space" (1956), both films directed by Edward D. Wood, Jr., with Bela Lugosi.

Feb. 19-20: "A Purple Taxi" (1977; Yves Boisset), with Charlotte Rampling, Fred Astaire, Peter Ustinov, and Philippe Noiret; and "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tacchella), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier.

Feb. 21: "The Green Room" (†) and "The Soft Skin" (†).

Feb. 22: "Torch Song" (†); and "Johnny Guitar" (1954; Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine.

Feb. 23: "The House of the Sleeping Virgins" (1968; Kozaburo Yoshimura; in Japanese); and "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuko Mori, and Takashi Shimura.

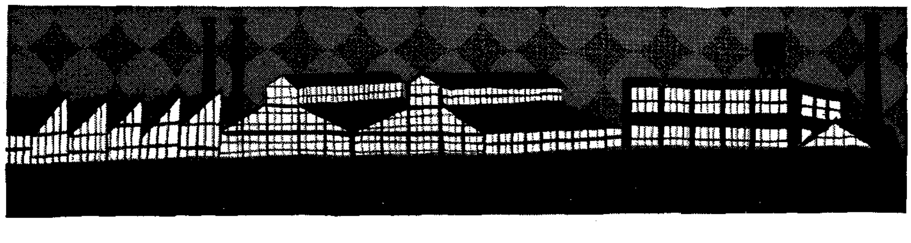
Feb. 24: "Greed" (1924; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gibson Gowland, ZaSu Pitts, and Jean Hersholt; and "The Crowd" (1928; King Vidor; a silent film), with Eleanor Boardman and James Murray.

Feb. 25: "Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Feb. 26-27: "The Bottom Line" (1976; Georges Lautner; in French), with Pierre Richard and Miou-Miou; and "The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1976; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 17: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives, and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shir-



ley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn.

Feb. 18: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell, and "The Ox-Bow Incident" (1943; William Wellman), with Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, and Frank Conroy.

Feb. 19-20: "Murder Most Foul" (1965) and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

Feb. 21: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Jane Eyre" (†).

Feb. 22: "Little Murders" (†) and "Pretty Poison" (†).

Feb. 23: "October" ("Ten Days That Shook the World;" 1927) and "Potemkin" ("The Battleship Potemkin;" 1925), both Russian silent films, directed by Sergei Eisenstein.

Feb. 24: "The Man I Love" (†) and "The Hard Way" (†).

Feb. 25: "Charlie Chan in Rio" (1941; Harry Lachman) and "Charlie Chan in the Meeting at Midnight" (1944; Phil Rosen), both with Sidney Toler as the detective.

Feb. 26-27: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Starting Feb. 19: A video installation by Michael Smith, including a twenty-five-minute videotape starring Smith, directed by Mark Fischer. Mr. Smith will be present on Thursday, Feb. 25, at 2. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Feb. 17 at 8: "Greed" (1924; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film). . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 8: "The Eleventh Year" (1928; Dziga Vertov; a Russian silent film; no English titles). . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 8: "Shagai, Soviet!" (1926; Dziga Vertov; a Russian silent film; no English titles). . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 8: "La Région Centrale" (1971; Michael Snow). . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 8: "Man with a Movie Camera" (1929; Dziga Vertov; in Russian, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 8: "Enthusiasm" (1931; Dziga Vertov; in Russian, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 8: "Three Songs About Lenin" (1934; Dziga Vertov; in Russian, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 8: Three French films by Jean Vigo. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 8: "L'Atalante" (1934; Jean Vigo; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2: Video works by Skip Blumberg. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 8: A program of works by John Sibley Watson and Melville Webber, James and John Whitney, and Andy Warhol.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Absence of Malice—A well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a false story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force (Bob Balaban). The federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim who turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. The script is by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, the director is Sydney Pollack, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Loews New York, Waverly, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 18.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Criterion Theatres.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 21-23.)

The Border—In this solid, impressive muckraking movie directed by Tony Richardson and filmed largely on location in El Paso, Texas, Jack Nicholson plays a United States border patrolman whose job is to shove Mexicans back to their side of the Rio Grande. The patrolman hates his work; it fills him with disgust, because most of his colleagues are in cahoots with the American businesses that hire wetbacks, and the patrolmen make their money—their big money—by closing their eyes to vans full of workers earmarked for their business partners. It's an ugly life—persecuting enough Mexicans to keep the government bureaus happy while functioning as slave dealers. Working from a script by Deric Washburn, Walon Green, and David Freeman, and with the cinematographers Ric Waite and Vilmos Zsigmond, Richardson is able to encompass so much in the wide-screen frame that he shows how the whole corrupt mess works. Nicholson's role is much like that of the hero of Kurosawa's "Ikiru," who knew that he couldn't do anything big to fight the bureaucracy but was determined to do one small thing. Nicholson tries to help an unspoiled young Mexican girl (Elpidia Carrillo), who is the opposite of his giggly sexpot wife (Valerie Perrine), and has to fight his pals and go through hell to do it. Nicholson is completely convincing as a man who has been living in dung up to his ears, so that when he feels he has to do something decent before it covers his head, there's nothing sentimental about his need. It's instinctive—like a booze-soaked man's need for a drink of water. With Harvey Keitel, Warren Oates, Shannon Wilcox, and Jeff Morris. (2/1/82) (Gramercy, Gemini, U. A. East, Olympia Quad, and Rivoli.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres.)

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Luis Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity—perhaps a little more giddy than usual. It has a wonderful start: Archibaldo finds a music box that reawakens his memories of a childhood experience. His governess had found him dressed up in his mother's clothes, and while she was bawling him out for it, a stray bullet from the revolution going on outside killed her. This gratification of his desires gave him ecstasy. Later, Archibaldo keeps trying to recapture that sexual pleasure, but his attempts to commit murder are continually frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. With Ernesto Alonso as the smiling dilettante and fantasist Archibaldo, and Miroslava Stern as the amoral Lavinia. The script, by Buñuel and Eduardo Ugarte, is based on a story by Rodolfo Usigli. In Spanish. (Olympia Quad; through Feb. 18.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—This Claude Chabrol film is an exquisitely detailed, impeccably acted, stunningly directed suspense story about adultery and passion among the bourgeoisie. Yet there isn't a breath of life in it. You observe Michel Bouquet's foxy little performance as the cuckold, the glossy beauty of Stéphane Audran (she looks like a rich, chic Jeanne Hébuterne) as the wife, and Maurice Ronet's assured professionalism as the seducer, and you see the points being made about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. But the expertise is so tired, so masterly and perfectly slick, that the film looks as if Chabrol polished it until he ran out of spit. With Michel Duchaussoy. Chabrol wrote the script; cinematography by Jean Rabier. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 24.)

Four Friends—Arthur Penn goes laboriously, painfully wrong in this story about the friendship of three boys and the girl whom each of them loves at some time—a friendship that spans the American social changes of the sixties and takes the four through adolescence (in Indiana) to maturity. The script is Steve Tesich's semi-autobiographical account of the arrival in this country of a Yugoslavian youth, Danilo, who comes with a heavy, symbolic trunk—it seems to be full of solid values. There's a wholesome, beefy moralism in Tesich's writing, and Penn brings out its hearty bouquet. The film combines the worst of the Freudianism and the self-pity of the William Inge-Elia Kazan "Splendor in the Grass" with the worst of the immigrant theme of Kazan's "America America." The characters are always learning life's important lessons, and the movie carefully spells out which side it's on. The colorless quartet is made up of Craig Wasson as Danilo, Jodi Thelen as the girl, and Jim Metzler and Michael Huddleston. Also with Miklos Simon, Reed Birney, Julia Murray, James Leo Herlihy, and Lois Smith. (1/4/82) (New Yorker. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Feb. 19-25.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Little Carnegie; Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 19, tentative.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers in what is, arguably, their worst picture; "Love Happy" is possibly even worse. This one—set in the Old West—has a good opening sequence and not much else. The cast includes John Carroll, Walter Woolf King, and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Iris Adrian; Edward Buzzell directed; and the script can be blamed on Irving Brecher. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; starting Feb. 24.)

The Green Room (1979)—Truffaut essays Henry James, specifically "The Altar of the Dead," with a bit of "The Beast in the Jungle" thrown in. The film is adequate, barely, to the occasion—one wonders whether the director really wanted to make it or whether it was some kind of contractual obligation. In any case, it's dreary and reverential, with enough flickering wax to put Georges de La Tour, the candlelight master, to shame. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 21.)

The Hard Way (1943)—Sharply observed and well acted; it doesn't rise to any heights, but it's well paced and holds one's attention. Ida Lupino plays a classic stage-mother role, except that it's her younger sister (Joan Leslie) whose career she's pushing, as a way of lifting them both out of grimy, Pennsylvania-mill-town poverty. Daniel Fuchs and Peter Viertel wrote the script, from a story by Jerry Wald (who also produced), and it has unusual authenticity and vitality for two-thirds of the way; then the film gets lost in a series of compromises. What's essential is to establish the fresh-faced younger sister's complicity in Lupino's ruthless scheming and sleeping with anyone who can be useful, but (perhaps on orders from the Warners' brass?) Joan Leslie is given a pure, outdoor-life romance, and the picture goes flabby. Ida Lupino's English accent comes through at times, but she gives one of the best of her intense, hyper-aware, overcontrolled performances (she seemed to relax only in comedy); the conception here justifies much of her tightness, and she suggests desperate, self-pitying layers under the calculation. The male leads, Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan, who play small-time vaudeville hoofers, are very well directed by Vincent Sherman; Carson, as a dumb lug who lets the two women walk all over him, is surprisingly touching and convincing. With Gladys George as a beat-out, trampy actress, singing in a whiskey alto, and Paul Cavanaugh, Roman Bohnen, Faye Emerson, Julie Bishop, Joan Woodbury, Ann Doran, and Leona Maricle. Well photographed (especially the first sequences, in the mill town) by James Wong Howe. (Inexplicably, both sisters frequently wear fancy little over-one-eye hats, like papier-mâché cream puffs.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 24.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 21.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the sensual pleasures that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). But Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. An old-fashioned movie hero, Ali was more at home in what, despite the literacy, was a big action movie. And as it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was: Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? Fortunately for this particular spectacle, audiences seemed to be satisfied with the explanation that the Turks were more cruel than the Arabs, and although the movie's Lawrence became cruel, too, there was warmhearted Ali to take over. (When Bolt and Lean cast Sharif as their poetic enigma in their next film, "Doctor Zhivago," they forgot to provide a simpler fellow as a standby.) With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie A. Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (221 minutes.) (Thalia; Feb. 25.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's 1967 play was a wisp of a satirical comedy about the American adjustment to random violence—to assassinations on the national and local levels. In this movie version, which Feiffer also wrote, and which was directed by Alan Arkin, the dialogue has comic authority, and there are some strong scenes of rabid farce, yet things keep going out of kilter and the humor slides into something ugly and slightly rancid. The film seems to be a collection of ideological points—it's pious about its anti-establishment attitudes. With Elliott Gould as the catatonic hero—a saintly dropout; and Marcia Rodd, Vincent Gardenia, Elizabeth Wilson, Lou Jacobi, Jon Korkes, Doris Roberts, John Randolph, and Arkin, and Donald Sutherland in a funny turn as an all-accepting minister. Cinematography by Gordon Willis. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 22.)

The Man I Love (1947)—Of its kind, not bad at all. Warner Brothers, combining two genres in the hope of snaring a double audience, put together several of these musical melodramas, and this one, directed by Raoul Walsh, is one of the smoothest. Ida Lupino starred, with Bruce Bennett as a jazz musician (one of his few good roles), and Robert Alda and Andrea King. The score includes a whole raft of classics—"The Man I Love," of course, and "Body and Soul," "Bill," "Liza," "Why Was I Born?," and "If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 24.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's marvellously unstable comedy—a tough, funny, and sophisticated burlesque of military attitudes that is at the same time a tale of chivalry. It's an episodic film, full of the pleasures of the unexpected, and it keeps you busy listening to some of the best overlapping comic dialogue ever recorded. The title letters stand for Mobile Army Surgical Hospital; the heroes, played by Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould, are combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean War. They do their surgery in style, with humor; they're hip Galahads, saving lives while ragging the military bureaucracy. They are so quick to react to bull—and in startling, unpredictable ways—that the comedy is at times almost a poetic fantasy. What holds the film's disparate elements together in the precarious balance that is the movie's chief charm is a free-for-all, throwaway attitude. It combines traditional roustabout comedy with modern views. It's hip but it isn't hopeless. A surgical hospital where the doctors' hands are lost in chests and guts is certainly an unlikely subject for a comedy, but "M*A*S*H" is probably the best American war comedy since sound came in, and the sanest American movie of its era. With Tom Skerritt, Sally Kellerman, Robert Duvall, René Auberjonois, Jo Ann Pflug, Gary Burghof, Fred Williamson, Roger Bowen, David Arkin, Michael Murphy, John Schuck, Kim Atwood, Bud Cort, Carl Gottlieb, and Corey Fischer. The semi-improvised material takes off from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., based on the novel by Richard Hooker (a doctor's pseudonym). Cinematography by Harold E. Stine. (The movie was, of course, the basis for the long-running TV series starring Alan Alda.) (Cinema Village; Feb. 26-27.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie: Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam in the turn-of-the-century Northwest. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated, this modern classic is not like any other film. Altman builds a Western town as one might build a castle in the air—and it's inhabited. His stock company of actors turn up quietly in the new location, as if they were part of a floating crap game, and he creates an atmosphere of living interrelationships. With Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, René Auberjonois, John Schuck, Bert Remsen, Michael Murphy, Anthony Holland, Corey Fischer, Hugh Millais, Manfred Schulz, Jack Riley, Robert Fortier, and, in the one sequence that doesn't really work, William Devane as a blowhard lawyer. The script by Altman and Brian McKay is based on the novel "McCabe," by Edmund Naughton; the cinematography is by Vilmos Zsigmond; the production design and costume supervision are by Leon Ericksen; the songs are by Leonard Cohen; and Lou Lombardo is credited as the second unit director. Filmed in western Vancouver, British Columbia. (Cinema Village; Feb. 26-27.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Los Olvidados (1950; "The Young and the

I. Van Rynbach

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Damned")—Set in Mexico, Luis Buñuel's ruthless—almost surgical—examination of how the poor prey on one another is the most horrifying of all films about juvenile crime. The one masterwork on this subject, it stands apart from the genre by its pitilessness, its controlled passion. Buñuel doesn't treat his characters as ideas but as morally responsible human beings; there is little of the familiar American-movie cant that makes everyone responsible for juvenile crimes except the juveniles. There's no pathos in this film; it's a squalid tragedy that causes the viewer to feel a moral terror. Buñuel, whose early work fascinated Freud, creates scenes that shock one psychologically. Among them here is the celebrated dream sequence—perhaps the greatest of all movie dream sequences; it is disturbing long after the lacerations of the more realistic material have healed. Buñuel had intended much more in this surreal vein, but he did not have a completely free hand. For example, in the scene in which one of the boys goes to beat up and kill another boy, the camera reveals in the distance a huge eleven-story building under construction; Buñuel had wanted to put an orchestra of a hundred musicians in the building. The cast includes Estela Inda and Roberto Cobo; cinematography by Gabriel Figueroa. In Spanish. (Olympia Quad; through Feb. 18.)

One from the Heart—Francis Ford Coppola's jewelled version of a film student's experimental pastiche—the kind set in a magical junk yard. You get the feeling that the movie grew by accretion—that he piled so many visual ideas and comedy bits on top of the small story he started with that it disappeared from sight and the movie turned into something like a poet's salute to the banal silver screen. It's set in a metaphorical Las Vegas (constructed at Zoetrope Studios) on Independence Day, when Frannie (Teri Garr), who works at the Paradise Travel Agency, walks out on the man she has been living with—Hank (Frederic Forrest), who runs Reality Wrecking. The holiday is treated like Mardi Gras, with crowds dancing through the streets. All we're asked to care about is whether Hank, who's in love with Frannie, will win her back. Or, rather, this story being negligible, what we're asked to respond to is Coppola's confectionary artistry. The movie is very pretty and sometimes eerily charming, but the effects don't have any emotional meaning in terms of the characters, and the video editing techniques that Coppola uses seem to destroy the dramatic definition of the scenes; a day later the film is as blurry in the mind as the memory of a psychedelic light show. With Nastassia Kinski, Raul Julia, Harry Dean Stanton, and Lainie Kazan. From a script by Armyan Bernstein and Coppola; there's a song track, with Tom Waits and Crystal Gayle telling us the meaning of what we're seeing and wailing words of wisdom. (2/1/82) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Cinema II, and R.K.O. Century 86th St.; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Feb. 19.)

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Pennies from Heaven—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and out of them come the voices on hit records of the thirties. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross. (12/21/81) (Festival. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 18.)

Personal Best—With Mariel Hemingway, Scott Glenn, Patrice Donnelly, and Kenny Moore; directed by Robert Towne. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, Greenwich Playhouse, and Movieland. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St.; starting Feb. 19.)

Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli (Marília Pera), the whoriest whore imaginable—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad.)

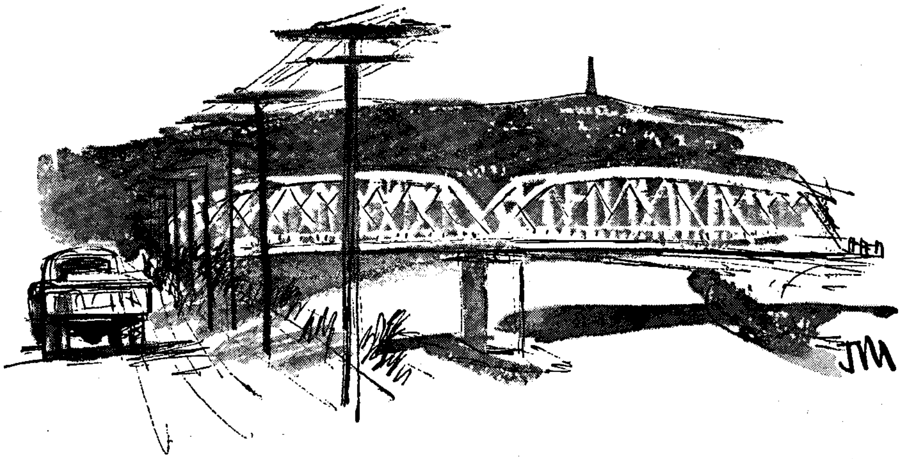
Pretty Poison (1968)—An unobtrusive little psychological thriller, subtle and very smart. Anthony Perkins gives what may be his most sensitively conceived performance; he's a character who develops from a quirky, sneaky, funny boy into a decent, sympathetic man. He toys with fantasies but knows they're fantasies. Tuesday Weld plays a small-town girl, crazy for excitement, who accepts his fantasies in a matter-of-fact way and proceeds to act on them. Lorenzo Semple, Jr., wrote a beauty of a script (based on Stephen Geller's novel "She Let Him Continue"); the horror in the movie isn't just in the revelation of what the pretty young girl is capable of—it's in your awareness that the man's future is being destroyed. Directed by Noel Black. With John Randolph and Beverly Garland. Shot on location in western Massachusetts; the river that is carrying poisonous red dye is the once "mighty" Housatonic. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 22.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired in order to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak, the music by Paul Chihara. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 19-25.)

Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (34th St. East, and Baronet. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Feb. 19.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story



set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

SAINT JACK (1979)—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes together a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Bogdanovich. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 25.)

SHOOT THE MOON—As Faith and George Dunlap, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books, either. Their emotions are raw, and rawness is what makes this film get to you. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And Finney seems possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. (1/18/82) (Cinema I; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Playhouse, Cinema II, 86th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting Feb. 19.)

THE SOFT SKIN (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 21.)

THIEF—Grandiloquent masochism of the kind an adolescent boy might fantasize. With rain outside and smoke inside, this Chicago-set movie is almost a parody of *film noir:* it's the underworld movies of the forties and fifties made volcanic and abstract and existential. This is the first theatrical feature by the writer-director Michael Mann, and he has designed it like a choo-choo train to the box office. James Caan is the big-time safecracker who wants to take his bundle and retire, marry, have a nice house, and raise a family. But the corrupt System won't let him. The film is hyper-animated by this conception of existential tragedy: the thief—a loner in pain, the embodiment of a macho mystique—must learn that he's free only when he doesn't care about life and has nothing to lose. The film sets up an improbable character in a series of rigged situations and then leaps to universal despairing conclusions. Mann belongs to the pressure-cooker school of filmmaking: Tangerine Dream's synthesized electronic music pulsates like mad, and the cinematography (by Donald Thorin) is so snazzy it overwhelms the action. With Tuesday Weld as the dazed, frizzed-out woman whom Caan marries; Willie Nelson, oozing sincerity as Caan's only friend, who dies; and Robert Prosky and James Belushi. (5/4/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 18.)

THIS MAN MUST DIE (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father (Michel Duchaussoy) who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son. The opening is powerful, and one looks forward to the storytelling of a celebrated craftsman famous for his perfectly controlled camera movement, but Chabrol's technique sags, and the movie is so hush-hush quiet, so unhurried and unoriginal, that it dies on the screen. As the uncouth villain, Jean Yanne is the only person in the film who has any vitality. From Nicholas Blake's novel "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 24.)

TICKET TO HEAVEN—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler. As the hero's friend, Saul Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy; directed by Ralph L. Thomas from his and Anne Cameron's script. (11/23/81) (Greenwich Playhouse; starting Feb. 19, tentative.)

TORCH SONG (1953)—The viewer is asked to admire Joan Crawford's legs and her acting, which consists of pushing her mouth into positions meant to suggest suffering. The first is easy; the second impossible. In this misbegotten melodrama with some musical numbers, she finally settles for a blind musician (Michael Wilding). Which, all things considered, is a remarkably sensible decision. With Gig Young, Marjorie Rambeau, and Eugene Loring. Charles Walters directed. (Thalia; Feb. 22.)

TRUE CONFESSIONS—Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (St. Marks Cinema, and 86th St. East; through Feb. 18.)

WATERLOO BRIDGE (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes the saddest-eyed fallen woman ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors. With Lucile Watson, Maria Ouspenskaya, C. Aubrey Smith, Steffi Duna, and Virginia Field. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play, by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel. (There was a Universal version in 1931, with Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass—also known as Douglass Montgomery—and an M-G-M version in 1956, called "Gaby" and starring Leslie Caron and John Kerr. By far the best version was the parody done by Carol Burnett and Harvey Korman on TV.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 22.)

A WOMAN OF PARIS (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). Chaplin withdrew the film from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (Regency; Feb. 23-24.)

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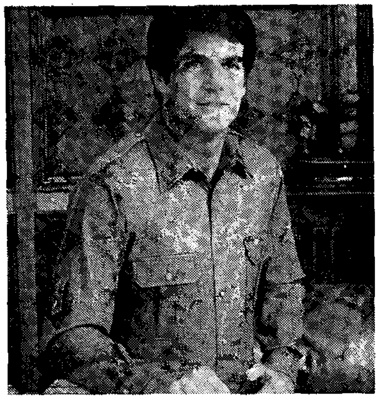

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have just received the following communication from a young woman we know:

It is about two o'clock in the afternoon of one of the coldest days of the winter, and I am sitting with a friend who had her first baby forty-eight hours ago. My friend is a beautiful young woman, a theatrical costumer, who never wears costumes herself but has the air of quiet health and the grave roundness of feature of a woman from another century. She, the baby, and I are seated—actually, she is half reclining with the baby—near the front windows of her fifth-floor loft in Chelsea. There is a big desk nearby, covered with meticulously arranged watercolors, inks, and pens, and in one corner stands a dressmaker's dummy, whose neck holds five or six old-fashioned hats—straw, velvet, and felt. The baby is wide awake, lying half covered by a flannel blanket with tiny red rocking horses printed on it; in the very warm steam-heated room, he wears only a diaper in the smallest, newborn size and a yellow plastic surgical clamp that looks like a clothespin on the section of his umbilical cord that has yet to dry up and fall away. His hands and feet are wrinkled like a long-distance swimmer's, and his face has a look of extreme age. For the last few minutes, he has been staring in my direction, with eyes that are the odd bluish-black of a night sky about to become light; I can't imagine what he sees, but his eyes are uncrossed and clear and wide, and are fixed on me wearily, as if he'd known my type and got tired of it a hundred years ago. His mother chuckles when I make this observation. "He'll get younger in the next few weeks," she says. She smooths her son's invisible eyebrows, looking down at him with the same gently bemused expression with which she used to look down at her expanding stomach, a few months before: Where did *you* come from, the expression asks, and the question is a happy one.

Frost spreads on the windows, and in the freezing sunlight out on Twentieth Street men wearing Air Force jackets and leather hats with earflaps are unloading a truck; up the street, men are hauling bed frames for a wholesale furniture place near the corner, backing cars out of a garage, or hanging out in the J & D Restaurant (*comidas*, *hamburguesas*). Now National Public Radio has begun the Prelude to "Parsifal," and I am struck by the different types of time I can observe, sitting where I am: there are the ambitious, doom-laden rhythms of the music; there is the day of the men in the street, which is measured in eight-hour or ten-hour shifts, coffee breaks, and muscles contracting in the cold; there is the beat I can't hear in the dance studio directly across from where we sit, to which the dancers (turned into brownish silhouettes by sheets of plastic tacked over the windows against the winter) are performing brisk rondes de jambes en l'air; there is the desultory pace of the mysterious business on the floor above the dance studio, where a young man lounges for hours in front of a telephone in an office from whose rafters hang net bags full of round dark objects (bowler hats? baskets? coconuts?); and there is the cocoon in which this mother and baby are at present existing, a dimension in which minutes can pass like years, and the conventional divisions of the day—work time, leisure; darkness, light—are dissolved in the face of a passionate mutual absorption that eclipses the rest of the world.

"Oh dear, life is such a chore for you!" my friend remarks to her son, who is now lying on her lap and reaching out fretfully and desperately into the air, as if something there would solve all his problems if he could grab it. Under the sparse golden hairs on his head I can see a vein whose movement has been ticking off the short span of his age so far; his mother plants a kiss there, and then asks me whether I'd like to stay for the lunch her husband is fixing. I have to refuse, though I'd like to stay for lunch and for much more than that, and soon I am back in my own frantic envelope of time, dashing through the cold to the I.R.T. at Eighteenth Street, with my scarf over my face, and wondering how many modest idylls are suspended on fifth floors around the city.

• •

Three Gatherings

A BIG feed and assorted festivities were put on last week by the American Telephone & Telegraph Company at Lüchow's, where *the* message—emblazoned on clumps of helium-filled white balloons, on buttons, on posters, on the aprons of dozens of waiters and bartenders, on souvenir gifts of T-shirts, ceramic cups, and highly polished brass-plated cases holding an Indian-head penny dated 1882—was "The Bell System Celebrates a Hundred Years of the Phone at Home."

Hosts: many jovial-mannered, three-piece-suited corporate types, handing out A.T. & T. business cards that identified them as having titles like Advertising Director-Marketing and Media Relations Manager and Vice-President-Residence Marketing. Guests: the press, big and little, general and trade; television announcers, commercial and cable; decorators and designers; a lot of very thirsty and very hungry anonymous people, all putting on their heads another gift, little brown derbies, and chomping away with grim concentration. Guest of honor: Don Ameche, star of the 1939 movie "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell," still thin, still tall, still with his Don Ameche mustache and his obliging good nature, and looking much younger than his age (now seventy-three), wearing a light-gray suit, a white shirt, and a light-gray necktie with dark-gray squares and red dots, and gazing around with awe and admiration at a four-foot-long chocolate-and-vanilla layer cake in the shape of an 1882-model telephone, with an earpiece of licorice; at a real antique popcorn wagon popping popcorn; at Lüchow's famous gazebo, decorated with vines of real purple grapes and with exotic flowers and feathers in the shape of birds; at a violin-cello-and-piano trio seated in the gazebo, wearing tails and playing music by Sigmund Romberg, Victor Herbert, Johann Strauss, and Irving Berlin ("All alone, by the telephone . . ."); at pretty girls wearing long Victorian velvet dresses with bustles; and at the chow tables, offering three-bean salad, baked ham with three kinds of mustard, cabbage-and-celery-seed slaw, apple-currant muffins, *darne* of Kennebec salmon, Cornish game hen with wild rice and pine-nut stuffing, roast tenderloin of beef, shrimp, oysters, clams, mussels, strawberry shortcake, and gingersnaps.

"Don, it's a very turn-of-the-century menu," one of the corporate types said to Mr. Ameche.

"Gosh, I had no idea," Mr. Ameche said. "All this!"

"I saw your movie on television," one of the Victorian-dressed girls said to Mr. Ameche. "It's like 'The Story of Benjamin Franklin.' Like that."

"Why, thank you," Mr. Ameche said. "People are always coming up to me and saying 'Mr. Bell?' And I always say 'Yes?' "

" 'Wings for the human voice,' " another A.T. & T. man said earnestly. "Don, did you see your poster?" He drew Mr. Ameche's attention to a wall poster showing various stills of Mr. Ameche as Mr. Bell, and read from it: "20th Century-Fox presents Darryl F. Zanuck's Production of 'The Story of Alexander Graham Bell,' with Don Ameche, Loretta Young, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, Gene Lockhart, Spring Byington. America's most thrilling story! Thrilling . . . and true! Of love so great and faith so strong that it inspired this man to endure ridicule, privation, hunger . . . to achieve the miracle of *wings for the human voice!*"

"That's right," Mr. Ameche said. "He wanted to give up working on the invention, he loved her so much. She was deaf. But she wouldn't let him give up the invention."

"Nothing compared to what *we're* gonna face from now on," said the A.T. & T. man. "With the whole field now open to competition."

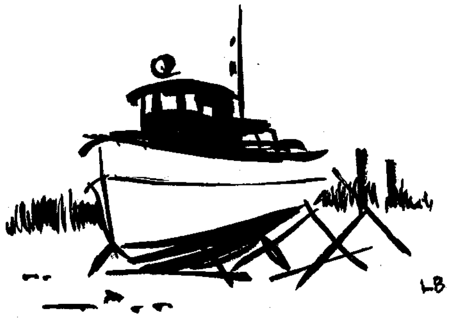
"What a cast that was!" Mr. Ameche said. "Hank and Loretta and all those other good actors."

"Yeah, Don," said the A.T. & T. man. "And we can't let the public forget that *we're* the ones that gave the *real* wings to the human voice. Did you see our display of telephones, Don?"

The display: the standard 1882 phone, the first dial phone of 1919, and models all the way up to the 1982 Touch-a-Matic and Big Button.

"Design is important," said the A.T. & T. man. "These days, old is in, so we give them a new phone that bespeaks that turn-of-the-century era. Look at this model. A tiny rolltop desk. You roll it up, and inside—presto! The Stowaway!"

Mr. Ameche looked affectionately at the modern push-button model stowed away. He looked affectionately at all the hungry people surrounding him. "I like people," he told us. "I make any kind of sacrifice to make things nice. When they called me for this, of course I came. I enjoyed portraying Mr. Bell. We made the whole movie in thirty days—all on the lot. I saw Loretta three or four years ago, in California, where we both live. She looked wonderful. Loretta and Hank. It was always a joy to work with people like that. I enjoy working now, too. I did four weeks last summer in 'How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying,' in Akron, Dayton, Columbus, and St. Louis. I did a 'Love Boat,' with Martha Scott. Of course, I didn't have as much to do in 'Love Boat' as I did as Mr. Bell. My own favorite movie, though, that I was in is 'Heaven Can Wait.' "



"How did you get the name Don?" we asked.

"From the nickname Dom, which people thought was Don," he said. "I was born Dominic Ameche. Papa's name was A-m-i-c-i, but an attorney in Minnesota, where Papa worked in the iron mines, changed the spelling for him. I never changed Dominic officially, but Don is on everything, including my passport. Would you believe that I have six children, all good children, and not one is an actor?"

"No," we said.

A Bell executive drew Mr. Ameche away to be photographed for the press, wearing a Prince Albert coat while pretending to talk on the 1882-model phone. We waited at the gazebo, ate a few of the purple grapes from the vine, and met Joe Spallino, the violinist and leader of the tail-wearing trio in the gazebo, who told us that he was making an all-out effort for the A.T. & T. party.

"We normally wear tuxedos," Mr. Spallino said. "But this is important."

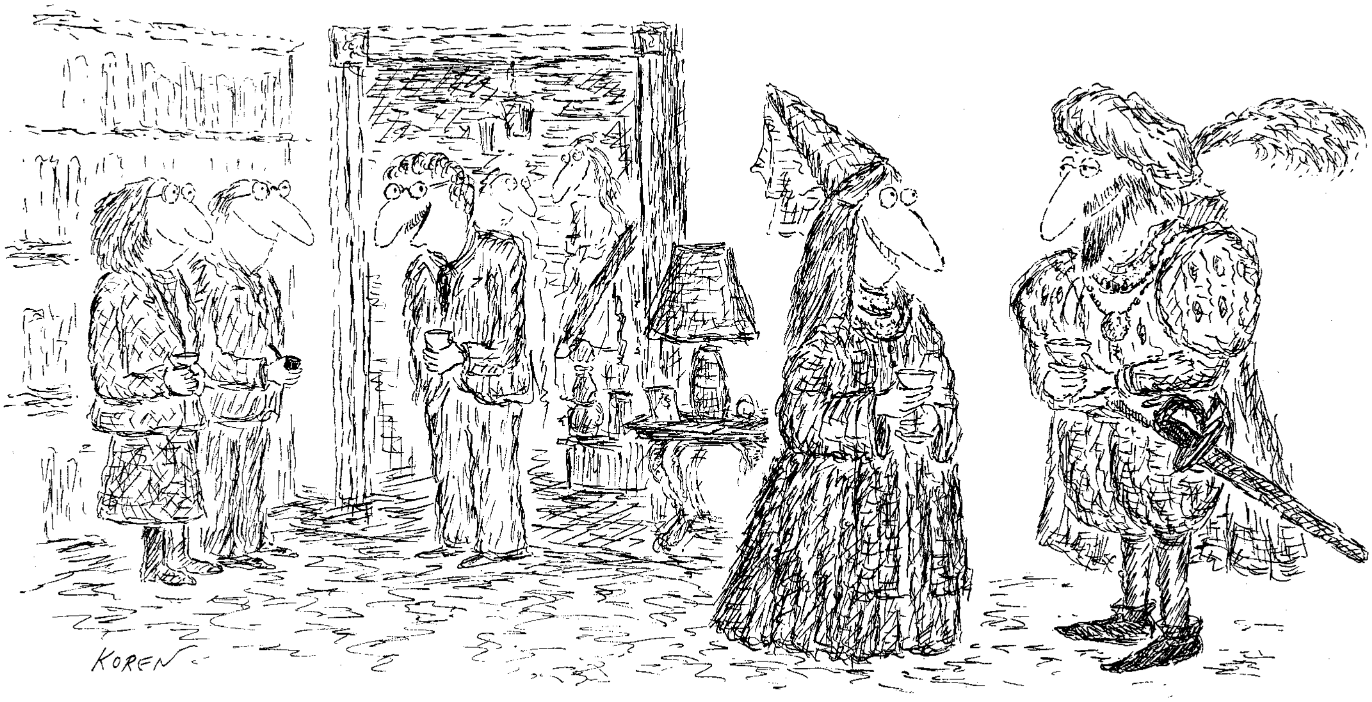
Jack Hallock, the young man who had arranged the fruit and flowers for the party, urged us to eat more of the grapes from the gazebo.

"Did you see the nosegays on all the tables?" he asked us. "In 1882, these were called tussie-mussies. Very Victorian. Very Bell."

Mr. Ameche posed obligingly at the 1882 telephone for a quarter of an hour, and then he was taken in hand by an A.T. & T. vice-president (Residence Marketing), who placed him at a microphone in the gazebo, introduced him, and pointed out to the guests that the first long-distance telephone call had been made from New York City to Boston. A representative from the Mayor's office announced that Mayor Koch had proclaimed the day Home Telephone Day in New York City.

A clip from the movie "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell" was then shown on video monitors set up at various points in Lüchow's.

Don Ameche: "Ahoy! Mr. Watson,



“We had a hunch they’d be perfect for each other.”

• •

can you hear me now? This is Alexander Bell speaking to you from Five Exeter Place. Mr. Watson, come here! I want you!”

Henry Fonda (seen dozing at his post in a nearby room, then suddenly awakened by the voice over the wire, and rushing in to Don Ameche): “It talks! Mr. Bell, Mr. Bell, it talks! I *heard* you! I heard your *voice!*” Don Ameche and Henry Fonda hug each other and jump around in a dance.

In the gazebo, Don Ameche looked *very* pleased.

•

RECENTLY, a party was given for the unveiling of a piece of architectural sculpture called “Triad,” by Molly Burgess, which had been commissioned to enhance the northern façade of the American Thread Building, at 260 West Broadway, just south of Canal Street. At the party, which took place in an unfinished loft on the eleventh floor of the American Thread Building, we had an engrossing conversation with Melissa, Maura, and Valerie, students in the ninth grade at I.S. 70, who were wearing identical dresses, by the designer Betsey Johnson (Valerie: “I would have had mine first, but I didn’t have the money, so Melissa did”), and their friend Adam, who is in the eighth grade and has a taste for punk rock. There was no electric light—only candles—so it was difficult to be sure which of the girls, dressed alike, as they were, said what.

Adam: “Valerie’s mother works here, for the people who are developing the building, and she planned to bring Valerie, so Valerie invited Maura and Melissa, and they called me on the phone, and I asked if I could come, and Valerie asked her mom. I had to wear a tie, but I got to keep my combat boots.”

“We hope we see Betsey Johnson.”

“I don’t want to see her. I’m embarrassed. I don’t want to see her with all of us wearing this dress. Like, if I wasn’t wearing this dress I could see her.”

“I’m only beautiful in the dark.”

“I’m never beautiful.”

“If I lose at least ten pounds, I’m going to be a super model. A photographer even told me so.”

A man with a drink in his hand: “Why are you all wearing the same dress?”

“We’re sisters, and he’s our manager.”

Adam (adopting the sly tone of a manager or a press agent implying a story angle): “These kids are ‘Gone with the Wind’ freaks.”

“We all love ‘Gone with the Wind,’ because Melissa looks like Vivien Leigh.”

“That’s not the only reason we like it. It’s really a great movie.”

Adam: “They never watch anything else.”

“That’s not true. I watch soap operas. Only in the summer, though. I watch ‘Days of Our Lives’ then, because my stepmother does and there’s nothing else to do in California.”

Adam: “Hey, I go to the Mudd Club all the time, and they don’t. I go to see punk rock. Well, not punk rock really. They call it hard core.”

“Doesn’t Adam look like James Dean? Kind of?”

Adam: “Would anyone like to know my favorite local band? Thank you. I like the Undead.”

“We like the Police, and the Clash, and the Go-Go’s, and the Rolling Stones.”

Adam: “All the bands they say, I can’t stand.”

“We all hang out at Valerie’s house. We watch ‘Mister Rogers.’ ”

Adam: “Hey, guess what. Do you know about ‘The Rocky Horror Picture Show’ at the Eighth Street Playhouse? I do the lights. All the people who, like, go every weekend and have seen the movie hundreds of times act out the parts in the aisles and up front between the seats and the stage while the movie’s going on, and I shine the lights on them. I’m telling you, it’s really important.”

“I got a ninety-six on my math.”

Adam: “I got a thirty-five.

“Our favorite drink is Coca-Cola.”

“Oh, no. Adam’s going to dance. Don’t let him dance. He likes to slam-dance. Don’t, Adam. You’ll knock over a candle and there'll be a fire."

"When I get through school, I'm going to be a professional skier."

"I'm going to be an actress."

"I'm going to move to France, and ski all day, and then come home and listen to the radio, and get into a warm bath and eat chocolates and read 'Gone with the Wind.' "

Adam: "I'm going to go home and go to sleep."

"Want a zucchini hors d'oeuvre, Adam?"

Adam: "No, I don't think so."

"Teen-age parties are better than grownup parties. I want to be a kid forever and go to teen-age parties."

Adam: "I was an adult when I was three years old."

"Yeah, *right*, Adam."

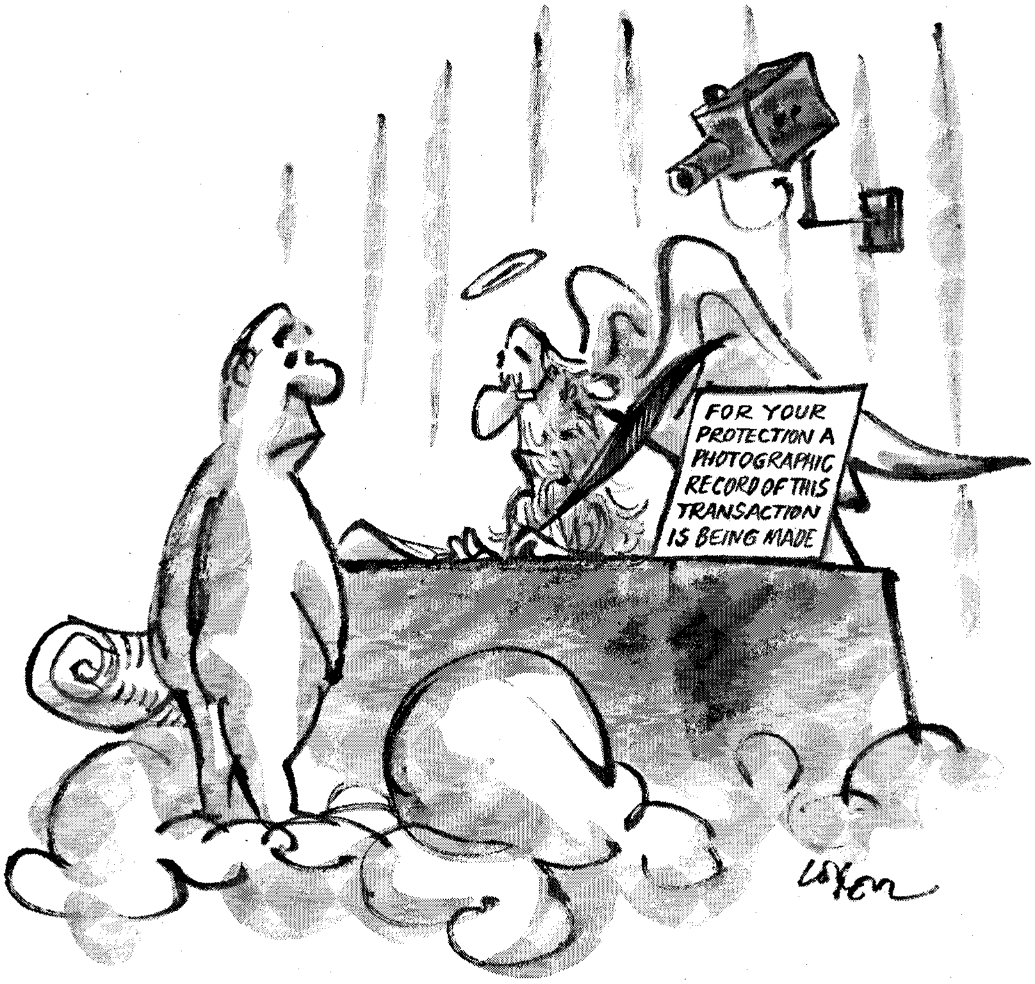
•

THE Smithsonian, it seems, likes to do things handsomely. Bagpipe music—from the Washington Scottish Pipe Band—accompanied a little procession, one Sunday afternoon, as a group in academic gowns and mortarboards marched across the Mall from the old Smithsonian Institution Castle to the National Museum of Natural History, surprising and delighting various tourists, who probably thought this sort of thing a regular occurrence. Many of them enthusiastically photographed the marchers—scholars who were to take part in a symposium entitled How Humans Adapt: A Biocultural Odyssey. It was a windy day of fitful weather. On arriving, the scholars filed into seats in the Baird Auditorium for the formal opening ceremonies. These were musical, too, though the bagpipes were now silent: a five-piece group called the Century Brass took over to give a cheerful rendition of Renaissance and Baroque music. A colorful assembly of gowned dignitaries was ranged on the platform, and when the music ceased, the Secretary of the Smithsonian, S. Dillon Ripley, rose to welcome the guests. He was succeeded by J. William Fulbright, former senator and a regent emeritus of the Institution, who, as the Washington *Post* later reported, "was garbed in a scarlet robe that a lay cardinal might wear."

Senator Fulbright introduced the keynote speaker of the occasion, Dr. René Dubos, of Rockefeller University. It was interesting to note, said Senator Fulbright, that the venerable Dr. Dubos received a Ph.D. at Rutgers University "during the now fashionable Administration of Calvin Coolidge." Some of the foreign savants may not have got the joke, but they joined in the laughter anyway, so that we almost missed Fulbright's throwaway line that followed: "I sometimes long for Calvin."

How Humans Adapt. We had received in the mail a poster depicting, in photographic black, white, and gray, a South American Indian shooting an arrow from a bow longer than he was. This picture, we learned, had been made by Napoleon Chagnon, a co-leader of Dr. James Neel's expedition during one of his visits to the Yanomama Indians, of Venezuela and Brazil. Dr. Neel, at present the Lee R. Dice University Professor of Human Genetics at the University of Michigan Medical School, has made an intensive study of the Yanomama, which furnished the inspiration for developing this series of meetings—the Smithsonian's seventh international symposium. During Dr. Dubos's opening remarks, we looked at the list of people scheduled to discuss the question of human adaptation. Anthropologists. Psychiatrists. Biologists. Economists. Historians. Geneticists—lots of those. One theologian. Demographers, philosophers, nutritionists, sociologists . . .

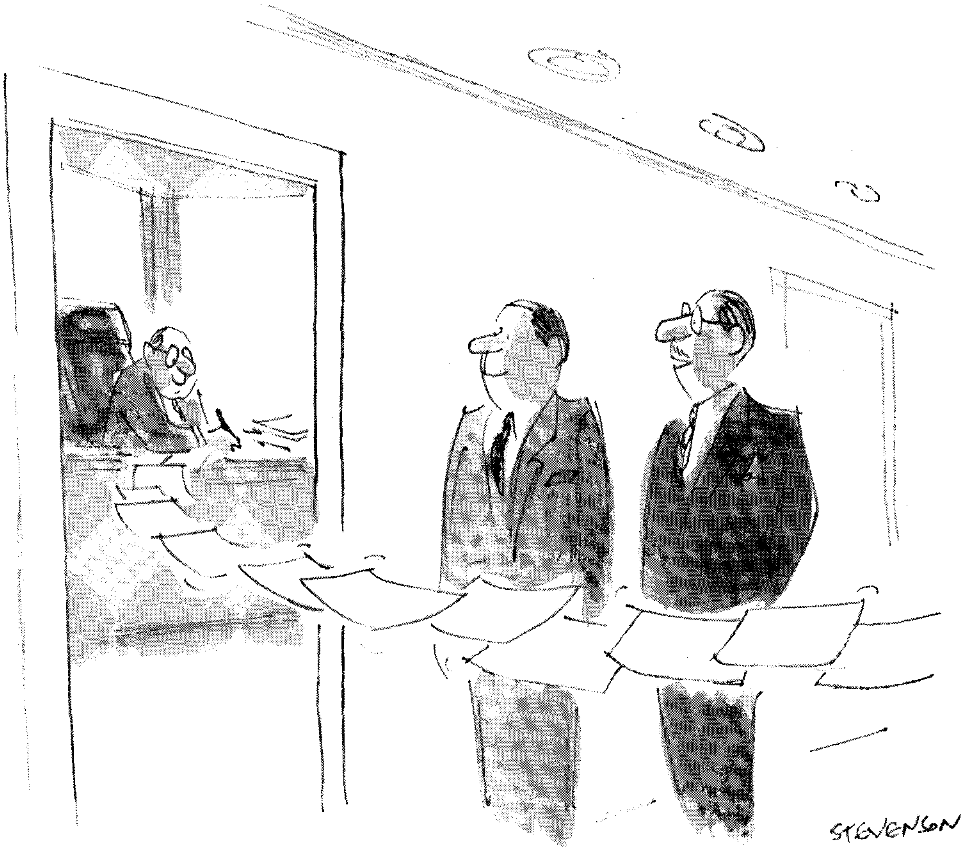
How Humans Adapt. Dr. Dubos surprised us by saying that ready adaptation can be dangerous. Our species adapts to air pollution by physiological mechanisms that eventually result in chronic pulmonary disease. We adapt to a noisy environment by developing hearing impairment. Societies often respond to threatening situations with adaptations that are in the long run destructive, such as nuclear warfare. We adapt by simply not letting these dangers preoccupy us constantly, just as we keep out of our daily awareness the peril of protracted periods of youth unemployment, which are bound to lead to destructive social conflicts. But there is a brighter side to our behavior: we can adapt to the future. This may at first seem nonsense, said Dr. Dubos, but we


FOR YOUR PROTECTION A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD OF THIS TRANSACTION IS BEING MADE

often do adapt biologically to future situations, because our bodily and mental mechanisms can be activated by the processes of imagination. Merely thinking that we will have to run to keep an appointment or catch a train causes our hearts to beat faster and modifies some of our metabolic processes. We anticipate future challenges.

Just so do societies anticipate the likely consequences of certain courses of action. Much of our contemporary gloom comes not from present situations but from the prospect of social and technological difficulties of the future which may never materialize. Dr. Dubos cited several threats we have anticipated and avoided. Anti-pollution programs, reforestation, environmental measures—all these, he said, are the result of our anticipation of future emergencies. We are more fortunate than other animals, he reminded us, because they are the prisoners of irreversible Darwinian evolution, whereas we have freedom and the flexibility of social evolution, which is almost always reversible. We have been able to adapt socially to many ways of life: we have been members of roving bands, of sedentary villages, of towns, of cities, of religious or scholarly communities. Today, as in the past, many of us function as hunter-gatherers, pastoralists, farmers, sailors, artists, factory workers, scholars. Throughout our history, we have had the freedom to choose our course and have often been able to change direction, and even retrace our steps. "Life starts anew, for human beings, with each sunrise," said Dr. Dubos, and on this upbeat note, at sunset, the scholars retired.

Every day thereafter, the proceedings began at nine. The first paper was presented by Dr. Stephen Toulmin, of the University of Chicago, who was born in London, was a physicist during the Second World War, and later studied philosophy at Cambridge University. His paper, he said, was entirely a question-raising paper. Its fundamental question was: Is it true that if the human species is to avoid disaster of some kind it must develop some new ways of adapting? Formally replying to this was Dr. Mary Catherine Bateson, Dean of Faculty at Amherst and also daughter of the late Dr. Margaret Mead. Dr. Bateson had lots to say. So did they all. It was talk, talk, talk, all day, some of it riveting but some rather hard to follow. This, for example: "My name is Wiercinski and I am from University of Warsaw. It seems to me that different modes of adaptation excellently reviewed by Dr. Toulmin may be integrated in one more general concept of adaptation of self-regulating systems. It stems from bipolarity of confrontation between goal-oriented potential for a developmental channel . . ." Most of the symposium was easier going, though. Among the subjects discussed were "The Transition to Agriculture and Some of Its Consequences," "Demographic and Micro-Structural History in Relation to Human Adaptation," and "Ethical Issues in the Human Future."



"You've got to admire his paper flow."

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During a presentation on "Earth Resources and Population: An Archeological Perspective," given by Professor Fekri A. Hassan, who was born in Cairo and is now associate professor of anthropology at Washington State University, there was a hint—just a hint—of scholarly malice. As Professor Hassan was commenting on some slides of pelvic bones which had been shown to demonstrate a point about population growth, Peter Laslett, of the Social Science Research Council, Cambridge University, asked sharply, "How many of those women had no children?"

"What time are we talking about?" asked Dr. Hassan.

"Well, what time are *you* talking about?" Laslett demanded.

"The Pleistocene," said Dr. Hassan.

"Well, how many children did they have?" Laslett wanted to know. "Three per woman, or five?"

"Approximately three" was the reply. "Three is the number of children, but usually between two and three survive. The number that we have is varied, given that you have about fifty per cent or forty per cent child mortality . . ."

"Well, we don't have such good data on most of European history," said Laslett, "and even where we do have figures, they are very dicey. . . . I'm just trying to get it straight in my mind—that we apparently know more about Neolithic fertility and survival than we do about recorded European history. This may be true."

The panel chairman hastily remarked that everybody could return to that subject later.

GUILT AND GLUTTONY

(The Birth of a Great Work)

Most of the ideas in this book [were] presented in their most raw and unpalatable form, at dinner or breakfast or late into the night.—*"Wealth and Poverty," by George Gilder; page xii of the recently published paperback edition.*

Capitalism begins with giving. . . . Some of the prototypical capitalists seem to have been tribal leaders who vied with one another in giving great feasts.—*"Wealth and Poverty," pages 23 and 24.*

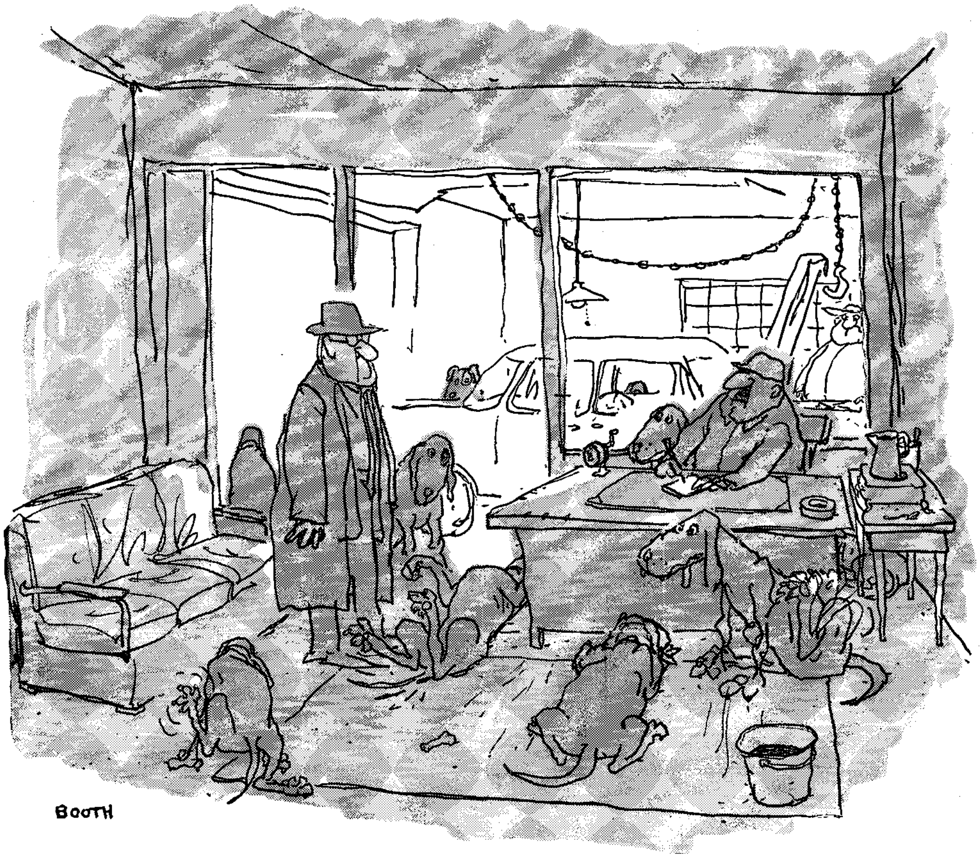
Cocktail Party—Home of Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Lynch. Surprised to see so many people wearing burnouses and tinted aviator glasses. Nothing about costume on invitation. Waitresses in cute little "bull" outfits: plastic horns, pizzles; hoof-shaped clogs. Crystal serving bowls in shape of bulls, too. Iced caviar, shrimp, snail darters. Slices of Parma ham, processed cheese arranged to look like MasterCards on silver salver. Felt very nervous. Trying to make small talk with Merrill, I mentioned too bad about the poor. Not enough to eat, bad health, houses too small, public schools, etc. Merrill looked at me for a long time. Then said I honked him off, fried his butt. Poor better off than he is. Don't have to work, pay taxes. Don't have to read those books by Arthur Laffer, Milton Friedman. Don't have to take brides. (Rolled eyes in direction of fat woman in sarong painting nails with gold leaf.) Just then, own wife came by. Very pretty, smart (Radcliffe, Sorbonne), good mother to children. Seemed flustered, though. Said number of guests forming cleaning-lady cartel in powder room.

On way home in car I explained to wife that economics very confusing, complicated these days. Must be difficult to be rich. Much simpler before Keynes, Galbraith, Solzhenitsyn, et al. Wife seemed unconvinced, said, "Why don't you write a book about it?"

Not bad idea.

Al-Fresco Luncheon—Country house of Lazard brothers. Green-and-white striped tents pitched on lawn. Waitresses dressed as dairymaids: mobcaps, petticoats, loose bodices—charming. Served jugged hare, jellied eels, jewelled eggs (pigeon, plover). Also pressed duck, goose fattened with figs; ham in aspic, candied yams. Treacle tart. After lunch Lazard children put on pageant. Begins on far side of swimming pool—children dressed in sleeveless undershirts, kerchiefs; rubbing bellies and whimpering. Then children row across pool in yellow inflatable boat. Band, hidden behind hedge, plays "The Impossible Dream." Golden retriever jumps in after raft, makes big splash. (Oops!—dog not part of pageant.) Children climb out on other side of pool, kiss ground, sing "Star-Spangled Banner," and run into pool house. Emerge few minutes later wearing little three-piece suits and hand out beads, tobacco, pocket mirrors to guests. Band plays "Everything's Coming Up Roses."

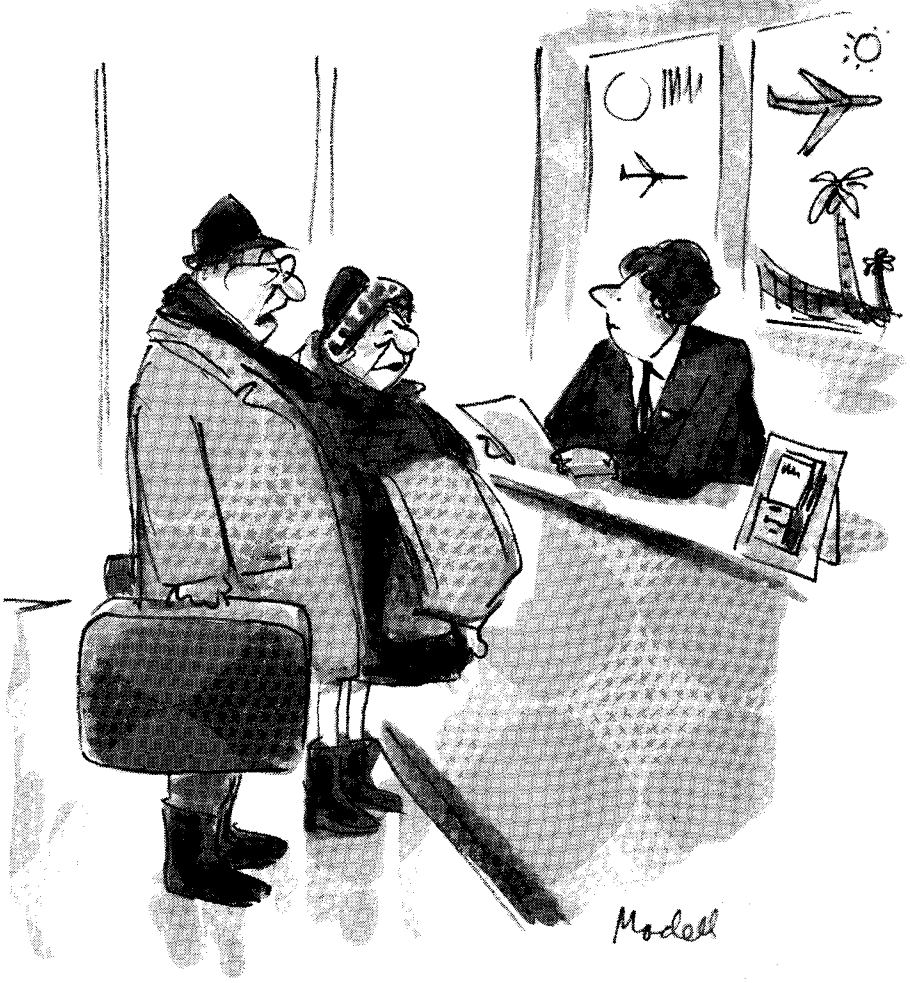
Afterward went over to one of Lazards and said pageant charming, original, etc., but what was moral? Not sure I understood. Lazard frowned, clapped hands, and made children perform again. "Of *course!*" I said. Pageant about immigration! Moral is let in more refugees, political prisoners, people from Haiti! Lazard shook head sadly, clapped hands, and ordered another show. Then another and another. Evening coming—felt very stupid. Children crying for real now; trumpet player, lips swollen, complaining about overtime. Then revelation at last! Pageant about immigrants who run small businesses, become entrepreneurs. Moral is abolish minimum wage, child-labor laws! Thanked Lazard, shook hand; said pageant very moving, profound. Like to see it again sometime.



"Murchison's theory is that it's dog hair in your fuel line."

Dinner with Many Roasts—Home of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Witter. Table decorated with large marzipan statue of John D. Rockefeller making down payment on Pocantico Hills. Oysters Rockefeller served in his honor; also Carnegie melons. Fish course—trout, turbot, tuna—followed by roasts of goat, beef, pork, veal, lamb, venison, bear, boar, moose, panda, elk, ibex, and alpaca. Waitresses dressed as "clerks": eyeshades, sleeve protectors, striped trousers held up with braces. Saw some familiar faces, felt more at home. Over port, had jaw-jaw with Dean W. and said great news about poor! Not so bad off after all! Get plenty of money from government handouts, workmen's comp. Don't have to get married, read Arthur Laffer. Pretty good deal. Dean W. turned red in face and said no, no, all wrong. Said I should go back to Cuba, or wherever I came from. Fact is, poor aren't poor *enough*. Don't want to work outside lifting heavy loads. Don't want to sing chanteys, get sweaty. Dean W. also very angry on subject of poor and marriage. Spoke very fast—couldn't catch everything. Something about neurotic propagators of venereal disease. Jungle rhythms of single men: tension, release. Drink, drugs, crime. No better than apes. Women, on other hand, more spiritual—able to glimpse eternity within womb. Frequently reach climax just by ironing, making beds!

Presently went home. (Wife already asleep; tired out from shopping.) Sat up thinking of phrases for book: "The reason capitalism succeeds is that its laws accord with the laws of the mind." "The serendipitous cavalry of providence awaits only the bugle of freedom and faith." Pretty good!



"We have no special place in mind. We're just pooped and want to sack out."

• •

Game-Bird Evening—The Racquet Club (Smith Barney host). Waitresses very naughty—dressed as budgerigars: yellow tights, boas. Good thing wives not allowed! After drinks (butts of sack, pearls dissolved in claret) half-dozen "budgies" wheel out baked ostrich on trolley. Other budgies whistle, flap arms. Smith B. strops sword, then carves ostrich to reveal bustard inside. Bustard stuffed with Canada goose. Ptarmigan inside Canada goose. Capercaillie inside ptarmigan. Parrot inside capercaillie, and so on. Down to hummingbird with only truffles inside. "I get it," I said. "It's the trickle-down theory!" "Hot damn!" said Smith B. "You're learning. Now watch this." Sliced chunk from ostrich wing, chunk from hummingbird wing. Ostrich = rich, said Smith B. Hummingbird = poor. Slice = tax cut. So reduce taxes of poor and what happens? Itty-bitty sliver, couldn't feed a fish. But reduce taxes of rich and result is banquet for everyone!

Inspiring evening. Lots of material for book. On way out tried to show appreciation by slipping ten-dollar bill under feather of waitress. Dean W. came running up and said no, no—if waitress brings home too much money mate will lose male nerve and urgency. Impotence. Promiscuity. Loss of earning power. Breakdown of family—civilization! Turn into lemurs, chimpanzees!

Working Lunch—My study. Tuna on rye, plain yogurt, carrot sticks, pickle. Too excited to eat. Have seen plan of Divine Economist (rough draft). Everything copacetic!

Book-Publication Party—St. Regis Hotel. My party, my idea to dress waitresses as "wives": Fair Isle sweaters, tassel loafers, needlepoint handbags, etc. While serving drinks, waitresses said to guests, "Now, remember you have to take the sitter home, dear." (Also my idea.) Menu mine, too—everything from "a" to "z." Anchovies, blancmange, couscous, dormice dipped in honey, elephant trunks, French fries, gefilte fish, Harvard beets, Ipswich clams, jambalaya, kippers, lentils, marrows, nougats, Oreos, pigs' trotters, quenelles, red-flannel hash, sweetbreads, turkey Tetrazzini, upside-down cake, vanilla ice cream, Welsh rabbit, xocoatl, yellow beans, and zabaglione.

After coffee and brandy (Hennessy V.S.O.P.) I give a short speech and inscribe copies for the cook, dishwasher, busboys. Servants very grateful—said they would remember always. Then Bache Halsey, Paine Webber, Blyth Eastman, Morgan Guaranty, others came up to me—smiles on faces, tears streaming down cheeks. Morgan said, "Aren't the poor grand?" I could hardly speak, so moved. Finally managed to say, "Yes, yes. Oh, yes. If they didn't exist already, we would have to invent them."

—Charles McGrath

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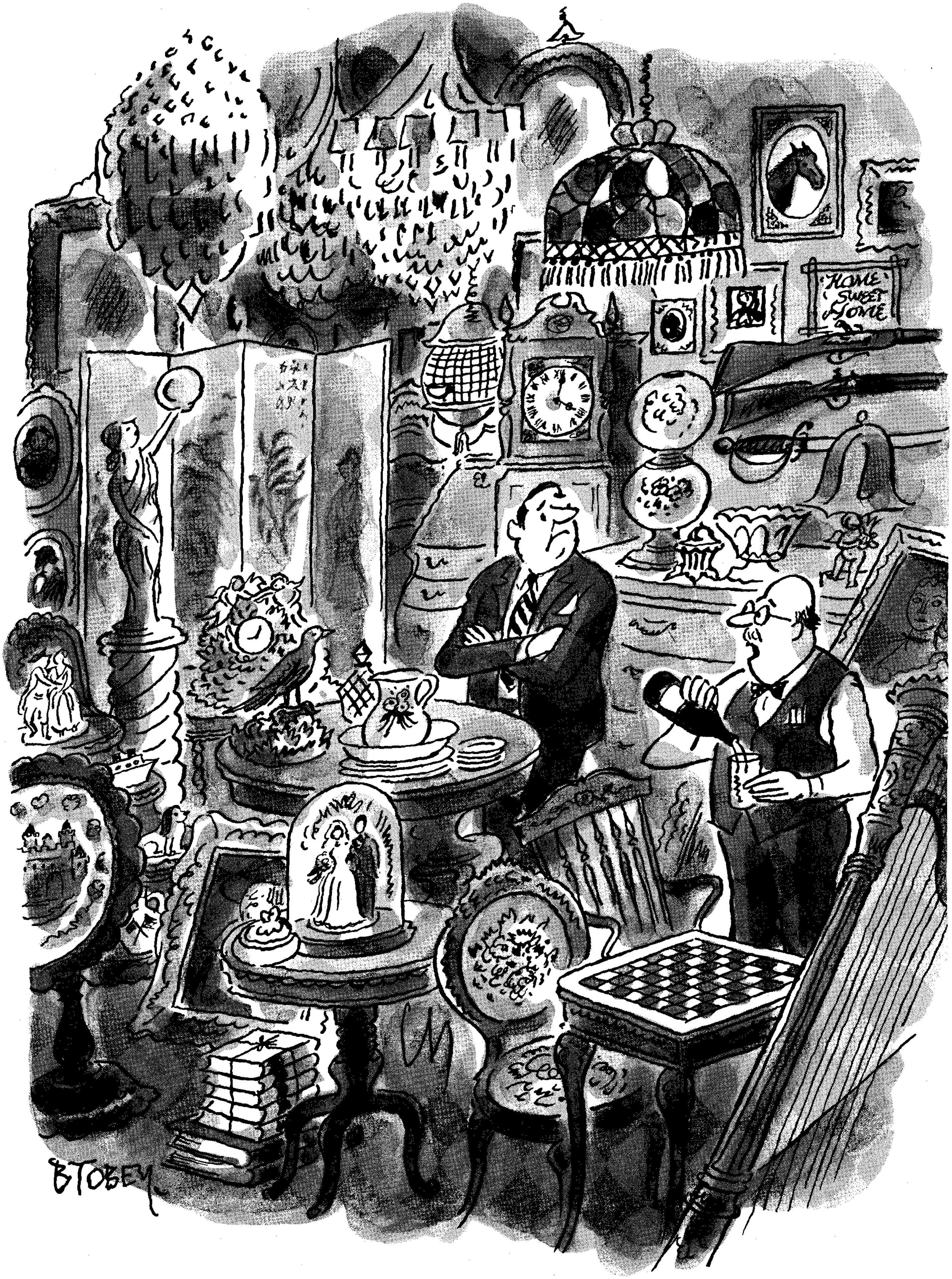
WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Stockholm—The coconut, that hardworking Cinderella of commercial crops, could soon be riding to the economic ball in the chariot of new technology.


HOME SWEET HOME
B TOBEY

"*Ready, Phil? Inventory time!*"

OVERNIGHT TO MANY DISTANT CITIES

A GROUP of Chinese in brown jackets preceded us through the halls of Versailles. They were middle-aged men, weighty, obviously important, perhaps thirty of them. At the entrance to each room a guard stopped us, held us back until the Chinese had finished inspecting it. A fleet of black government Citroëns had brought them, they were much at ease with Versailles and with each other, it was clear that they were being rewarded for many years of good behavior.

Asked her opinion of Versailles, my daughter Katie said she thought it was overdecorated.

Well, yes.

Again in Paris, years earlier, without Katie, we had a hotel room opening on a courtyard, and late at night through an open window heard a woman expressing intense and rising pleasure. We blushed and fell upon each other.

Right now sunny skies in mid-Manhattan, the temperature is forty-two degrees.

In Stockholm we ate reindeer steak and I told the Prime Minister . . . That the price of booze was too high. Twenty dollars for a bottle of J & B! He (Olaf Palme) agreed, most politely, and said that they financed the Army that way. The conference we were attending was held at a workers' vacation center somewhat outside the city. Shamelessly, I asked for a double bed, there were none, we pushed two single beds together. An Israeli journalist sat on the two single beds drinking our costly whiskey and explaining the devilish policies of the Likud. Then it was time to go play with the Africans. A poet who had been for a time a Minister of Culture explained why he had burned a grand piano on the lawn in front of the Ministry. "The piano," he said, "is not the national instrument of Ghana."

A boat ride through the scattered islands. A Warsaw Pact novelist asked me to carry a package of paper to New York for him.

Woman is silent for two days in San Francisco. And walked through the streets with her arms raised high touching the leaves of the trees.

"But you're *married!*" she said.

"*But that's not my fault!*"

Tearing into cold crab at Scoma's we saw Chill Wills at another table, doing the same thing. We waved to him.

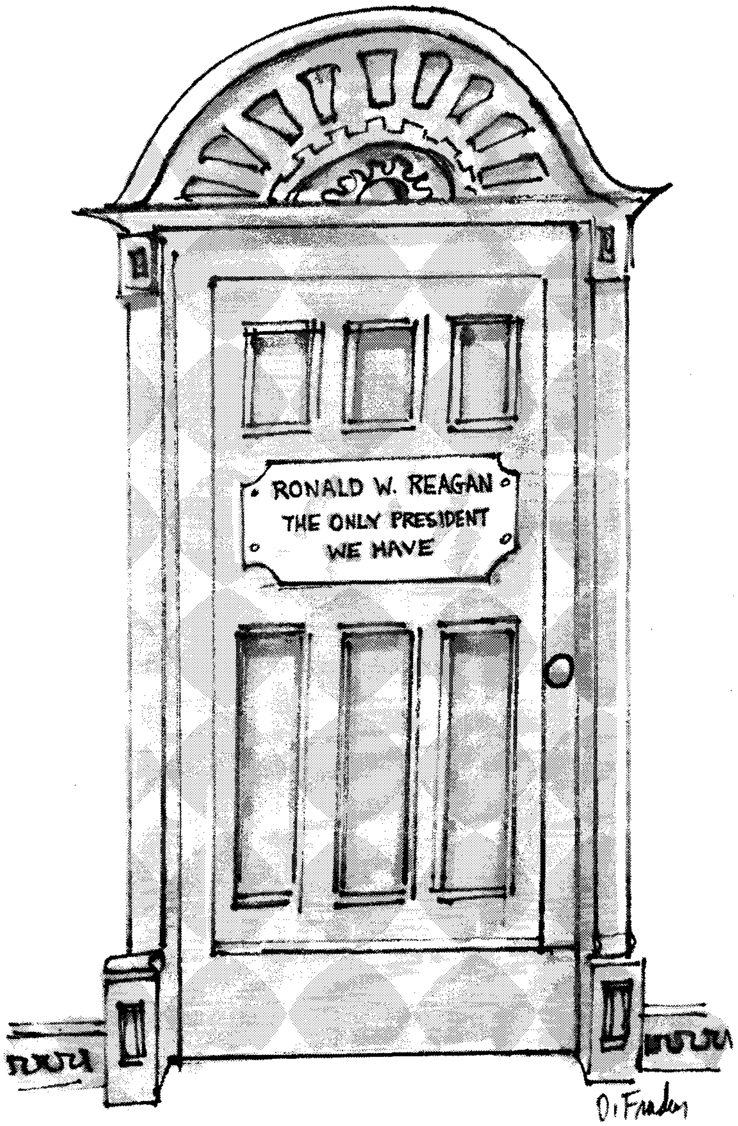
In Taegu the air was full of the noise of helicopters. The helicopter landed on a pad, General A jumped out and walked with a firm, manly stride to the spot where General B waited—generals visiting each other. They shook hands, the honor guard with its blue scarves and chromed rifles popped to, the band played, pictures were taken. General A followed by General B walked smartly around the rigid honor guard and then the two generals marched off to the generals' mess, to have a drink.

There are eight hundred and twenty-seven generals now in U.S. armed services. There are four hundred and seventeen brigadier generals, two hundred and ninety-nine major generals, eighty-seven lieutenant generals, and twenty-four full generals. The funniest thing in the world is a general trying on a nickname. Sometimes they don't stick. "Howlin' Mad," "Old Hickory," "Old Blood and Guts," and "Buck" have already been taken. "Old Lacy" is not a good choice.

If you are a general in the field you will live in a general's van, which is a kind of motor home for generals. I once saw a drunk two-star general, in a general's van, seize hold of a visiting actress—it was Marilyn Monroe—and seat her on his lap, shrieking all the while "R.H.I.P.!," or Rank Has Its Privileges.

Enough of generals.

Thirty per cent chance of rain this afternoon, high in the mid-fifties.



In London I met a man who was not in love. Beautiful shoes, black as black marble, and a fine suit. We went to the theatre together, matter of a few pounds, he knew which plays were the best plays, on several occasions he brought his mother. "An American," he said to his mother, "an American I met." "Met an American during the war," she said to me. "Didn't like him." This was reasonably standard, next she would tell me that we had no culture. Her son was hungry, starving, mad in fact, sucking the cuff buttons of his fine suit, choking on the cuff buttons of his fine suit, left and right sleeves jammed into his mouth—he was not in love, he said, "again not in love, not in love again." I put him out of his misery with a good book, Rilke, as I remember, and resolved never to find myself in a situation as dire as his.

In San Antonio we walked by the little river. And ended up in Helen's Bar, where John found a pool player who was, like John, an ex-Marine. How these ex-Marines love each other! It is a flat scandal. The Congress should do something about it. The I.R.S. should do something about it. You and I talked to each other while John talked to his Parris Island friend, and that wasn't too bad, wasn't too bad. We discussed twenty-four novels of normative adultery. "Can't *have* no adultery without adults," I said, and you agreed that this was true. We thought about it, our hands on each other's knees, under the table.

In the car on the way back from San Antonio the ladies talked about the rump of a noted poet. "Too big," they said, "too big too big too big." "Can you imagine going to bed with him?" they said, and then all said, "No no no no no," and laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed.

I offered to get out and run alongside the car, if that would allow them to converse more freely.

In Copenhagen I went shopping with two Hungarians. I had thought they merely wanted to buy presents for their wives. They bought leather gloves, chess sets, frozen fish, baby food, lawnmowers, air-conditioners, kayaks . . . We were six hours in the department store.

"This will teach you," they said, "never to go shopping with Hungarians."

Again in Paris, the hotel was the Montalembert . . . Katie jumped on the bed and sliced her hand open on an open watercolor tin, blood everywhere, the concierge assuring us, "In the war, I saw much worse things."

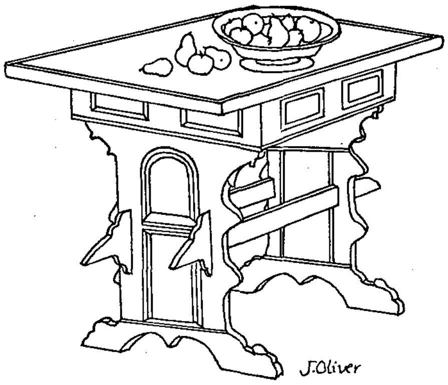
Well, yes.

But we couldn't stop the bleeding, in the cab to the American Hospital the driver kept looking over his shoulder to make sure that we weren't bleeding on his seat covers, handfuls of bloody paper towels in my right and left hands . . .

On another evening, as we were on our way to dinner, I kicked the kid with carefully calibrated force as we were crossing the Pont Mirabeau, she had been pissy all day, driving us crazy. Her character improved instantly, wonderfully. This is a tactic that can be used exactly once.

In Mexico City we lay with the gorgeous daughter of the American ambassador by a clear, cold mountain stream. Well, that was the plan, it didn't work out that way. We were around sixteen and had run away from home, in the great tradition, hitched various long rides with various sinister folk, and there we were in the great city with about two T-shirts to our names. My friend Herman found us both jobs in a jukebox factory. Our assignment was to file the slots in American jukeboxes so that they would accept the big, thick Mexican coins. All day long. No gloves.

After about a week of this we were walking one day on the street on which the Hotel Reforma is to be found and there were my father and grandfather, smiling. "The boys have run away," my father had told my grandfather, and my grandfather had said, "Hot damn, let's go get 'em." I have rarely seen two grown men enjoying themselves so much.



Ninety-two this afternoon, the stock market up in heavy trading.

In Berlin everyone stared, and I could not blame them. You were spectacular, your long skirts, your long dark hair. I was upset by the staring, people gazing at happiness and wondering whether to credit it or not, wondering whether it was to be trusted and for how long, and what it meant to them, whether they were in some way hurt by it, in some way diminished by it, in some way criticized by it, good God get it out of my sight—

I correctly identified a Matisse as a Matisse even though it was an uncharacteristic Matisse, you thought I was knowledgeable whereas I was

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AN UPSET

Drowsing in bed alone, quite thoughtless of nights
When I didn't . . . An ominous crack, some loud, low snaps
Like river ice breaking up
From the next room (still lit—I hadn't retired)
Swept me out there in time to watch my
Grandfather's table,
One of the pedestal's three
Leonine hips
Disjointed under mounting stress,
Collapse.

It could have been
The old man felled anew,
Seen through a thaw
Of pain—struck broadside, banks whose failure
Sent slowly crashing full
Ashtray, lamp, magnifying glass, and—no!—
Liszt; Les Dieux; The Japanese Tattoo;
Babel's *Collected Stories; Last
Poems; Thinking* and *Willing* (boxed together);
Animal Farm; A Little Boy Lost—to name just a few.

Wow. A disaster zone
Facing therapy: sandpaper, clamps and glue,
Jetsam and overflow's diversion to shelves
Unbuilt, if not to plain
Oblivion . . .
Another "worst" behind us,
Now to relearn
Uprightness, lightness, poise:
First things—the lamp supposes, prone
Yet burning wildly on.

—JAMES MERRILL

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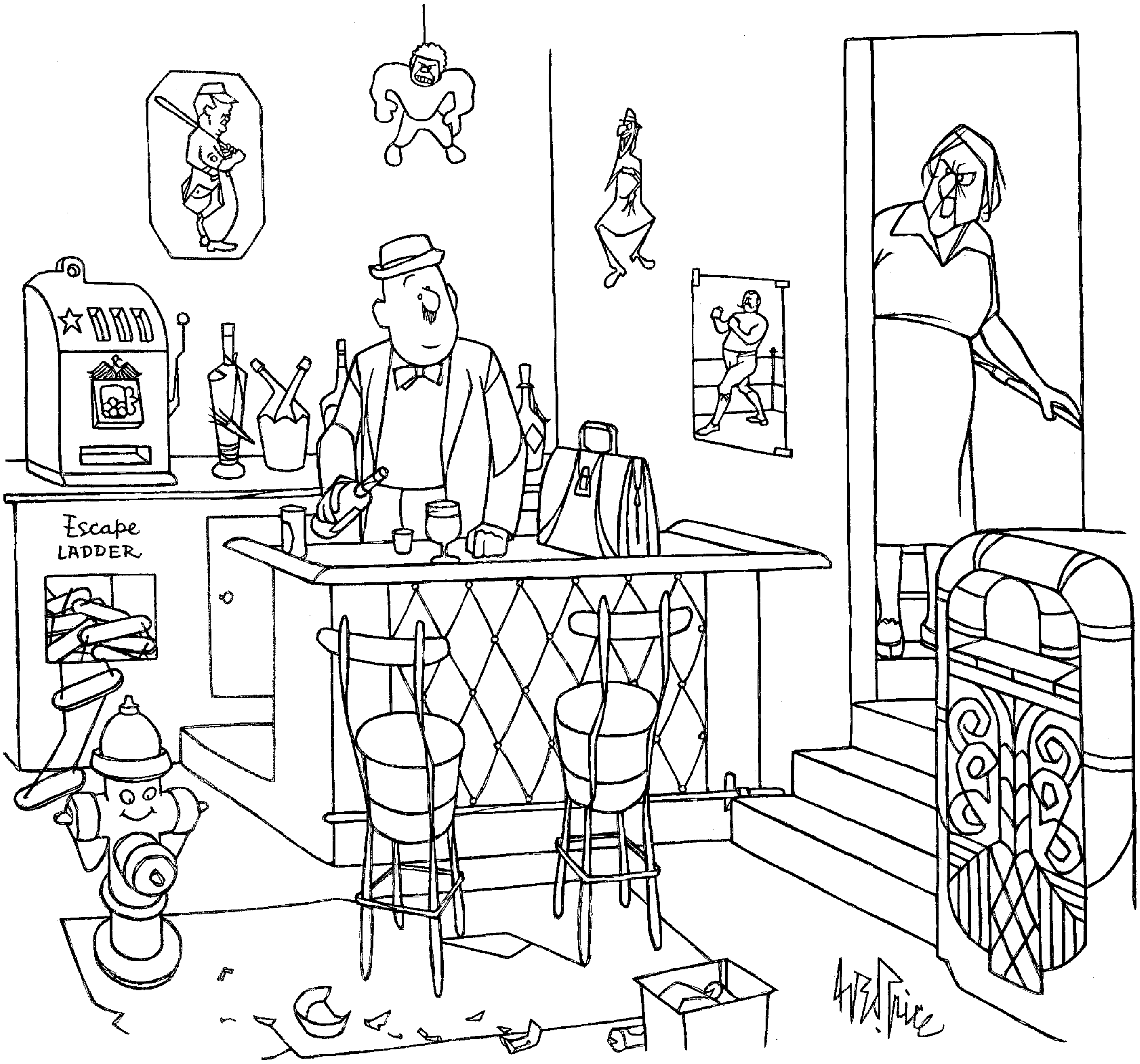


"I figured you were home. My soufflé just fell."

• •

only lucky, we stared at the Schwitters show for one hour and twenty minutes, and then lunched. Vitello tonnato, as I recall.

When Herman was divorced in Boston . . . Carol got the good barbeque pit. I put it in the Blazer for her. In the back of the Blazer were cartons of books, tableware, sheets and towels, plants, and, oddly, two dozen white carnations fresh in their box. I pointed to the flowers. "Herman," she said, "he never gives up."

In Barcelona the lights went out. At dinner. Candles were produced and the shiny langoustines placed before us. Why do I love Barcelona above most other cities? Because Barcelona and I share a passion for walking? I was happy there? You were with me? We were celebrating my hundredth marriage? I'll stand on that. Show me a man who has not married a hundred times and I'll show you a wretch who does not deserve God's good world.

Lunching with the Holy Ghost I praised the world, and the Holy Ghost was pleased. "We have that little problem in Barcelona," He said. "The lights go out in the middle of dinner." "I've noticed," I said. "We're working on it," He said. "What a wonderful city, one of our best." "A great town," I agreed. In an ecstasy of admiration for what is we ate our simple soup.

Tomorrow, fair and warmer, warmer and fair, most fair. . . .

—DONALD BARTHELME

•

None can be sure that having won an engine contract for a new jet aircraft, it will not be lost when a competitor comes up with a better mousetrap.—*Journal of Commerce.*

We'd still go along with Pratt & Whitney, or Rolls.

LIKE GLASS

IN the picture, only the man is looking at the camera. The baby in the chair, out on the lawn, is looking in another direction, not at his father. His father has a grip on a collie—trying, no doubt, to make the dog turn its head toward the lens. The dog looks away, no space separating its snout from the white border. I wonder why, in those days, photographs had borders that looked as if they had been cut with pinking shears.

The collie is dead. The man with a pompadour of curly brown hair and with large, sloping shoulders was alive the last time I heard. The baby grew up and became my husband, and now is no longer married to me. I am trying to follow his line of vision in the picture. Obviously, he'd had enough of paying attention to his father or to the dog that day. It is a picture of a baby gazing into the distance.

I have a lot of distinct memories of things that happened while I was married, but lately I've been thinking about two things that are similar, although they have nothing in common. We lived on the top floor of a brownstone. When we decided to separate and I moved out, John changed the lock on the door. When I came back to take my things, there was no way to get them. I went away and thought about it until I didn't feel angry anymore. By then it was winter, and cold leaked in my windows. I had my daughter, and other things, to think about. In the cold, though, walking around the apartment in a sweater most people would have thought thick enough to wear outside, or huddling on the sofa under an old red-and-brown afghan, I would start feeling romantic about my husband.

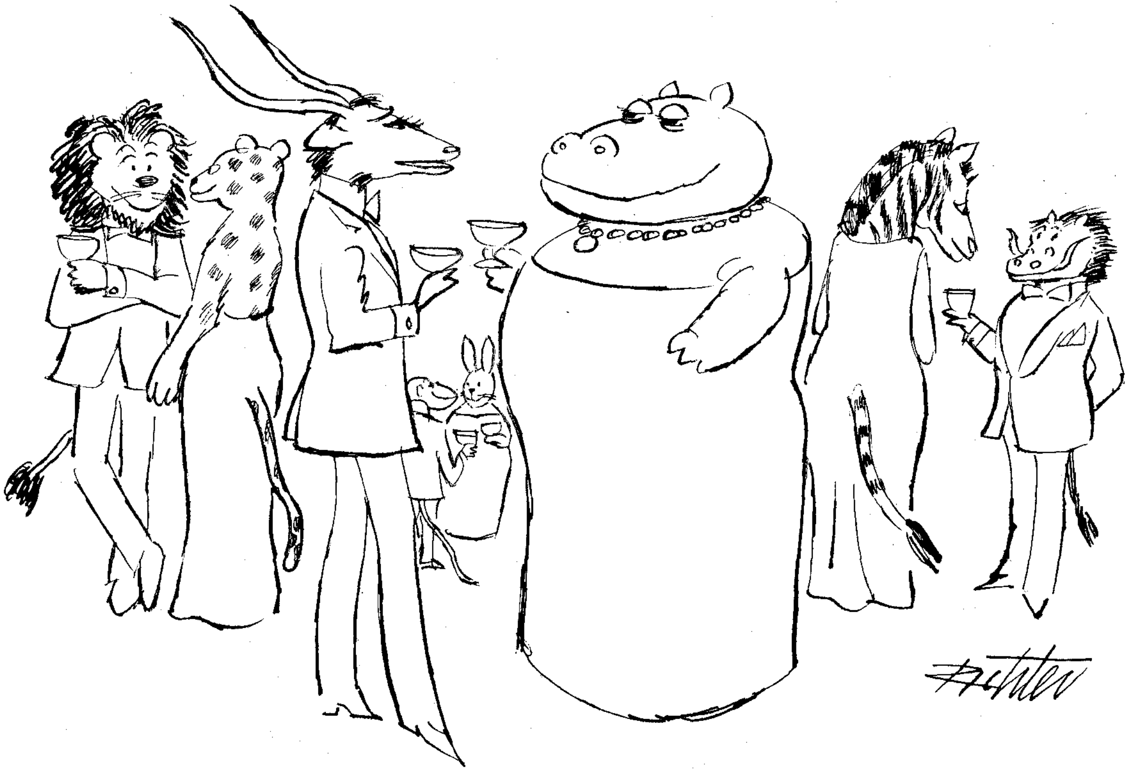
One afternoon—it was February 13th, the day before Valentine's Day—I had a couple of drinks and put on my long green coat with the huge hood which made me look like a monk and went to the window and saw that the snow had melted on the sidewalk: I could get away with wearing my comfortable rubber-soled sandals with thick wool socks. So I went out and stopped at Sheridan Square to buy "Hamlet" and flipped through until I found what I was looking for. Then I went to our old building and buzzed Larry. He lives in the basement—what is called a garden apartment. He opened the door and unlocked the high black iron gate. My husband had always said that Larry looked and acted like Loretta Young; he was always exuberant, he had puffy hair and crinkly eyes, and he didn't look as if he belonged to either sex. Larry was surprised to see me. I can be charming when I want to be, so I acted slightly bumbly and apologetic and smiled to let him know that what I was asking was a silly thing: could I stand in his garden for a minute and call out a poem to my husband? I saw Larry looking at my hands, moving in the pockets of my coat. The page torn from "Hamlet" was in one pocket, the rest of the book in the other. Larry laughed. How could my husband hear me, he asked. It was February. There were storm windows. But he let me in, and I walked down his long, narrow hallway, through the back room that he used as an office, to the door that led out to the back garden. I pushed open the door, and his gray poodle came yapping up to my ankles. It looked like a cactus, with maple leaves stuck in its coat.

I picked up a little stone—Larry had small rocks bordering his walkway, all touching, as if they were a chain. I threw the stone at my husband's fourth-floor bedroom window and hit it—*tonk!*—on the very first try. Blurrily, I watched the look of puzzlement on Larry's face. My real attention was on my husband's face, when it appeared at the window, full of rage, then wonder. I looked at the torn-out page and recited, liltingly, Ophelia's song: " 'Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day/All in the morning betime,/And I a maid at your window,/To be your Valentine.' "

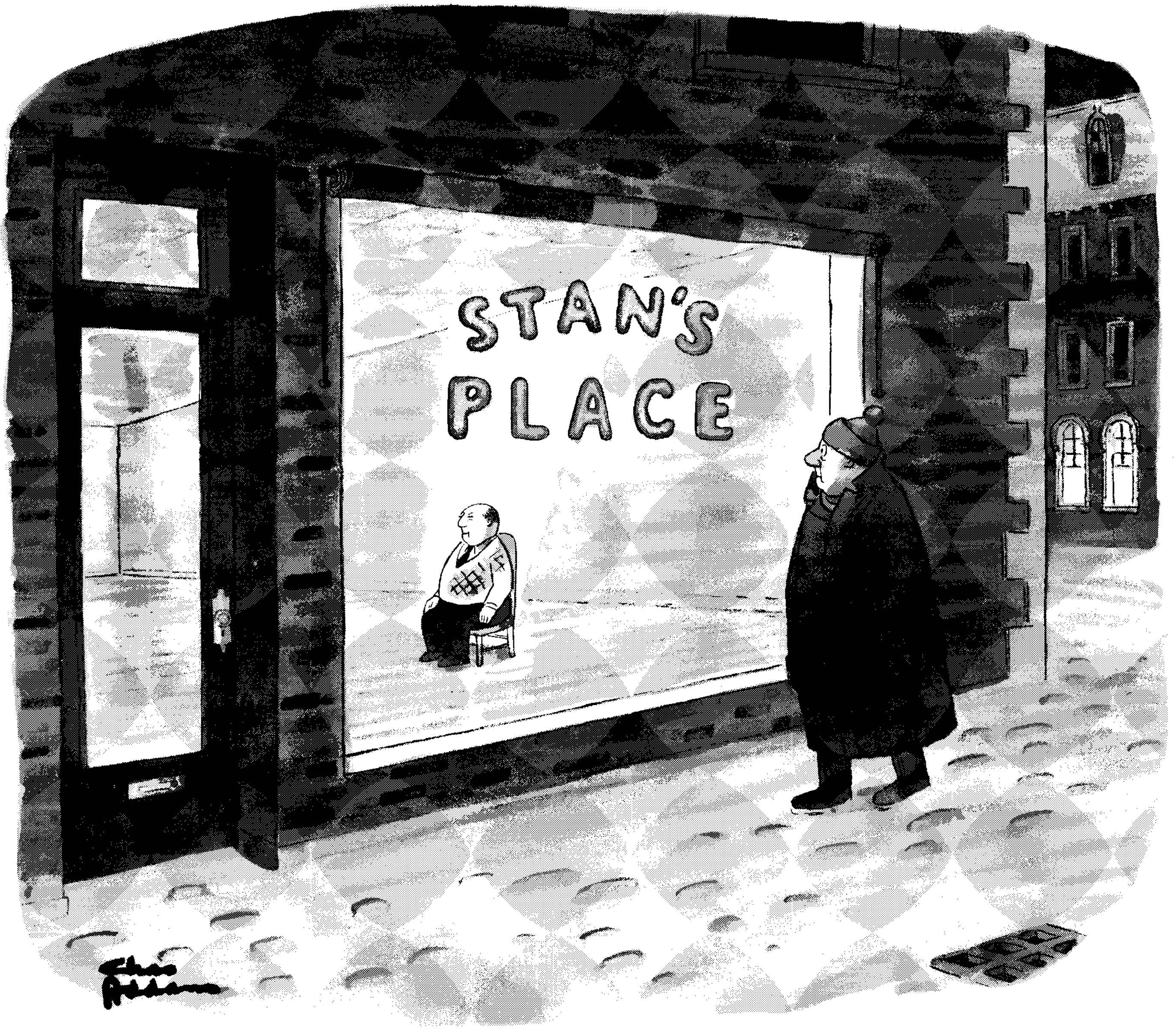
"Are you *insane?*" John called down to me. It was a shout, really, but his voice hung thin in the air. It floated down.

"I did it," Larry said, coming out, shivering, cowering as he looked up to the fourth floor. "I let her in."

I could smell jasmine when the wind blew. I had put on too much perfume. Even if he did take me in, he'd back off; he'd never let me be his valentine. What he noticed, of course, when he came downstairs to lead me out of the garden, seconds later, was the Scotch on my breath.



"I gather, then, you spend half your time on land and half in the water."



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"This is all wrong," I said, as he pulled me by the hand past Larry, who stood holding his barking poodle. "I only had two Scotches," I said. "I just realized when the wind blew that I smell like a flower garden."

"You bet it's all wrong," he said, squeezing my hand so hard it almost broke. Then he shook off my hand and walked up the steps, went in, and slammed the door behind him. I watched a hairline crack leap across all four panes of glass at the top of the door.

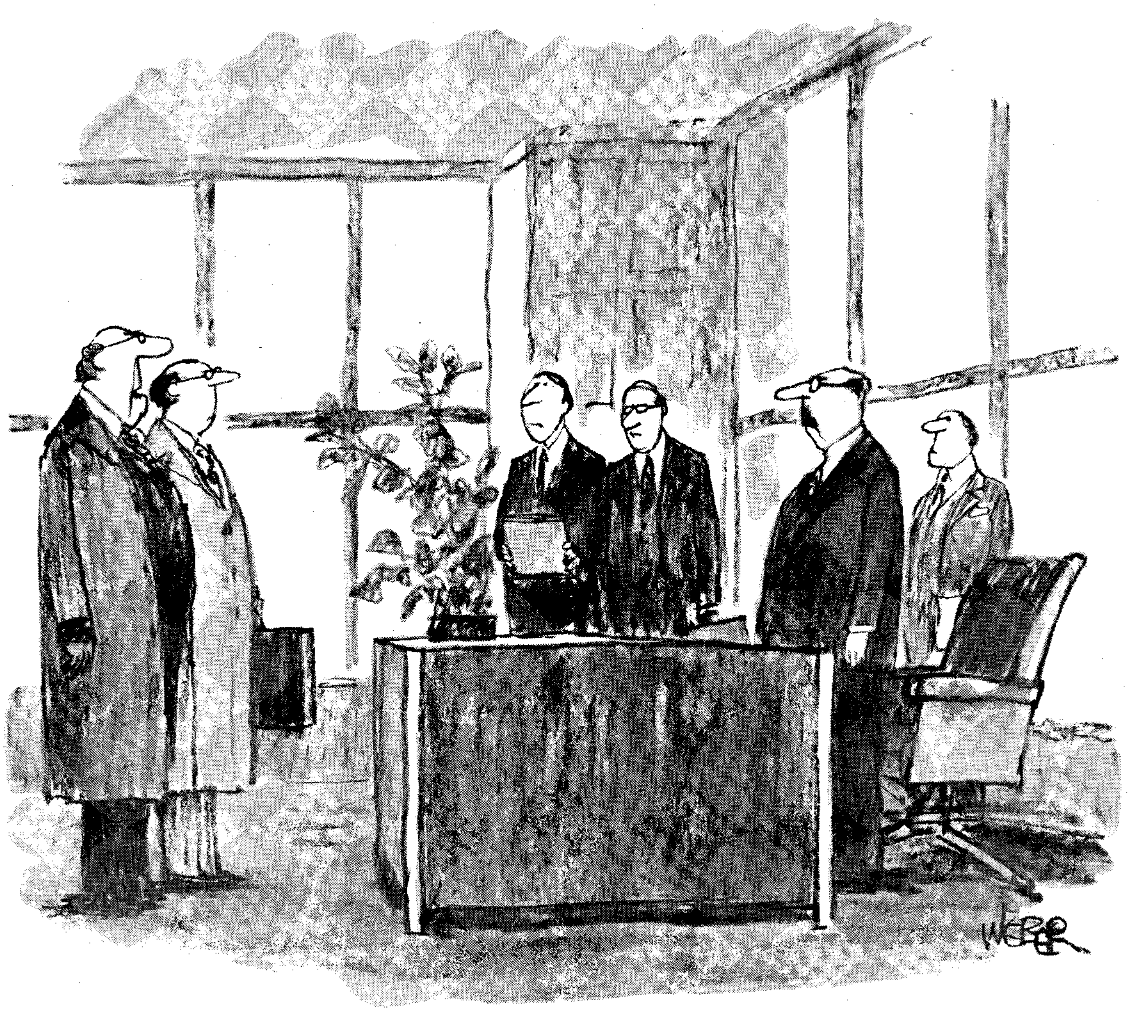
The other thing happened in happier times, when we were visiting my sister, Karin, on Twenty-third Street. It was the first time we had met Dan, the man she was engaged to, and we had brought a bottle of champagne. We drank her wine first, and ate her cheese and told stories and heard stories and smoked a joint, and sometime after midnight my husband went to the refrigerator and got out our wine—Spanish champagne, in a black bottle. He pointed the bottle away from him, and we all squinted, silently watching. At the same instant that the cork popped, as we were all saying "Hooray!" or "That does it!"—whatever we were saying—we heard glass raining down, and John suddenly crouched, and then we looked above him to see a hole in the skylight, and through the hole black sky.

I'VE just told these stories to my daughter, Linda, who is six. She used to like stories to end with a moral, like fairy tales, but now she thinks that's kid stuff. She still wants to know what stories mean, but now she wants me to tell her. The point of the two stories—well, I don't know what the point is, I'm always telling her. That he broke the glass by mistake, and that the cork broke the glass by a miracle. The point is that broken glass is broken glass.

"That's a joke ending," she says. "It's dumb." She frowns.

I cop out, too tired to think, and then tell her another part of the story to distract her: Uncle Dan and Aunt Karin told the superintendent that the hole must have come from something that fell from above. He knew they were lying—nothing was above them—but what could he say? He asked them whether they thought perhaps meteorites shrank to the size of gumballs falling through New York's polluted air. He hated not only his tenants but the whole city.

She watches me digress. She reaches



"Mr. Hornung is my chaperon."

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for the cologne on her night table and lifts her long blond hair, and I spray her neck. She takes the bottle and sprays her wrists, rubs them together, holds out her wrists for me to smell. I make a silly face and pretend to be dazed by such a wonderful smell. I stroke her hair until she is silent, and tiptoe out, still moving as if I'm walking through broken glass.

ONCE a week, for a couple of hours, I read to a man named Andy, who is blind. In the year I've been doing it, he and I have sort of become friends. He usually greets me with something like "So what's new with *your* life?" He sits behind his desk and I sit beside it, in a chair. This is the way a teacher and pupil should sit, and I've fallen into the pattern of letting him ask.

He gets up to open the window. It's always too hot in his little office. His movements are exaggerated, like a bird's: the quickly cocked head, the way he grips the edge of his desk when he's bored. He grips the edge, releases his hold, grabs again, like a parrot shifting on its bar. Andy has never seen a bird. He has an eight-year-old daughter, who likes to describe things to him, although she is a prankster and sometimes deliberately lies, he has told me. He buys her things from the joke shop on the corner of the street where he works. He takes home little pills that will make drinks bubble over, buzzers to conceal in the palm of your hand, little black plastic flies to freeze in ice cubes, rubber eyeglass rims attached to a fat nose and a bushy mustache. "Daddy, now I'm wearing my big nose," she says. "Daddy, I put a black fly in *your* ice cube, so spit it out if it sinks in your drink, all right?" My daughter and I have gone to two dinners at their house. My daughter thinks that his daughter is a little weird. The last time we visited, when the girls were playing and Andy was washing dishes his wife showed me the hallway she had just wallpapered. It took her forever to decide on the wallpaper, she told me. We stood there, dwarfed by wallpaper imprinted with the trunks of shiny silver trees that her husband would never see.

What's new with me? My divorce is final.

MY husband remembers the circumstances of the photograph. I told him it was impossible—he was an infant. No, he was a child when the picture was taken, he said—he just looked small because he was slumped in the chair. He remembers it all distinctly. Rufus, the dog, was there, and his father, and he was looking slightly upward because that was where his mother was, holding the camera. I was amazed that I had made a mystery of something that had such a simple answer. It is a picture of a baby looking at its mother. For the millionth time he asks why must I make myself morose, why call in the middle of the night.

Linda is asleep. I sit on the edge of her bed in the half-darkness, tempting fate, fidgeting with a dome-shaped paperweight with bursts of red color inside, tossing it in the air. One false move and she will wake up. One mistake and glass shatters. I like the smoothness of it, the heaviness as it slaps into my palm over and over.

Today when I went to Andy, he was sitting on his window ledge, with his arms crossed over his chest. He had been uptown at a meeting that morning, where a man had come up to him and said, "Be grateful for the cane. Everybody who doesn't take hold of something has something take hold of them." Andy tells me this, and we are both silent. Does he want me to tell him, the way Linda wants me to summarize stories, what I think it means? Since Andy and I are adults, I answer my silent question with another question: What do you do with a shard of sorrow?

—ANN BEATTIE

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

NOTES FROM A SPANISH VILLAGE

THE transition, which I make from time to time, from New York City to a remote stone house above a mountain village in Spain is about as extreme as it could be, demographically speaking, for I move from a population of around seven million to one of not much more than seventy. The village has been left behind by time, the good ground untilled, the almonds unpicked—a ghost of its busy, self-sustaining past. The young have long since gone, the school is closed, the store fulfills the minimal needs of the place, and the villagers have shrunk to a skeleton crew—the handy and the old. It is, however, the vantage point from which I have seen and felt Spain over the years and have taken in the changes that since Franco died, in late 1975, have swept over Spain in breathless sequence, as the country moved from a retarded past to an exhilarating present, albeit an anxious one. I went back to the village last summer, after an interval of almost two years, with more than usual anticipation, for much had happened in the interim, and while I had read the Spanish newspapers with some regularity, it was the conversations I missed—the chess games of speculation in the cafés, the sense of the living place, the voices and gestures. The relation of the village to the country as a whole is much like that of any family to society as a whole: the fortunes of the two do not always coincide. Although Spain has loomed large in my life, my specific attachment is to the village—to the children I have seen grow up and to the villagers I have watched grow old. However much one learns about and understands a country in terms of events, it is the lived experience that matters most, and I looked forward keenly to picking up the long, unfinished conversations, the view from the inside.

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WHENEVER I land newly in Spain now, I find it hard to recall the grayness of the Franco years, the years of restraint. Now the kiosks blaze with newspapers and magazines, the stores abound, the police seem less forbidding. There is a general jauntiness, an exuberance, in the streets. I have wired ahead to Josefa, who looks after the house, so that she will put the key under a stone in the old bread oven beside the house—a ritual we have fallen into over the years. I haggle with a taxi-driver, and soon we have left the town behind and are climbing through the olive groves, the earth reddened by the evening sun. The lower houses straggle into sight, and then the church spire, the appearance of the place confirming memory yet still carrying the pleasure of discovery. The taxi whines up through the village to the highest point and leaves me off on the ridge, the village now below me and the house a short, stumbling walk away. As the sound of the taxi wanes, the huge silence descends. The key is there under the stone, and as I turn it in the lock and shoulder the door open a whole dormant identity settles upon me—a self I have left there, like the old work coat hanging on its wooden peg. I spend some time pacing the place, opening drawers, fingering objects, noticing. During my absence, various friends have been to stay and have left traces—an abandoned ticket, a new kitchen knife, odd books, a drawing tacked to the wall. Josefa has put a gathering of wild flowers on the table and a small vocabulary of provisions. Newspapers, months old, have yellowed. I go out on the terrace in the afterglow, drop the bucket in the well, and draw it up brimming—a ritual act. Everything here has to be done by hand, which makes the head more attentive. In that silence, other worlds recede, the mail their only manifestation.

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OUR village sets great store by its rituals, and the following day I make all the gestures of arrival. I retrieve the mail from Gonzalo, our elusive mailman. The bundle includes a letter dated September, 1972, and when I show it to Gonzalo he laughs and shrugs; time is not his concern. We have all buttonholed Gonzalo at different times, but have never got beyond his shrug. He is an anti-mailman. He looks on the letters that arrive as an intrusion, but since he doubles as itinerant gardener and shoemaker we accept our mail on his terms, of which urgency is not one. On occasion, he has driven visitors from more efficient contexts close to apoplexy, and I detect in him a secret, unexpressed pleasure in confounding lines of

Bachelor

communication. Next, I buy supplies at Doña Anna's store, and she and I croon with delight, enacting the greetings and the phrases we have gone through hundreds of times. Then I stop at the *pensión* for a word here, a handshake there, and, finally, on my way back to the house, I drop in at Josefa's house, to confirm my presence. She crows with satisfaction, and sits me down in her kitchen while she chronicles the missing time for me. A large, handsome woman, she is for me the incarnation of the place. Behind her recounting of everyday events is an awe of life and death, a sense of the transitory nature of everything, which leads her, perversely, to give the living present her vivid attention. The village is her world, known to her by name and sight, so that when I leave the place I feel that for her I cease to exist; conversely, when I arrive she looks on me like Lazarus and busies herself with telling me what I have missed, as though there were no real life outside the perimeter of the village. Her greeting is always the same—her wide smile, her flare of vivacity, and "*Mira! Sobrevivimos!*" ("Look! We have survived!"). This time, I am as amazed as she is.

PROUST'S QUESTIONNAIRE

I am beginning to wonder
Whether this alternative to
Sitting back and doing something quiet
Is the clever initiative it seemed. It's
Also relaxation, and sunlight branching into
Passionate melancholy, jealousy of something unknown;
And our minds, parked in the sky over New York,
Are nonetheless responsible. Nights
When the paper comes
And you walk around the block
Wrenching yourself from the lover every five minutes
And it hurts, yet nothing is ever really clean
Or two-faced. You are losing your grip
And there are still flowers and compliments in the air—
"How did you like the last one?"
"Was I good?" "I think it stinks."

It's a question of questions, first and last:
The nuts and bolts kind you know you can answer
And the impersonal ones you answer almost without meaning to:
"My greatest regret." "What keeps the world from falling in."
Flowers that have kept company with me
As I advance into the night, feeling this has
Gone on too long. And then the results
Are brilliant:
Someone is summoned to a name, and soon
A roomful of people becomes dense and contoured
And words come out of the wall
To batter the rhythm of generation following on generation.

And I see once more how everything
Must be up to me—here a calamity to be smoothed away
Like ringlets, there the luck of uncoding
This singular cipher of primary
And secondary colors, and the animals
With us in the ark, happy to be there as it settles
Into an always more violent sea.

—JOHN ASHBERY

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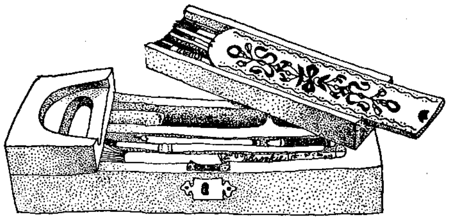
WITH the passing of the years, our village has become an outpost at the end of the line. When I knew it first, it was actively populated by over six hundred people—a working village that sustained itself principally by making charcoal. Its downfall came abruptly in the early sixties, in the form of bottled gas. The men were the first to leave the village, to find work in the burgeoning construction brought on by the tourist boom, and in time their families followed. Their empty houses were then rented to foreigners, whose presence, while in one sense repopulating the place, also brought to it an air of indolence. Actually, a like indolence had descended on Spain itself during the waning years of Franco—an indolence of spirit, the doldrums. The foreigners who acquired houses in the village came spasmodically, when their separate worlds gave them leave. By now, other houses have been acquired as weekend retreats by Spaniards alien to the region who work in the nearby provincial capital. Josefa does not like this turn of events. "They look on the village as a scene in a play—a backdrop," she tells me. "They don't *care* about what happens to us. I sometimes feel I should wear native costume on the weekends, when they come, because the village is an idea they have in their minds, like something in a magazine." What Josefa deeply resents, I suspect, although we never talk of it, is the long period of the Franco years, when Spain became a convenience for foreigners—a setting, a place that rented its sunshine, a theatre of unreal life—and tourists provided sustaining revenues for the country. The role never settled easily on the Spanish spirit, in its obstinate pride. Fortunately, that period is now over, and Spain has taken itself back.



The village, however, has not recovered. The new Spain has turned it into something of a museum of the old ways, moving it to the sidelines. I never liked that time under Franco, although Eugenio, Josefa's husband, who used to work my terraces and keep them growing, would try to reassure me: "Better we should go on growing what we can—that cannot be an error." Eugenio, bent by a long life of working the land, has now retired, but he comes by often, rocking himself in a chair on the terrace. "If you want, I'll sit on the terrace and tell you what to do to keep the land fruitful. But it isn't what we live by anymore."

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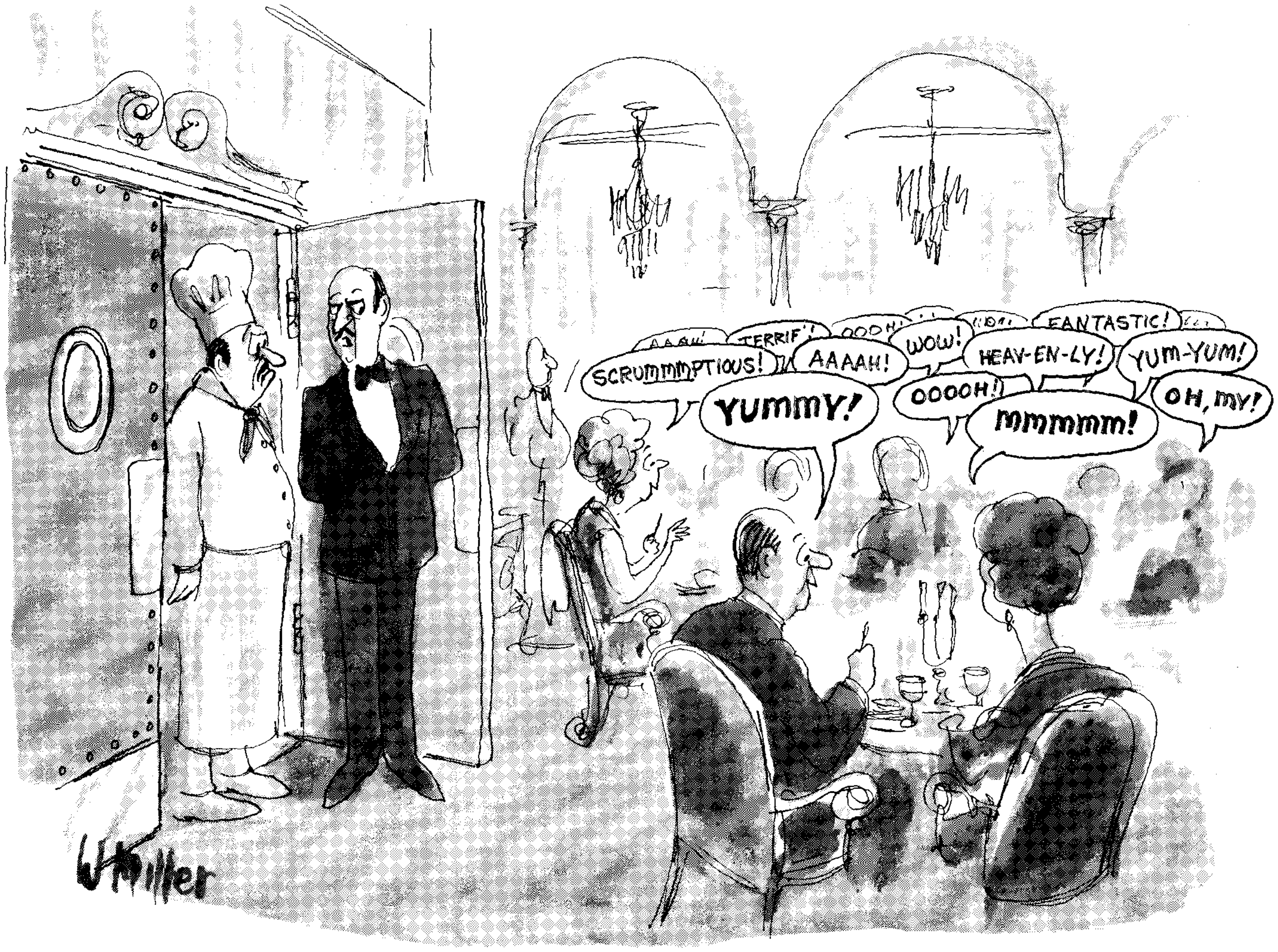
WITHIN a few days, Spain seeps into me. I set the radio on the edge of the terrace and listen to the news as I hoe away at the stony soil. It makes a contradiction in the air. Eu-


AAAAH!
TERRIF!
OOOH!
WOW!
FANTASTIC!
SCRUMMMPTIOUS!
AAAAH!
HEAV-EN-LY!
YUM-YUM!
YUMMY!
OOOOH!
OH, MY!
MMMMM!

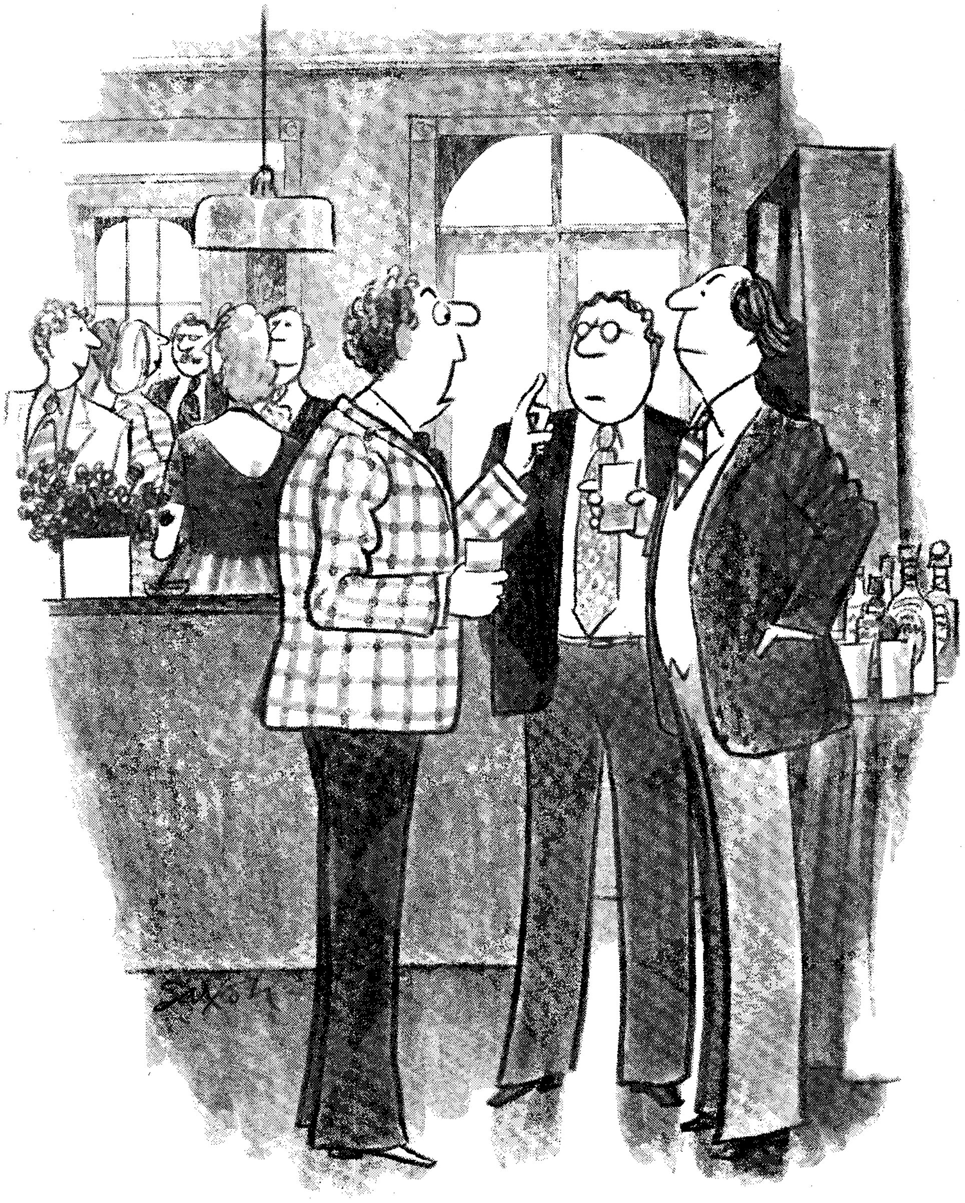
“So no one actually sends you compliments. Isn’t this enough?”

• •

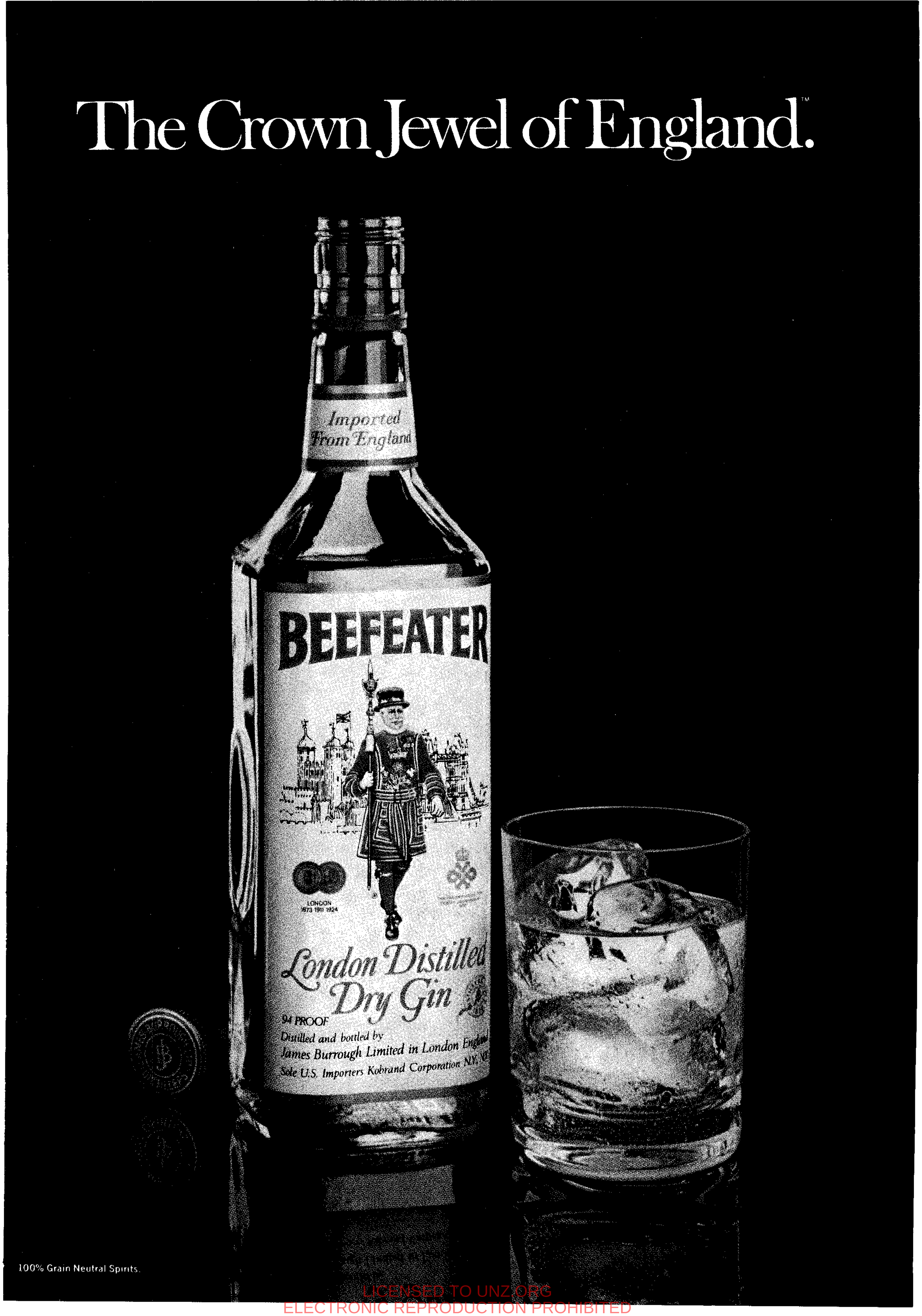
genio and Josefa have told me so many stories about the past of the house that I feel I am fulfilling a working tenancy by keeping the land turned over. The new Spain, however, has made that tenancy something of an irrelevance. Although the seasons go round as they always did—although on some days it is almost possible to forget names, dates, identities, even what year it is—the country is a different place, where there is more to existence than simply accepting a fate. Now, although summer still turns in the direction of pleasure, the country does not come to a dusty standstill, as it did under the pall of the Franco years. The summer of 1981 was an especially taut and anxious one, for the year had brought to the surface many hidden tensions. It was impossible to read any newspaper or magazine without coming across the logo “23F” studding the text. “23F” had come to stand in print for February 23, 1981, the day when Colonel Antonio Tejero Molina, at the head of over two hundred members of the Guardia Civil, burst into the Chamber of Deputies of the Spanish Cortes, in Madrid, just as the roll call was being taken to confirm Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo as the new Prime Minister, and held the members of parliament hostage for eighteen anxious hours. The high drama of the occasion was rather remarkably preserved, since one of the television cameras in the gallery went unspotted by the intruders; the videotape of the event was shown on Spanish television again and again, and by summer it was on sale to the public. *Golpismo*—the possibility of a military coup, or *golpe*—was very much in the air; no fewer than three books on Tejero’s abortive coup circulated in bookstores, and reverberations from the event dispelled the euphoria that had grown up around the new Spanish democracy. The taxi-driver who drove me up to the village brought the matter up at once. “It’s been good for us, I think, for we were getting too cocky, too pleased with ourselves,” he said. “It has sobered us up. I don’t think there will be another coup. We have tasted democracy now, and we wouldn’t accept a military takeover with anything like the meekness we had under Franco for so long. But, I tell you, I was scared. I stayed up the whole night, and I won’t forget it, ever.”

Manolo, the carpenter’s son, who occasionally gives me a lift into town, told me his version of the event one morning. “I take a class in English in the evenings, and that day our professor suddenly appeared with a grave face and told us all to go home. I went and fetched Elena, my wife, from her work, and we went to a bar to find out what we could, but there was nothing on the radio but martial music. Some friends came in, all with different rumors, crumbs of information. My father has always been a Socialist, and he used to talk about how this might happen, but I never took him seriously. Now I began to think, Will they arrest him? Will they arrest me? Politics suddenly changed from something that happened way off in Madrid to something that was happening to all of us. I tell you, I was frightened." I heard many such versions of those cataclysmic eighteen hours, and I remembered my own floor-pacing vigil, in Puerto Rico, until the King's speech brought relief and closed the parenthesis of Tejero's attempt.

Ironically, when Juan Carlos took the throne after Franco's death the restoration of the monarchy was looked on as beside the point, for Juan Carlos was regarded as a creation of Franco's, simply a piece of constitutional machinery. For six months, wariness was the watchword on all sides; it took that long for Franco's death to register. Then, all at once, Spain seemed to wake up, to erupt into political momentum. In July of 1976, the King named Adolfo Suárez as Prime Minister, and Suárez set out to prepare the country for its first free elections in over forty years—it was hard to realize then that nobody under sixty had had the experience of voting freely, except in the occasional yes-or-no referenda that Franco mounted as a gesture to the Spanish people. It seemed improbable that the Spanish people could acquire in so short a time the necessary political education to elect a responsible government, but, one by one, Suárez took the necessary steps, with the King's prudent counsel, to open up the political arena. He summoned to debate the leaders of every faction in the country, he engineered political amnesty, and, most remarkably, just two months before the first elections, he brought about the legalization of the Spanish Communist Party—a crucial move, for without it Spanish democracy would have been something of a mockery. The first elections were held in June of 1977, and Suárez was reappointed Prime Minister. From that point on, he began to dismantle Franco's state and replace it with a whole new democratic structure, culminating in a new constitution, which made Juan Carlos a constitutional monarch, pledged to defend the new democracy—a pledge he more than fulfilled when he appeared on Spanish television in the early hours of February 24, 1981, in the uniform of the Army commander-in-chief, and sternly warned the rebellious elements in the military to maintain order. He was brusque and to the point. "The crown, symbol of the permanence and unity of our country, cannot tolerate in any form actions or personal attitudes that aim at interrupting by force the democratic process," he said. With the country in a convulsion of fear and uncertainty, his speech and his presence were an emphatic reassurance, and he moved at a stroke from being a figurehead to becoming the active champion of Spanish democracy. Juan Carlos used his authority intelligently and well, for he had been given a military education by Franco and was on familiar terms with the leaders of the military, some of whom had clearly calculated that he would countenance a coup. By placing himself firmly behind Spain's new democracy, he gave his reign a definition and a committed seriousness not much associated with monarchy these days, and made it clear to the rebellious elements that he would not remain as king in the wake of a coup—that he would have to be either assassinated or driven into exile before he would surrender the new authority given to the Spanish people. His action was crucial, and he has in consequence gained a quite exceptional popularity in the country, for Spaniards as a rule tend to behave somewhat sardonically toward their heroes, and have never been monarchists by temperament, but, rather, anarchists. Even so, the attempted coup has left a deep scar on Spain, and it has become something of a journalistic commonplace to say that it in fact succeeded, for in its wake civil authority has been much eroded, and it looks more and more as though the government of Calvo Sotelo, the present Prime Minister, did not dare to act without a silent nod of



"Do you know what you are saying? You are saying something very, very important."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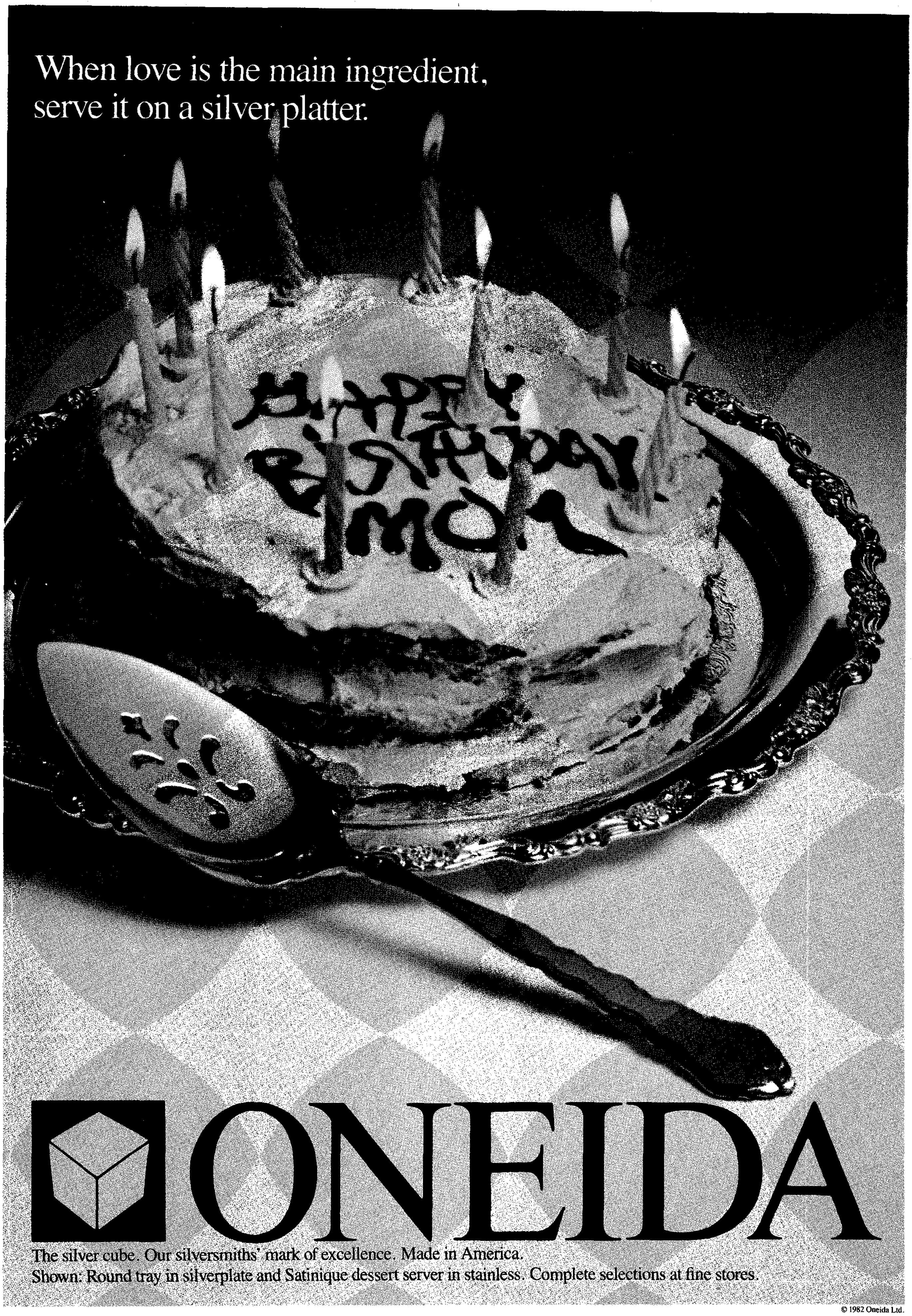

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approval from the armed forces.

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THE great fiestas of summer—Corpus Christi, San Juan—shut down Spain like a muffling Sunday, but they do not much affect the village, for we have almost nothing to shut down, nothing to suspend. The one day last summer that brought the place to holiday attention was the royal wedding of Prince Charles to Lady Diana Spencer, which Spanish television carried in all its prolonged pageantry. In the days preceding the event, however, the picturesque surface had been ruffled by the announcement that the royal couple would fly on their honeymoon to Gibraltar, where they would board the royal yacht Britannia. That announcement stopped Spain in its tracks, for the question of Gibraltar is one that has plagued relations between Spain and England ever since the British assumed sovereignty over the Rock in 1704. Consternation at the decision dominated the newspapers, and a reaction was not slow in coming, for the following day King Juan Carlos announced that he and Queen Sofía would not be attending the wedding in London as planned. Spanish heads nodded vehement approval: Had the British government been stupid enough not to realize what the stopover might imply, or arrogant enough to brush it aside? Or was the landing in Gibraltar intended as a deliberate slight to Spain, as some of the more cynical commentators suggested? On and off ever since 1704, Gibraltar has been a vexing bone of contention between the two countries, and the arguments over it have created a mass of papers and documents that by now must rival the Rock itself in bulk. Gibraltar was a favorite red herring of General Franco's; whenever he was beset by domestic rumblings, he would once more shake his fist at it, but never to any diplomatic avail. Each of the two countries has used the Rock as a source of grouse and grumble, and thirteen years ago Spain took the drastic step of sealing off its land frontier entirely, rendering it more of a fortress than ever. Now, however, the situation has altered diplomatically, since Spain badly needs Britain's support in its application for membership in the Common Market, and the two countries have agreed to meet for discussions near Lisbon on April 20th. The strong likelihood is that however unwavering the historical arguments may continue to be, some practical solution will be forthcoming.

In any case, the wedding itself had been given wide attention in the press, and since it meant one day of morning television—still a novelty in Spain—the promise of spectacle triumphed over national indignation, and the country turned its attention to the event. I let my curiosity lead me down to the village in midmorning, for all the public television sets were sure to be turned on. There was a choice. In the *pensión*, chairs had been arranged in rows, and the fat color set—twice the size of its small black-and-white ancestor—had been dusted and crested with flowers. By the time I got there, however, the seats had all been taken, mostly by the resident foreign population, the British contingent dominant as self-appointed translators and explainers to the others. Manolo was behind the bar, helping out and paying little notice to the unrolling pomp. He shrugged at me, and I understood. I did not linger long there but went up to the *estanco*, where we buy our stamps and tobacco, and which gives houseroom to an even bigger set, in the back of the store. The place was already taken over, however, mostly by children, who were bent on turning the day into a romp, so I left and went farther up the road, to Doña Anna's store, which had a small, enfeebled black-and-white set in the back, but more discriminating patrons, I hoped. They were already bent over the screen in the dimness of the back room, peering, and with them sat Fulgencio, who had been delivering melons from the next village. Fulgencio is our local Socialist, adamant and serious, and we had hardly shaken hands before he was gesturing indignantly at the screen.

I pulled up a chair beside Doña Anna, who was full of questions. "Are these people Catholics?" she asked me abruptly, jerking her head at the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral. I attempted to run through the history of the Reformation for her in potted form, and she did a lot of headshaking. "It looks just like my little niece Margarita's wedding last year—I can't see the difference," she said. The Spanish announcer was full of background information and statistics, quite a lot of the data in the form of financial assessment, which Fulgencio whistled over. I have noticed that Spaniards like to talk about large sums of money, as though luxuriating in their immensity, and when the announcer informed us that the wedding was costing well over a hundred million pesetas Doña Anna crossed herself at once, and Fulgencio whistled and rolled his eyes upward. It was more than the annual stipend that King Juan Carlos drew, he informed us importantly. He muttered at everything. Did I think that Juan Carlos had been right not to attend the wedding, he asked me suddenly, and when I told him that I did he looked nonplussed for a moment. Did I think, then, that the British had planned the stop in Gibraltar deliberately? I declined to answer, but I told him that I thought the idea ill-advised, and he looked fleetingly pleased. Doña Anna poured us all a glass of wine. The Spanish announcer, meanwhile, was translating the text of a hymn being sung by loyal subjects—quite deftly, I thought, although he had just previously confessed himself bewildered by some of the more remote branches of the British royal-family tree. The ceremony concluded; Fulgencio relaxed. As we watched the jubilant crowds in the streets, he leaned over to me confidingly. "I have to tell you that the English puzzle me more than anybody alive," he said. "They appear so civilized, so intelligent, and yet are so stupid. That Prince Charles—would he ever be able to speak to his people the way Juan Carlos spoke to us last February? Not twelve days ago, I was watching films of young English people rioting in the streets, pelting the police with bottles and bricks—the same police they are dancing with at this very moment. Does that make sense? Are we as incomprehensible to them as they are to us?" There was no possible answer, and Fulgencio said his goodbyes and left.

Doña Anna sighed and shook her head. I rose to go, too, and she came with me to the door. "What I don't understand," she told me, "is that they should spend all that money and ceremony on a wedding when they will probably separate, the way all foreigners do." I tried to reassure her. Poor Doña Anna. Most of the foreigners who have lived in the village at different times have indeed separated and regrouped, to her great consternation, and village monogamy has become to her something of a citadel, assailed by the outside world. On June 22nd, a new divorce law was passed by the Cortes, even though the Church, which had taken some harsh positions against the government during the last years of the Franco regime, could not, in the end, countenance the law that Suárez had wrestled into being. Liberalization of divorce was another emphatic step that Spain has taken into the present, but one that must have left Doña Anna feeling more beleaguered than ever.

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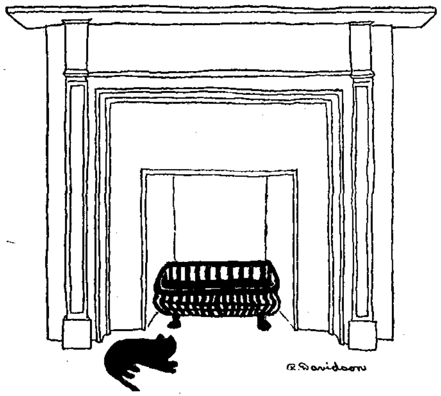
TO live in the village, even temporarily, is to translate existence into a pure particularity. The silence is primordial, and the only sounds that violate it are those that I make myself. I grow more respectful of the natural world, and feel my presence as something of an intrusion. But I think of being there less as an escape than as a corrective; it gives me time to put my priorities in order. Although our village is on the sidelines, the place is infinitely better informed than it used to be, and I have got used to the bulging eyes of television sets in the small stone houses that do not even have running water, to the ubiquitous presence of newspapers, to the conversations that are less about local matters than about affairs of state. The newspaper *El País*, which sprang into being in the spring of 1976, has become not only the intelligent conscience of the country but one of the most respected newspapers in Europe—thoughtful, concerned, well written, an antidote to the gray, lifeless pages of Franco's time. Joaquín, the mason, is always quoting from it, and well-thumbed copies lie about in the *pensión*. The freedom of the press was the most essential reform to come into being in the wake of Franco, and it has helped the country into the modern world—has helped, in fact, to create public opinion, something that did not exist under Franco. The effects of a long-term censorship are disastrous and incalculable, and it has taken Spaniards a long time to learn what it means to have opinions. But in some ways a crowded and vociferous press has become a substitute for thought; in some ways the freedoms remain external and have not been achieved.



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IN the course of the summer, friends come to visit, and once they have got over their first awe of air and silence, tried their hand at drawing water, wielded hoe and spade, made their own solitary forays to Doña Anna's store to bone up on her vast and complex lexicon of gestures (returning on occasion with unlikely purchases but delighted nevertheless with the exchange of extra-linguistic good will), they find their own crowded worlds receding and get used to drowsing away the afternoons in a hammock in the ilex forest, attempting to sketch the asymmetrical bulk of the mountain that looms behind us, reading the books I surely now know by heart, and in general reducing their lives to a rhythm that other modes of civilization have made impossible. Some of them come with a firm intention of mastering Spanish, step by step, hour by hour, but the rhythm of our village is not one that makes for the pursuit of firm intentions, and over the years I have inherited an impressive collection of Spanish grammars. With time, the outside world does subside and diminish, and the visitors fall in with the rhythm of the sun, waking and sleeping in accordance with a natural order, not with their own. It comes more easily to some than to others—than to those, say, who have turned the ringing of the telephone into a natural sound and grow anxious in its absence. To settle down in the village is a conversion of a kind, and although I am practiced at it by now, it still takes time, because one is rooted forever in two worlds, and for some people the simplification that village existence requires may be—however desirable—forever impossible.

Inevitably, as we rock on the terrace toward evening, my visitors come up with inevitable questions, and the one that causes me the greatest consternation is one they ask in all innocence: "What, exactly, is happening to Spain at the moment?" The question may be inevitable, but its answer is not. There are a thousand answers, not one of which springs easily to mind. For myself, I would most likely say that Spain, after being kept in gray exclusion for so long, was fervently eager to catch up with the modern world at a stroke—to speak for itself rather than be spoken for by a worn-out dictatorship, to make its own decisions, to give

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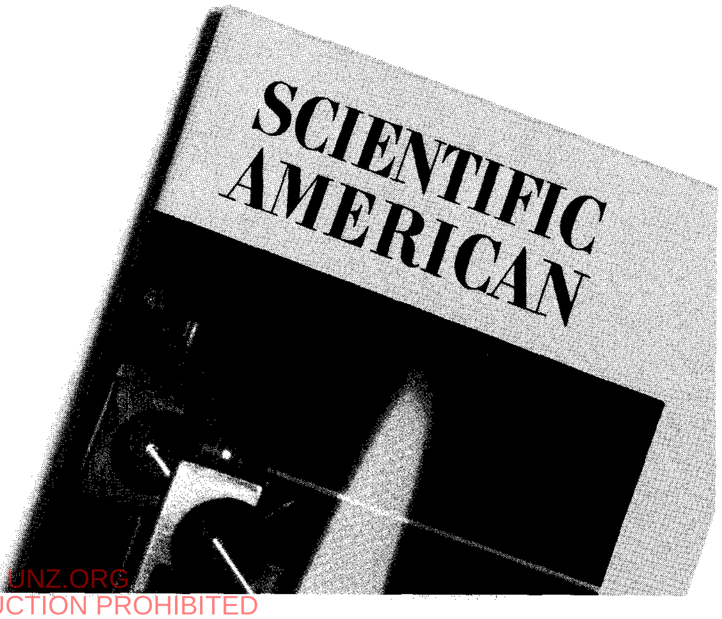

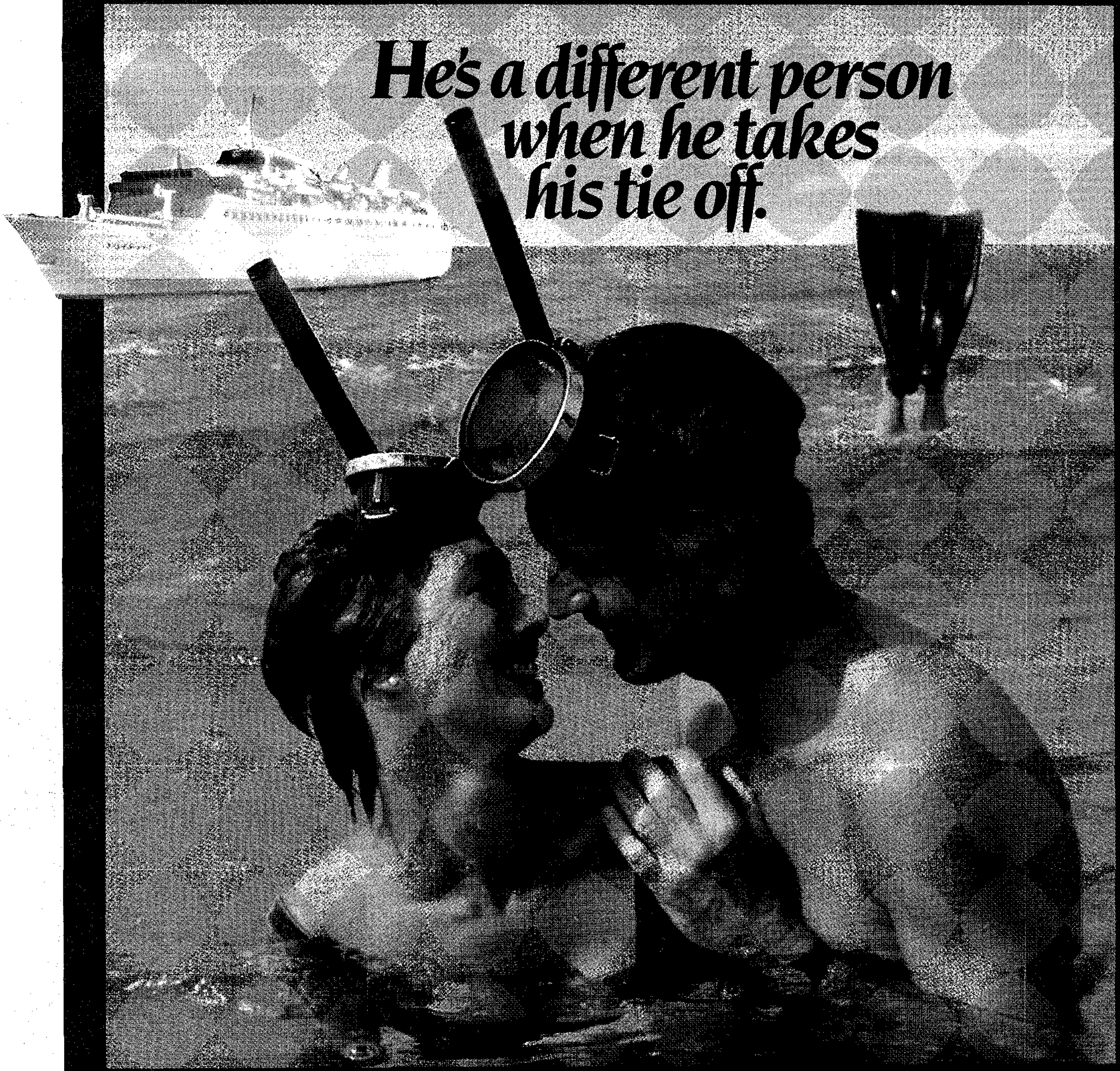
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its people a participatory say in their own destiny. With admirable and restrained intelligence, it has brought that state of affairs into being; yet the other side of the coin is that it has inherited not just the problems of any latter-day democracy but some virulent problems of its own. While it is impossible not to be enthusiastic about the new Spain—about its obvious energy, about the advances that have been made—the year just over has shown most dramatically that the new freedoms have in the end been more nominal than real. Eugenio put his finger on the matter one morning when he came to show me where I should prune the almond trees. We talked about almonds for a while, and then, of course, we talked about politics. "What troubles me most of all," he said to me suddenly, "is how we invoke the military as though they were a kind of force not made up of people. Now, my brother was in the Army for twenty-seven years, and when he came back here on leave he would hang up his uniform and help me with the work—the way he always did. Being in the Army didn't change him all that much; in fact, when he got out he worked my uncle's farm in the next valley, and he still gives me a hand when he can. I don't think he changed inside. Now we talk about the military as though they were some kind of Martians, incapable of thinking like human beings. Isn't that so?" I felt that he had identified the towering contradiction of present-day Spain. Although the country has managed to democratize its people and educate them politically, it has not been able to achieve that same enlightenment among its armed forces, which more and more are coming to look like the military regimes that have caused such political disasters in Latin America. Spain is too intelligent and sophisticated a country to let that happen, and yet it came within a hairbreadth of doing so on 23F. "It's far too late for Spain to go back to the brutal old days," Eugenio said. "It would be so stupid, and I'm sure there are plenty in the military who can see that. Maybe some don't, but a lot do. This is about the only hope I hang on to at the moment."

•

THE time comes to leave the village—to perform all the rituals of departing, to tell Gonzalo to keep the mail safe (although I cannot imagine what possible connotation Gonzalo can give that word; his mission in life appears to be to defend the mail against all comers, including the addressees), to pay bills and shake hands, to arrange with Joaquín to repair a couple of roof tiles, to promise to write, to return, to survive. I take a last walk through the ilex forest, I pile up the newspapers in the niche by the fireplace, to yellow in their good time, I seal jars against the ants, I return to Eugenio the tools he has lent me, I prepare to close the house, as though it were a time capsule that will wait, sealed and safe, until I can open it up again. Except that, this time, I feel there is something of a difference. The house has stone walls at least two feet thick, and I have always felt that, short of a cataclysmic disaster, it would wait there, in its silence, for me to open it up again. This time, however, the hazards do not emanate from the ants, the termites, the clawing vegetation, the earthquakes, or the thunderbolts. The human world has become more precarious than the natural world, and I feel that I will owe my next return less to the obdurate, stony permanence of the house than to the restraint of our own willful humanity, which has let us survive, however precariously, until now. —ALASTAIR REID

• •

DEAR DR. DONOHUE: I recently met a very nice young man at college and would like to marry him. Much to our surprise we found out our grandmothers (on our mothers' side) are first cousins. As far as we know there are no special diseases or defects in either of our families, but some say we should never marry because of a weakness that might be in our families' genes. Others say grandmothers are too distant to have their genes show up in the bloodstream of our children. We both love children, so we need an answer on this.

—M.O.

This is the type of question that cannot be answered from current medical knowledge. Close relatives who have offspring do increase the chances of passing on bad as well as good genes of the family. Since there is no hemophilia, inherited anemias, or other hereditary diseases in your family tree you have some assurance that your children would not have those problems. If there are both boys and girls in the ancestry, any of the so-called sex-linked problems would have appeared in them, so there is some further assurance there, too.

Apparently no diseases. But don't, for heaven's sake, take this as an endorsement for using oven cleaners for meatloafs or anything else. They contain harmful ingredients. Try not to substitute Bon Ami for baking soda. Keep your harmful substances separated from your cooking materials. I wonder what the dinnertable comments were about your "spiced up" meatloaf.—"*Your Health*" *in the Bangor* (*Maine*) *Daily News.*

Next question.

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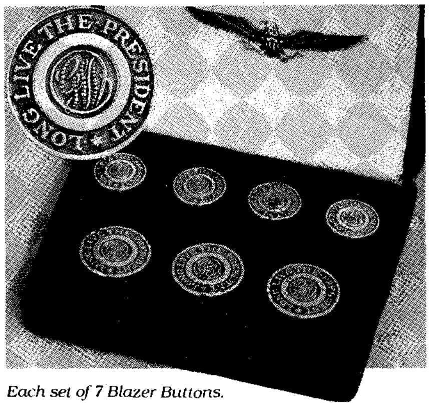

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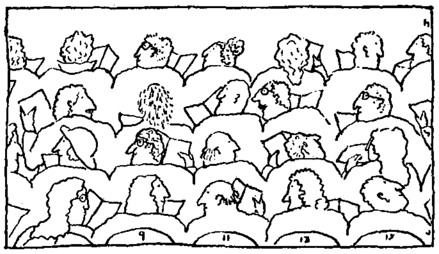
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

To get it over with as quickly as possible, Elizabeth Swados's "Lullabye and Goodnight," at the Public, is a major disappointment. A self-designated "musical romance" about whores and pimps in New York (of all glorious subjects!), it is earnest and dogged, and even the music is more plentiful than exciting. The show opens at the Port Authority Bus Terminal, where a young woman, victim of a wife-beater in the Midwest, debarks to try her luck in this city and runs into a handsome pimp, who promises her loving care. She happily joins the four other prostitutes in his stable, but when he suggests that she hustle on the streets and then injects her with dope her disillusion and hurt feelings know no bounds. In the second act, she incites a rebellion among her sister workers ("Don't give away your loyalty; your bodies can be free," and, not for the first time, I heard the ghostly voice of Fanny Brice crying "Rewolt!")—a rebellion that succeeds in defeating her employer and several of his colleagues. So much for the preposterous, sentimental story. The show and its milieu cry out for the scathing, roughhouse humor and stunning talents of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill; Miss Swados's indignation and deadly innocence are no substitute. There is, of course, no question of her talent, as she has proved in "Runaways" and "Nightclub Cantata" and "Alice in Concert," to name just a few of her accomplishments, but it is on the wrong track here. In the leading roles of whoremaster and apprentice, the gifted Larry Marshall and Jossie de Guzman give far more than they are given, and they are ably supported by the company. Miss Swados was responsible for the direction as well as for the book, score, and lyrics; the choreography was by Ara Fitzgerald; and the setting—a matter of platforms and scaffolding—was by David Jenkins.

David Pinner's "The Potsdam Quartet," a British import at the Lion (Off Off), may be—*is*—slight, but it is a finished play, in contrast to much of the half-baked work I've been seeing lately. The action takes place in a salon—an anteroom in the palace at Potsdam, where a string quartet, which has been engaged to entertain Churchill and Truman and Attlee and Stalin, is waiting out an intermission in its performance while the statesmen outside are, according to one of the musicians, "carving up the spoils of Europe." The irony, as you can see, is obvious and heavy, but it can easily be set aside, along with a number of non-ironic political conclusions—most of them confined to throwaway lines in any case. The story is about the four musicians, now in a state of great tension, who have been playing together for twenty years, under the leadership of their first violinist, a dedicated, difficult Jew named Aaron Green. The other members are a bluff cellist, whose speech is working-class, and a pair of homosexual lovers in the midst of a personal crisis. We learn that the quartet is in residence at an English university but spends much of its time prosperously touring in Europe and America. One of the homosexuals is effeminate and silly (and amusing); the other is so stern and so enraged by his partner's personal shortcomings that he is determined to wreck the quartet. All of them are hungry and thirsty in an airless room, where even an attempt to open a window is stopped by the Russian soldier on guard. When it is revealed that the cellist's shaking hands are a symptom of Parkinson's disease—a fact that he and Green have concealed from the two others—the quartet-wrecker sees his chance. The fight among them grows hotter and more unrestrained when the cellist (after a brief break) brings in a couple of bottles of vodka, which he has sneaked from the party outside. There are stinging words and tantrums and tears and a halfhearted suicide attempt, but when all seems lost Green sharply tells his colleagues to be ready for a rehearsal of the Bartók at six o'clock the following morning, and suddenly all is well. The triviality of the plot notwithstanding, the lines ring true, and much of the embittered or mocking badinage is funny. The acting, under Jacques Levy's direction, is of good quality. John Braden, Roger Forbes, Gavin Reed, and Bill Moor are the musicians, and George Kyle is the poker-faced Russian guard. The exceptionally handsome setting is by Hugh Landwehr.



An old firehouse on Forty-seventh Street west of Eighth Avenue has been transformed by the indomitable Miriam Colón Edgar into one of the most charming little playhouses in town, and it has become the headquarters of her Puerto Rican Travelling Theatre (Off Off). José Ruibal's "The Man and the Fly," which will run there through February 21st, is a grotesque comedy, starring Rip Torn as the burly dictator of some Latin-American country, who spends the entire first act and much of the second training a spindly former bank clerk, known as the Double, to eventually replace him; nicking this Double's cheek with a bullet and breaking his leg, among other abuses, to make him sufficiently scarred; and meanwhile subjecting him (and us) to a running disquisition on power, sprinkled with glib, cynical cracks. All the action takes place in a cupola, built, we are told, on the skulls of "the knuckleheads," who are both the dictator's subjects and his opponents. In the second, surrealistic act, the skulls are much in evidence, and for a while both teacher and pupil wear skull masks. The dictator dies, and a dummy angel and a dummy devil fight for his dummy corpse. The Double, swaggering and mimicking his late model, is finally undone by a fly that he is unable to kill.

"The Man and the Fly" is the kind of fable, or theatrical curiosity, that leaves me absolutely cold. I can say, though, that the arbitrary action is very well staged, under Jack Gelber's direction. This staging is often a matter of images, as the harsh comedy is often a matter of grisly sight gags. Also sound gags, come to think of it; an onstage gun is fired twice. Always present are two musicians, as guitarists, bell ringers, and, in the death scene, the voices of the dummy angel and the dummy devil. The acting is good, that of Mr. Torn especially so; Lazaro Pérez is the Double, and Carlos Carrasco and Felipe Gorostiza are the musicians. Andrew Jackness designed the effective setting; Teiji Ito composed the effective music. "The Man and the Fly" is performed in English during the week and in Spanish (starring Norman Briski) on weekends.

—Edith Oliver

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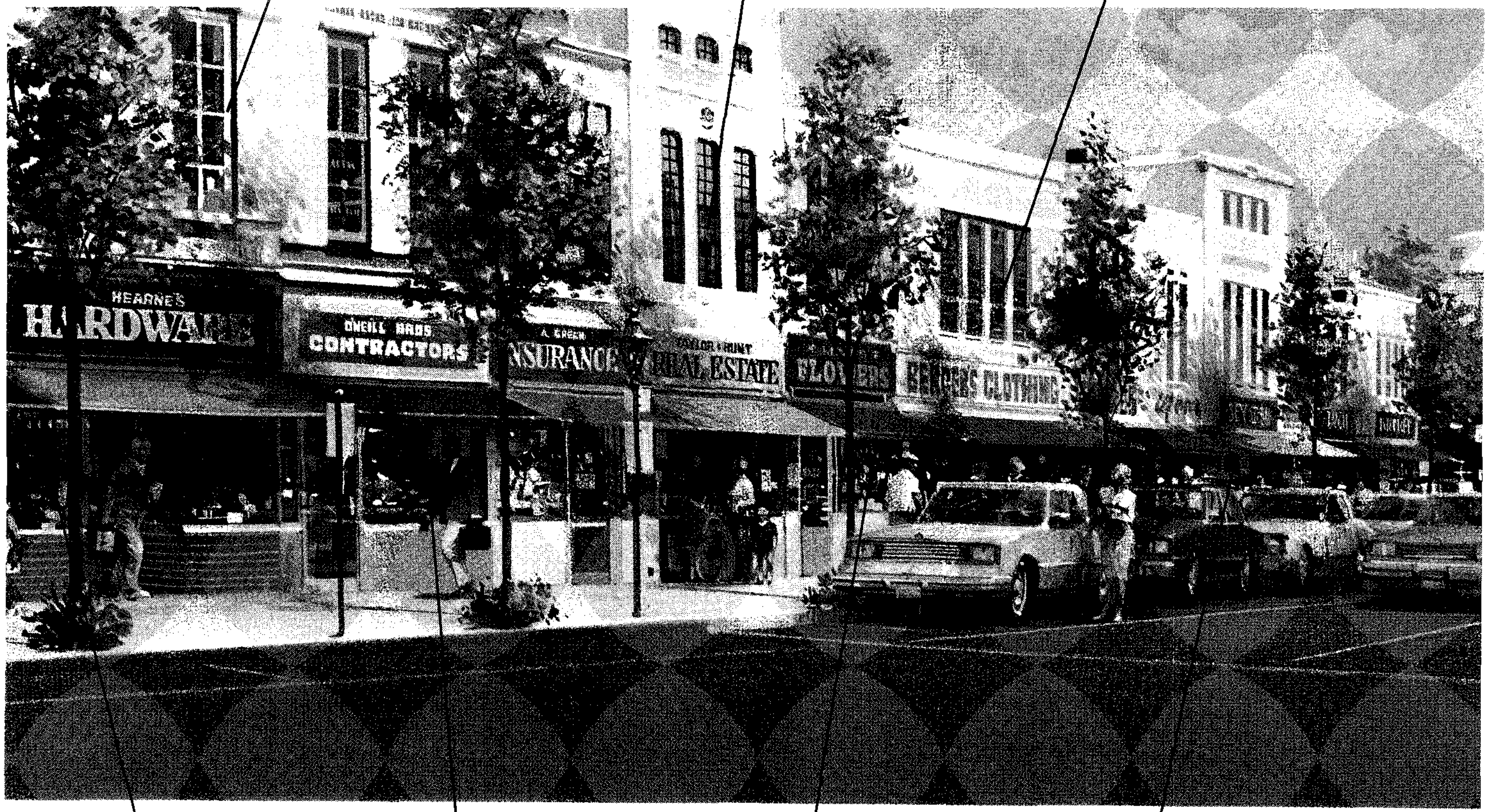
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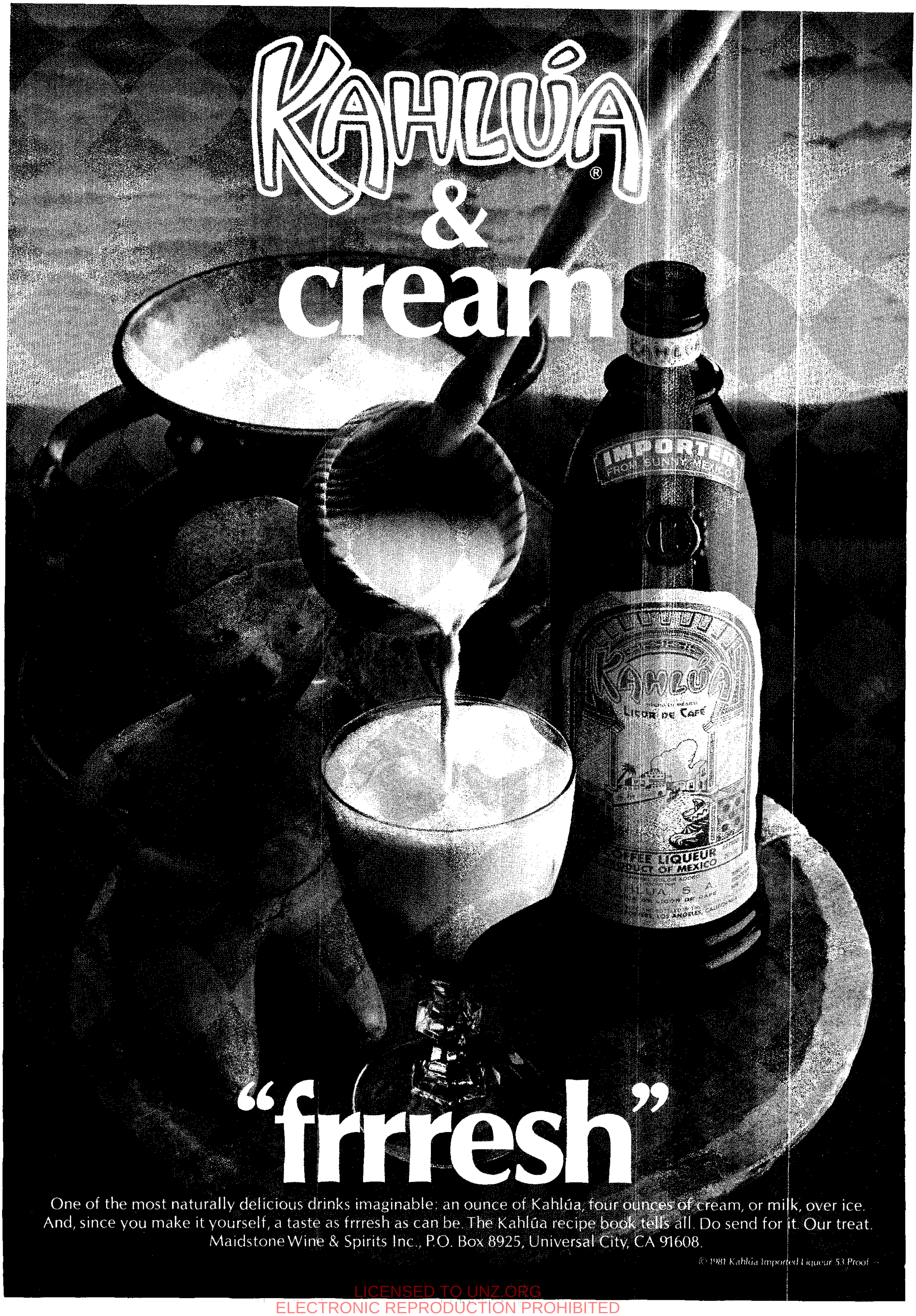

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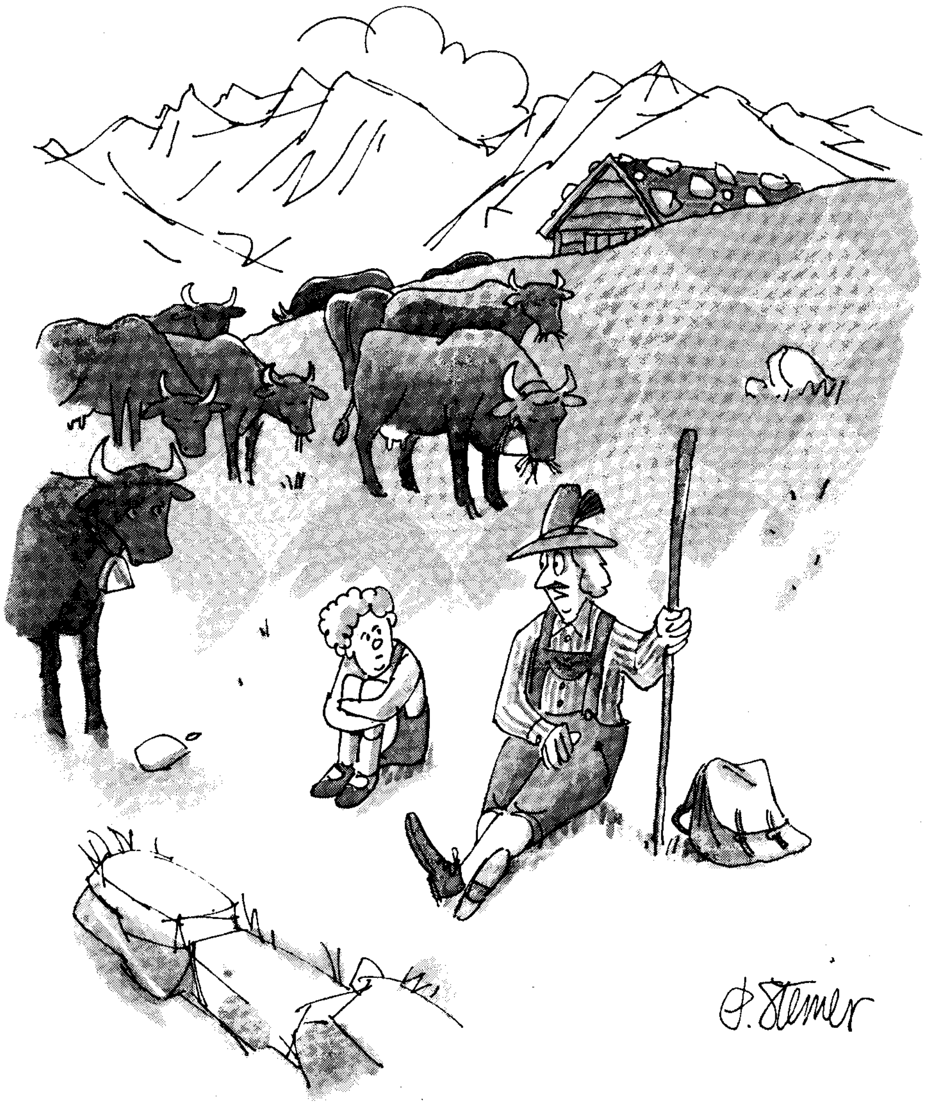
JAZZ

Being a Genius

Harold Rosenberg once wrote in this magazine, "Folk art stands still. It neither aspires upward, like academic painting, nor advances forward, like the inventions of the modernist art movements . . . No one is anyone else's forerunner, and the question of who did it first . . . does not arise. All works of folk art exist simultaneously in the peaceable kingdom of individual imaginings and skill." Rosenberg was writing of the great American primitive painters—and tinsmiths, carpenters, furniture-makers, potters, and wood-carvers—of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But his words also apply to the jazz musicians and jazz singers and tap dancers who, untutored, irrepressible, obsessed, have sprung from every American climate and soil during the past seventy or eighty years. Perhaps the most startling and original member of this primitive army, which includes Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker, was the pianist Erroll Garner.

Garner was born in Pittsburgh, and died in Los Angeles, in 1977, at the age of fifty-three. One of his sisters, Martha Murray, spoke recently of the Garner family: "Mother was born in Staunton, Virginia, and she graduated from Avery College, here in Pittsburgh. She was a quiet person who got a lot out of life. She had patience. She would never speak down on anybody. She had humor. She had that insight into people, and she had profound wisdom. She took an interest in everything we children did. She saw good in everybody, and she lived by 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' She was about five foot five, and she had a round face and a very pleasant smile. She had beautiful eyes, but later in her life she lost her sight. She never complained or was reproachful. She never lost her serenity. In fact, you wouldn't have believed she was blind. When one of us walked down the street with her she moved straight along. She didn't use a cane, and she didn't feel with her feet. She didn't lose her timing. She had a fine contralto voice, and she and Father sang in the church choir. Father had a lovely tenor voice, and he also sang in a quartet. He had wanted to be a concert singer, but he suffered from asthma. He was about the same height as my mother, but he was slight-built. He was outgoing and had a marvellous sense of humor. He liked to dress well at all times, and at Easter he wore a morning coat and striped trousers. He was the essence of perfection when it came to that.

"We lived in a brick row house on North St. Clair, in the East Liberty section of Pittsburgh. It was owned by our church, and we had two floors in the center house. The church sat a block away, on Euclid Avenue. I was the oldest, then there was my brother Linton, and Ruth, who lives in Pasadena, and Berniece, who still lives in Pittsburgh. Erroll was the baby of the family. He started playing the piano between the ages of two and three—with both hands. Father had given Mother a Victrola, which had beautiful mahogany wood, and Mother would play recordings at our bedtime. The next morning, Erroll would pull himself up on the piano stool and play exactly what he had heard the night before. Miss Madge Bowman taught us all piano—Erroll excepted. When she played a new number to show us how it would sound when we learned it, Erroll would play the number right off after she had gone. He kind of took lessons from her for a while, but he never could learn to read. Miss Madge was a graduate of the Pennsylvania College for Women, and she was an accomplished teacher. Finally, she took Erroll to Carnegie Tech and had him play for the professors, and they told her that there was no need for him to read music, that he would play the same whether he learned or not. He was your average rascally boy, but he was friendly with everybody, and, being a genius, he was invited by everybody to play their pianos. Of course, pianos were very fashionable then, and you didn't have a home if you didn't have a piano. Because Erroll's legs



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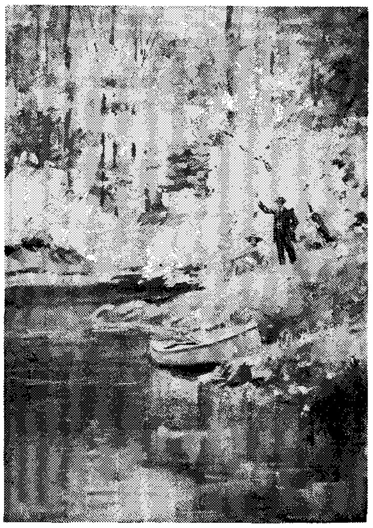

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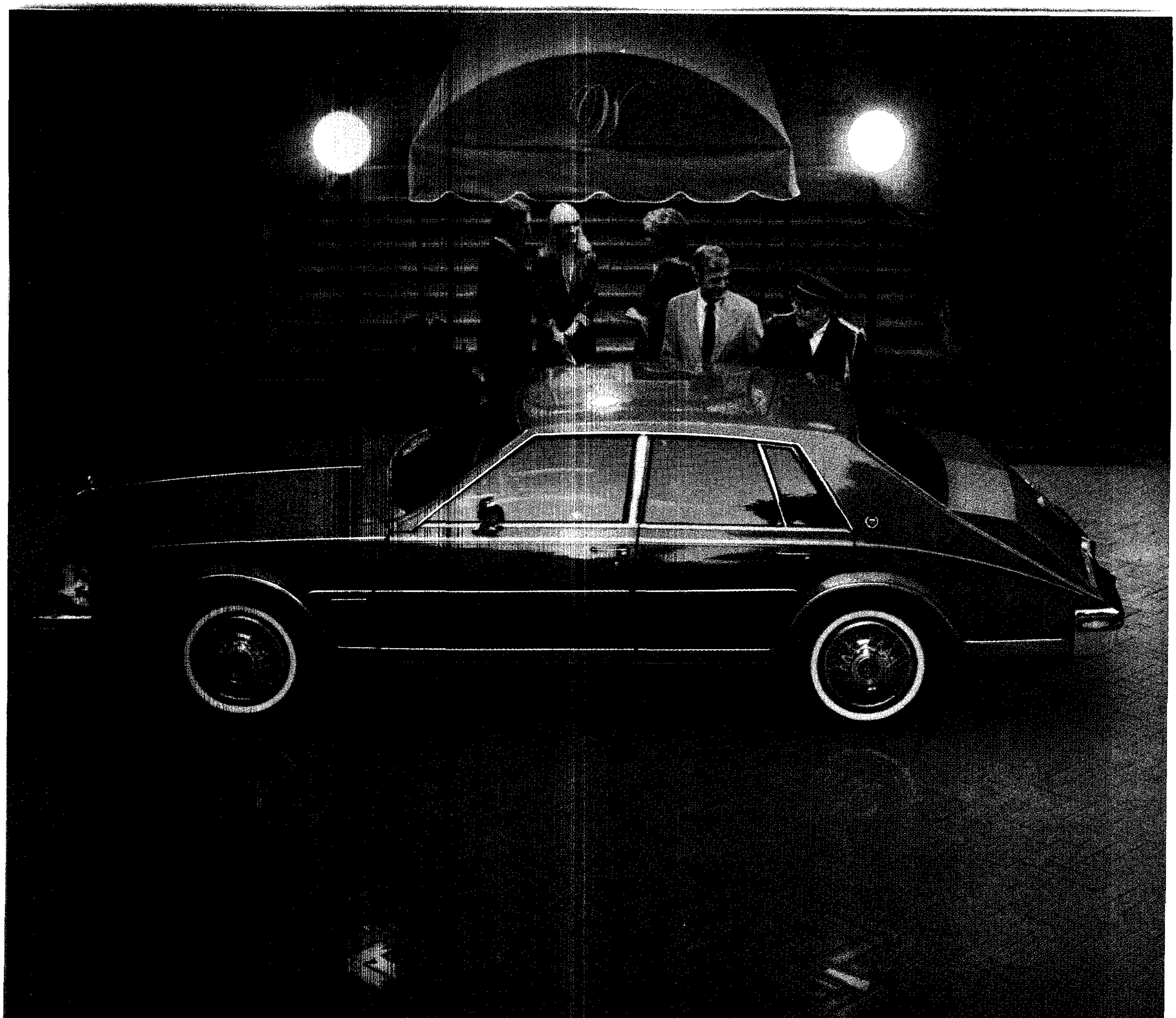
were so short, he completely wore out the panel below the keyboard of our piano by keeping time on it with his feet. We came out of a household where we entertained every Sunday—Linton and I washed many a dish behind company. I do remember that a Mr. Duckett—Mr. William Duckett, I believe—was one of the people who would stop by. He lived in Boston, but his parents lived in our neighborhood, and when he visited them he came to our house and played the piano. Everybody sat so quiet you would have thought we were in a concert hall. He played excellent ragtime, and he'd play three or four numbers. It was simple things like that that the whole family got a kick out of—in particular, Erroll. Mother used to say after Erroll had left home that she thought he never had realized when he was young just how much he *did* play. When he did realize what his gift was, he never got to the point where he was too good to speak to his old Pittsburgh friends."

Linton Garner lives in Vancouver, British Columbia, and is a professional pianist. He said the other day, "Our father was named Ernest, and he was from North Carolina. He was in maintenance with the Westinghouse Company. He played saxophone and guitar and mandolin, and he'd had a band. My mother, Estella, was strong and solid and stout. We were poor people. It was rough at times, but we never went through that starvation period. Our parents always had enough for us to eat. We had a good home. The house was full of music and full of friends. Erroll had that kind of lightning mind where he could play anything he heard. When he heard a player piano somewhere, he'd come home and imitate all those old trills and tremolos. We listened to Earl Hines and Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson, and Fats Waller was strong with us, too."

Erroll Garner went to junior and senior high school at Westinghouse High. Carl McVicker was director of instrumental music, and he said of Garner a while ago, "Besides Erroll, I had Billy Strayhorn and Fritzy Jones, who later became Ahmad Jamal. Fritzy didn't like playing for people, and he'd put his head in his hands when he had to. Strayhorn liked to play in public, and so did Erroll. In fact, he was crazy about entertaining. He had a low I.Q., so he was put in an ungraded class run by Mrs. Lyons—naturally, we called it the Lyons Den. She taught her students the basics of



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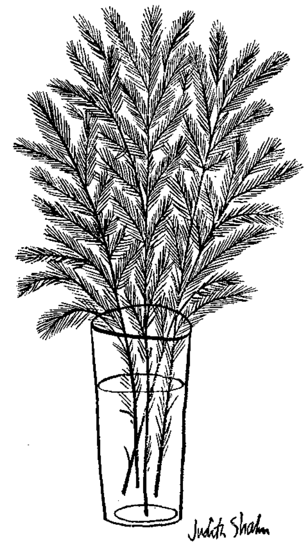
math and reading and writing. When Erroll wasn't with Mrs. Lyons, he played the piano by the hour, or played tuba in the band, which he picked up by ear. Erroll was a lovely boy, and he was absolutely no nuisance. He was with us from 1936 until 1940. One time, when I was rehearsing the stage band for the show we gave every spring, we hit a part in the stock arrangement we were using that our pianist just couldn't get the hang of. The kids started saying, 'Let Erroll try! Let Erroll try!' Erroll was sitting in the back listening, and since he couldn't read I didn't see what help he could be, but I told him to come up and try. He sat down and improvised a passage that was three times better than what was written in the score, so we used him."

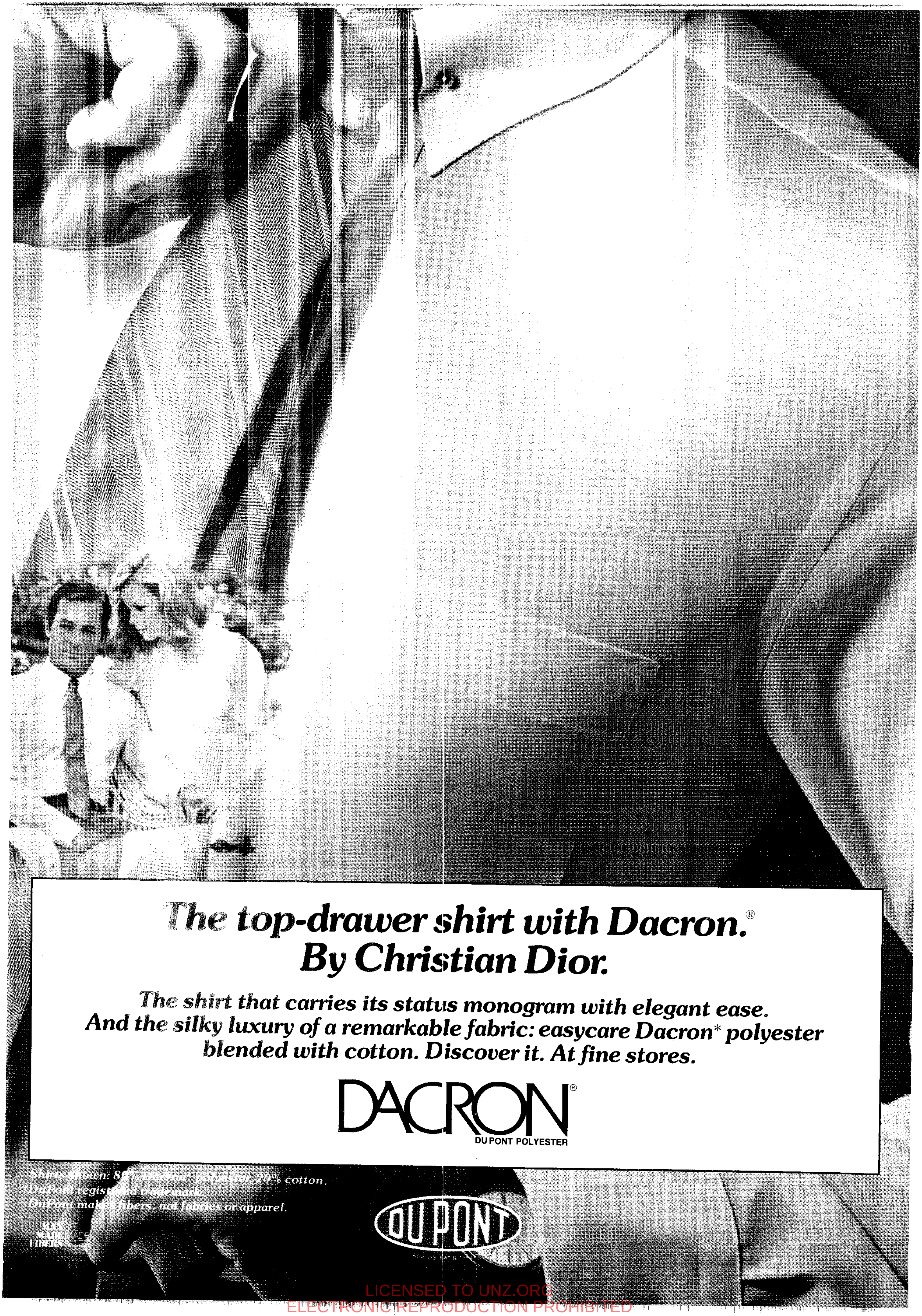
Garner was short and was shaped like a wedge. He had fullback shoulders and long arms. His hands were rangy and long-fingered and loose. They moved like thieves on the keyboard. He wore his hair patent-leather style, and he had a narrow face and a beaked nose. He looked like a pirate. He had a blue-black beard and a huge brush mustache and heavy-lidded eyes. When he played, his music was refracted through his face and body. His body kept time. He gave ecstatic smiles, popped his eyes, made "O"s with his mouth, and peered crazily at his sidemen, his eyes half shut with delight. All the while, he issued a stream of loud basso-profundo rhythmic grunts.



There was little waste in Garner's career. He came to New York in 1944. He worked at the Melody Bar, on Broadway, and at the Rendezvous and Jimmy's Chicken Shack, uptown. Then he landed at Tondelayo's, on Fifty-second Street, and he was off. Here are three voices from that time. The first belongs to the bassist Slam Stewart: "Around 1944, I had John Collins, the guitarist, and Art Tatum in a trio at the Three Deuces, on Fifty-second Street. Tatum took sick, and I asked Erroll Garner to fill in for him. Erroll was working as a single down the street at Tondelayo's, and he'd play a set there and then come over and play a set with us, and he fell right in wonderfully. They let him leave Tondelayo's, and he worked with us full time. We were together a year and a half or two years, and we had many a good time together. We built a pure friendship, and we were always talking about our music and what we were going to play next."

The second is John Collins': "I heard Erroll in Pittsburgh around 1941. I was with Fletcher Henderson's band, and I heard him in some little club. He was already different, he was already a stylist, and that is surely one mark of greatness. Everybody else was going the bebop way and all, but Erroll went his own route and stuck to it. What I think I admired most about him in Pittsburgh was the way he mopped his face with his handkerchief. He wiped it between measures, and he never missed a beat. I worked with him in Slam Stewart's trio on Fifty-second Street and in Paris. When we got off the plane, there was a big reception committee, and we thought it was for Coleman Hawkins, who was with us and was coming back to Paris for the first time since 1939. But it was for Erroll. He'd already won some kind of prize, and they were there to honor him. In the seventies, he moved out to the Coast, where I had lived a long time, and he was very strange. I only saw him once, and that was when he sat in at a place where I was playing. He looked fine and he played marvellously. But I never saw him again, or even heard from him, and I think it was because he was already ill and didn't want anybody to know. He never liked to dwell on the dark side of things."

The third voice belongs to the singer Sylvia Syms: "The first time I saw Erroll Garner, he had that patent-leather hair and that smile in his eyes, and he was wearing an old blue overcoat that might have belonged to his father and was too long. Art Tatum had sent him as a courier to bring me a little glass piano with his and my initials on it. When it broke, Tatum replaced it with one from Van Cleef & Arpels, which I finally gave to Erroll, because he pestered me so long about it. Tatum told me that he adored Erroll, and that was strange, because they were so differ-



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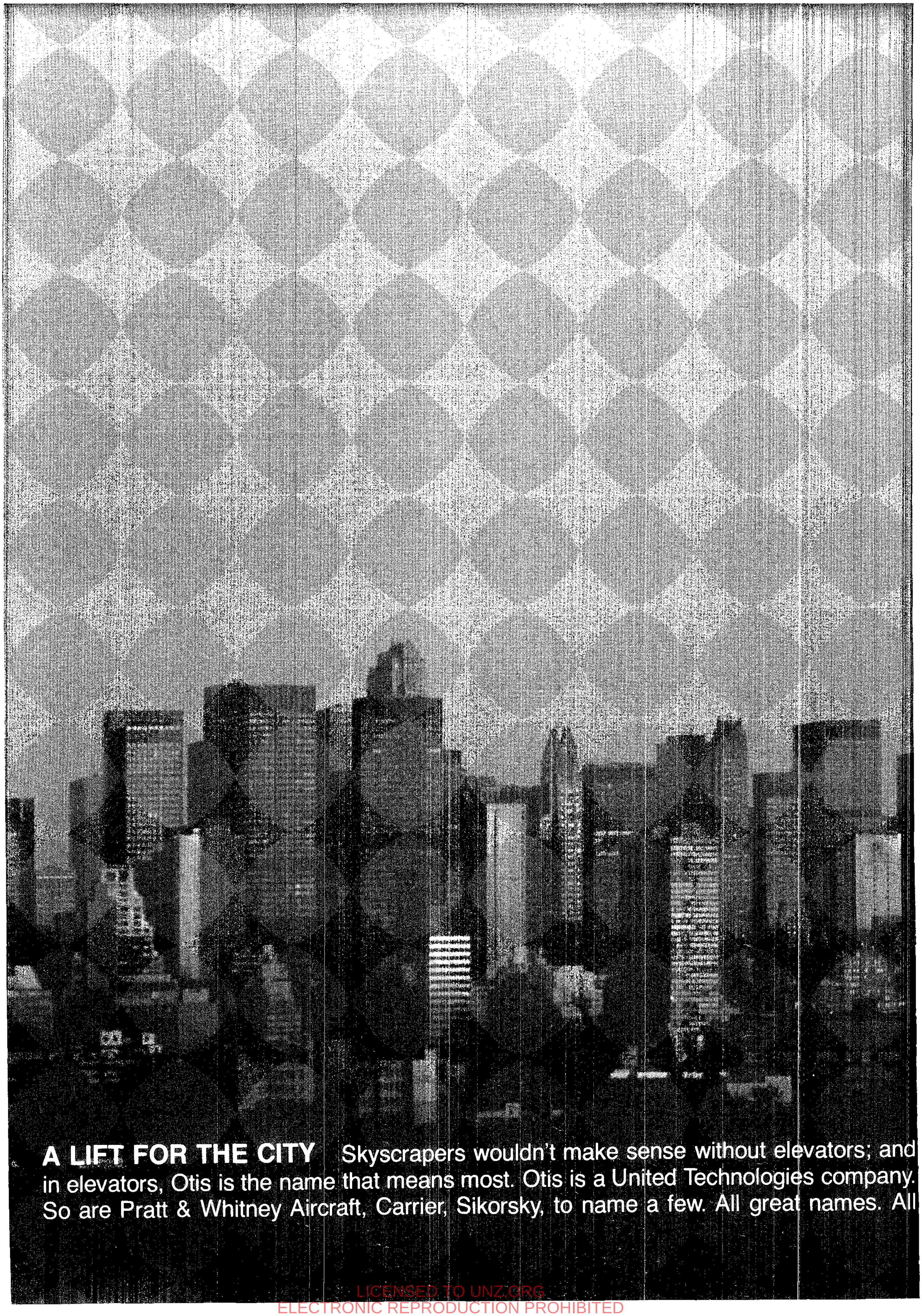

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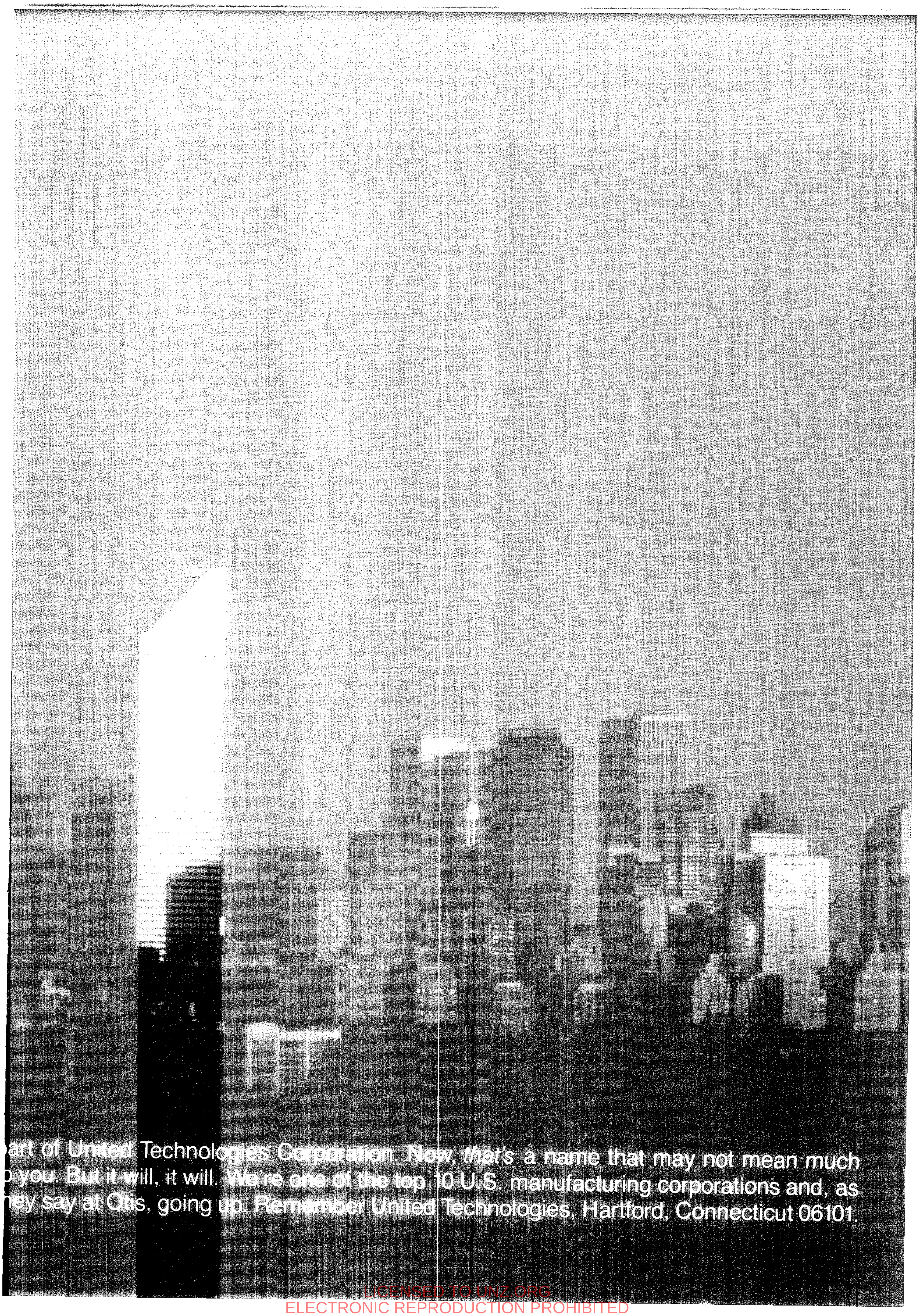

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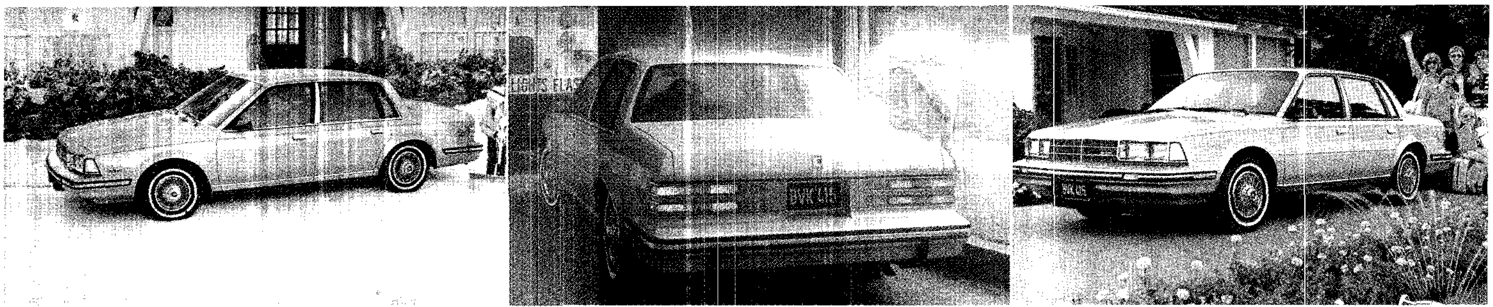

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ent. Tatum was something of a stuffed shirt, while Erroll was so articulate in his street-smart way. Erroll loved chubby ladies. I ran into him once after I had taken off about forty pounds, and he looked at me with his head on one side and said, 'You shouldn't have ought to have done it, Sylvia.' Later, after I'd gained it back, he said, 'Now, that's how a woman should look.' He was a very generous man. I remember walking to Jilly's with him in the sixties and I don't know how many times he stopped to say, 'Hey, baby,' and reach into his pocket and lay something on whoever it was. But he was already doing that in the forties in the White Rose Bar at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-second Street."

By 1950, his career had been taken over by Martha Glaser, who made Garner famous. During the next twenty-five years, he worked an endless round of concerts (many with symphony orchestras), night clubs, and television appearances. He also made thousands of recordings. Recording studios tend to stymie jazz musicians, but Garner bloomed in them. This is George Avakian's description of a 1953 Columbia recording session:

> Erroll rattled off thirteen numbers, averaging over six minutes each . . . with no rehearsal and no retakes. Even with a half-hour pause for coffee, we were finished twenty-seven minutes ahead of the three hours of normal studio time—but Erroll had recorded over eighty minutes of music instead of the usual ten or twelve, and . . . his performance . . . could not have been improved upon. He asked to hear playbacks on two of the numbers, but only listened to a chorus or so of each before he waved his hand.

The drummer Kelly Martin worked with Garner in the fifties and sixties: "I joined Erroll in Pittsburgh in 1956 and left him in Pittsburgh in 1966. Shadow Wilson had been Erroll's drummer before me, and he told me, 'You got to watch Erroll all the time. You got to listen and watch.' Erroll liked to have his bass player sit on his left, so that the bass player could see his left hand. And he liked to have his drummer sit so he could see the drummer's hands. His way of playing and creating was all in his face, and his way of talking was in the piano. He hardly said anything to the audience, he never even introduced his sidemen. If he was going to take an intermission, he'd make a little series of upward notes at the end of a piece, and we'd know. If he was down or upset, we could hear it in his playing. There were all kinds of secrets. Once, we were having a drink together between sets, and when my glass was empty I started playing on it with the swizzlestick —*chink-de-chink*, *chink-de-chink*. So Erroll started the first number of the next set in the key that the swizzlestick made on the glass. Erroll didn't like to rush into what he was going to play, and those long, crazy introductions gave him time to settle himself. We almost never knew what he would play, but we got so we could almost think in his vein. He loved people, and he loved to play for them. When we hit a loud crowd, he'd handle them by playing softer and softer until finally his hands were actually just *above* the keyboard. Then somebody would notice that Erroll wasn't making any sound at all and would shush the racket, and Erroll would lower his hands onto the keys and pick up where he'd left off. We almost always wore tuxedos. Eddie Calhoun, who played bass most of the time I was with Erroll, used to say, 'Man, it's hard to swing in a tuxedo,' and I seconded that. Erroll could make anybody swing, though. We played a concert in this big, beautiful hall in Helsinki, and before we started that audience was so stiff you could hear it breathing. After the first number, there was a sharp lull—then here come the hands.

"Erroll's mother was blind when I met her, but she was a well-adjusted woman. I met Erroll's father at the same time, and we stole away from the crowd to some Class D bar where the bartender knew him and would give him enough whiskey in the glass so he could at least see it. Erroll told me once that he thought he'd rather be blind than deaf, because he played by sound and he didn't have to see out of his ear to hear. Sometimes he'd make up whole new tunes during a performance, and he'd grin at Calhoun and me and growl in that voice, 'Stick with me, stick with me.' "

Garner also "wrote" songs, some of them striking. He told the drummer Art Taylor in "Notes and Tones" how he had written "Misty":

> I wrote "Misty" from a beautiful rainbow I saw when I was flying from San Francisco to Chicago. At that time, they didn't have jets and we had to stop off in Denver. When we were coming down there was a beautiful rainbow. This rainbow was fascinating because it wasn't long but very wide and in every color you can imagine. With the dew drops and the windows being misty, that fine rain, that's how I named it "Misty." I was playing on my knees like I had a piano, with my eyes shut. There was a little old lady sitting next to me and she thought I was sick

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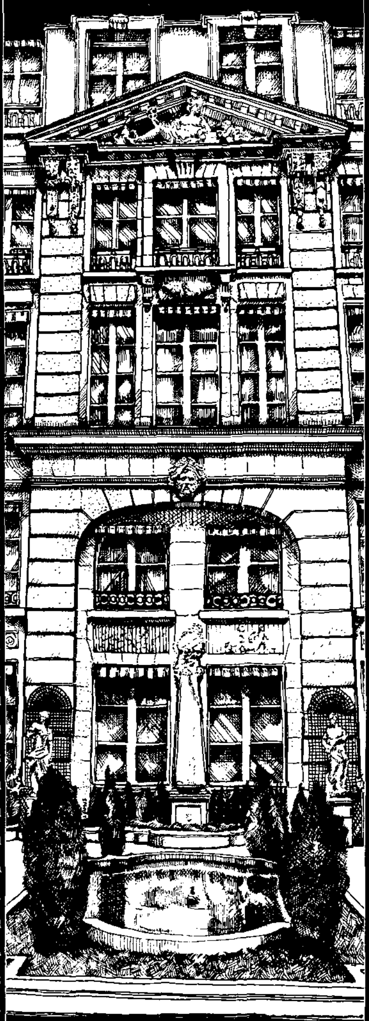

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> because I was humming. She called the hostess, who came over, to find out I was writing "Misty" in my head. By the time I got off the plane, I had it. We were going to make a record date, so I put it right on that date. I always say that wherever she is today that old lady was the first one in on "Misty."

Garner's sound was by turns robust and delicate, rococo and spare, "down" and sentimental, discordant and melodic, driving and lackadaisical. Every number was an adventure. You knew certain stylistic flourishes would appear—the on-the-beat left-hand chords (possibly inspired by his days as a tubist); the right-hand tremolos (echoes, perhaps, of player-piano rolls); the stiff-legged, staccato single-note lines in the right hand; the startling dynamics; the spinning, funny, tantalizing introductions, some of them a dozen or more bars in length and complete iconoclastic compositions in themselves; the octave chords; and the fragments of parody and interpolation—but you never knew when or in what combination. Garner constantly surprised his listeners and himself. You would hear him suddenly drop into several choruses of stride piano (having never heard him play any before), and do it with a rocking, irresistible ease. You'd hear him play a delicate melodic chorus, break off and go into an eighteen- or twenty-bar arrhythmic passage, in which each hand spun out a different, almost atonal single-note line, and pick up the melody again. You'd hear him play thunderous chords and drop into a legato right-hand figure that was so soft a cat would walk right by. You'd hear him turn an up-tempo ballad into a wild rhythm machine—the left hand hammering steadily, the right hand high heels on marble. Garner, like all great primitives, was trapped inside his style, but he never allowed it to harden into self-parody. He kept reaching farther and farther into the mysterious area where his uniqueness had come from. Garner does not sound like any other jazz pianist; whatever there once was of Earl Hines or Teddy Wilson or Fats Waller had long been abstracted. But the colors and vividness and originality of Garner's playing have been so encompassing that there are few pianists who don't at one time or another sound like him.

The pianist Jimmy Rowles recently spoke of Garner: "I don't think there is a jazz pianist, young or old, who hasn't been influenced by Erroll Garner. He laid down his own little laws, and everyone obeyed. I met him around 1950, when he was playing solo piano at the Haig in Los Angeles. He was just starting that left-hand four-four, *thrum-thrum-thrum-thrum* thing, using his left hand as a full rhythm section. I was working across the street at the Ambassador with the Modernaires or some group like that, and I'd listen to him between sets. He liked to kind of growl when he talked, and I think I learned to growl from him. When Erroll walked into a room, a light went on. He was an imp. He could make poor bass players and poor drummers play like champions. When he played, he'd sit down and drop his hands on the keyboard and start. He didn't care what key he was in or anything. He was a full orchestra, and I used to call him Ork. When he was at the Haig, he'd come over after his set and say, 'What do you think? Do you think I'm right or wrong?' and laugh. And I'd always say, 'You're right, Ork. You're right.' "

The pianist and arranger Sy Johnson has also studied his Garner: "A famous classical pianist once told Erroll that he should record all the time—that he shouldn't wait for recording dates and such but should go into a recording studio whenever he got a chance and capture what his head was always full of. One time, he went into a studio and played for hour after hour. Just by himself—no bass and drums, which he never needed anyway. The tape that came out of it is the most amazing solo jazz piano I have ever heard. *Everything* on it is a tour de force. It is a man taking endless chances. It is tapping a keg and out comes a torrent. He had astonishing hands. He could write—sign autographs—with both hands. His hands used to unfold on the keyboard and keep going, and he is supposed to have been able to reach a thirteenth. What distinguished him from every other jazz piano player, though, was his rich and profound quality of time. He could play a totally different rhythm in each hand and develop equally what he was doing in each hand. He was way down deep in the time thing. He was this magnificent pianistic engine."

Garner was a private man. As far as anyone knows, he never married. He loved to sit in, and he liked to box. He was fond of clothes, and he sampled golf. He had a kind of private language, as he told Art Taylor:

> "Who chi coo" is an expression that Sarah Vaughan and I used all the time, years ago . . . We used to hang out together in Atlantic City. It means magnificent ob-

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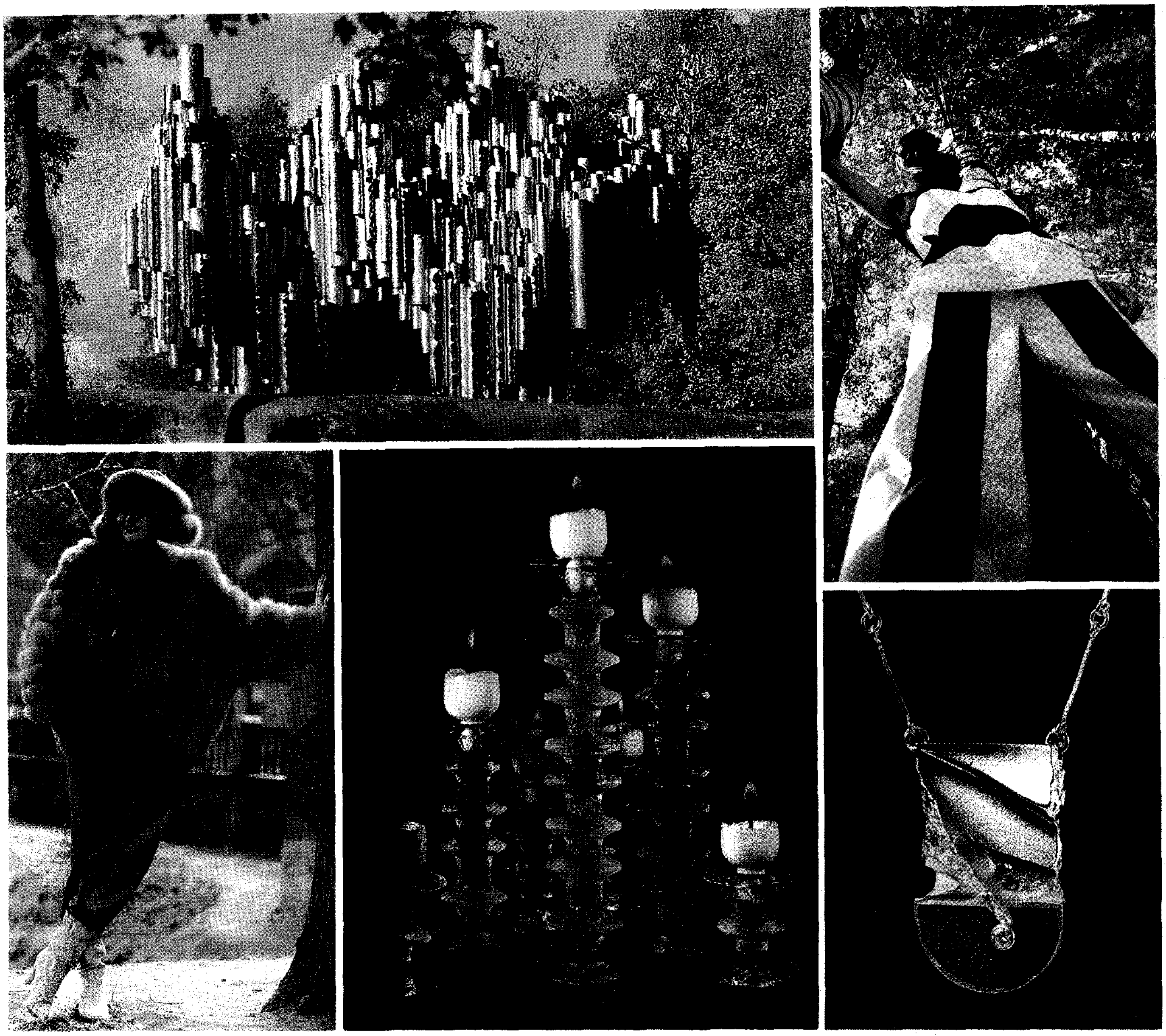

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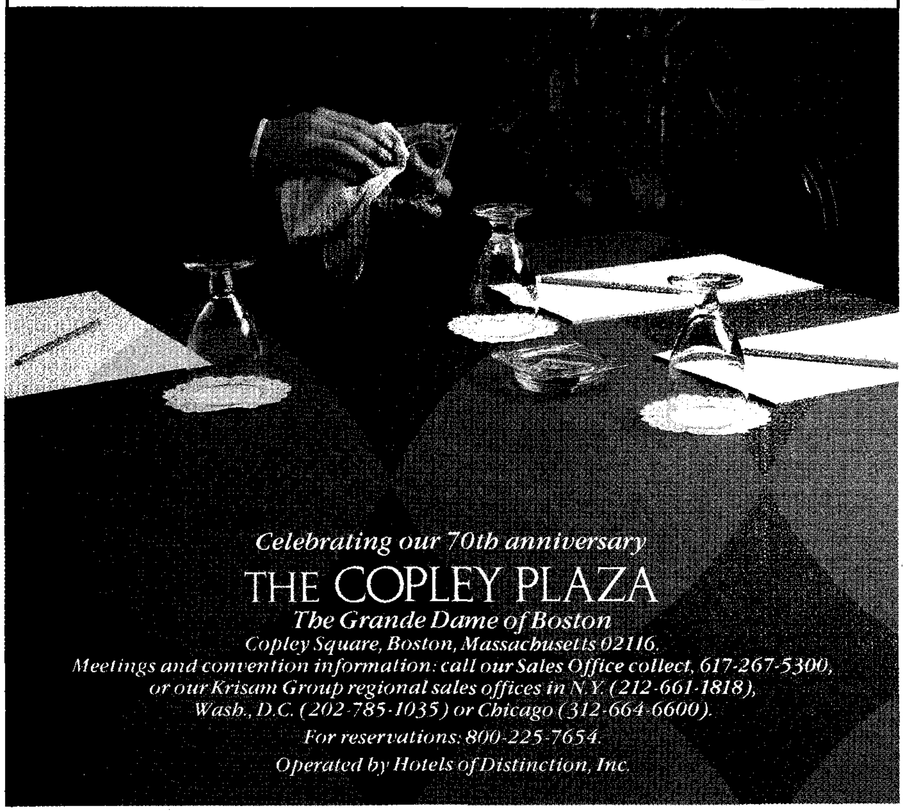

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session. If I dig what you do, what you're playing, you're a magnificent obsession; if I don't, I say nothing . . . People who don't really know me call me Erroll. But Sarah Vaughan, Peggy Lee, and Carmen McRae all know me as "Who chi coo," and that means they love me as much as I love them.

He also told Taylor:

I do a lot of walking. I just go around and watch people; that feeds me and gives me ideas . . . I'm not the type to sleep the day away . . . I like to get out in the daytime and see what others are doing, because they're the same people who come to hear you play the concerts. I like being with people. It feeds me and helps to make my day complete.

Bobby Short knew Garner for a time when Garner lived in Carnegie Hall. "He was always a happy, jolly fellow," Short said not long ago. "He had a nice duplex. He'd wear a head rag around the house, which is the privilege of genius, and he enjoyed being domestic and cooking for himself and his dog. I always liked the answer he gave once when someone mentioned his not being able to read music. He said, 'Hell, man, nobody can hear you read.' "

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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POESY DEPARTMENT
(CAPITOL HILL DIVISION)

[*From the Congressional Record*]

(Mr. PEYSER asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. PEYSER. Mr. Speaker, I have heard that poetry can sometimes be the best way of getting a message across, so I am going to try.

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Where you use all head and so little
heart

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represent
Whose futures will dim unless you
relent

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and health,
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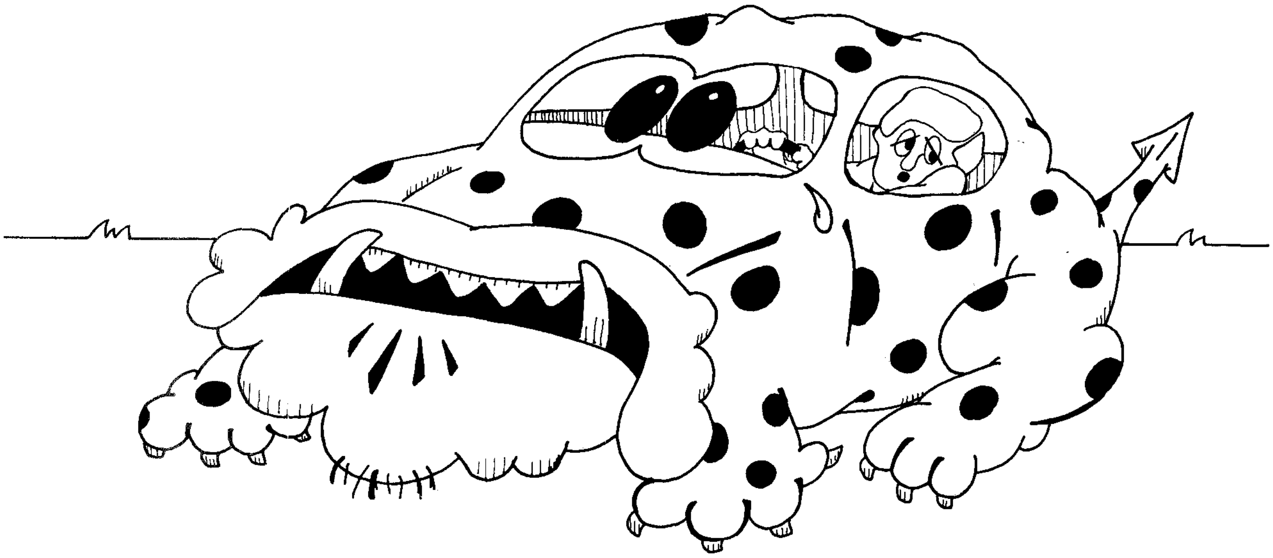
great natural wealth

Mr. President listen to the heartbeat
of this land,
It does not grow strong with just
numbers and plans

It needs understanding and a sense
of fair play
If you give it all that, you will carry
the day

Before your beauty becomes a beast...



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THE SPORTING SCENE

JUMPERS AT KEMPTON PARK

THIS past fall and winter, when I was living in London, I went to the Kempton Park racecourse whenever I could. Kempton Park is in Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex, some fifteen miles west of the city. I always caught a special racecourse train at Waterloo Station. Sometimes classical music was playing through speakers at Waterloo, soaring up into the diesel-rich atmosphere, and it lent a cheery note to departure. The train ticket cost about three dollars and fifty cents. Ordinarily, the compartments on the train were half filled with decorous men who wore what appeared to be a punter's uniform of topcoat or raincoat and checked woollen cap. They had on ties, of course, because to the English a tie signifies moral purpose. A nation without ties is a lax nation, slightly reprehensible in the eyes of the world. The men did not speak to each other, on pain of death, unless they were old friends, in which case a polite conversation was conducted. Preferred topics were gardening, the weather, and Tory politics. Horses were seldom mentioned. Anybody attempting to pass a tip or otherwise break the meditative calm was a candidate for defenestration.

This is why the person I'll call Mrs. Dorothy Wharton-Wheeler took me by surprise. She sat down opposite me on the train one cold and blustery afternoon and asked me, in a loud voice, which horse I liked in the first race. I told her that I was a bad person to ask, because I was new in the country and I didn't really know very much about what the English call jumping races, over hurdles or steeplechase fences. These races, taken collectively, constitute the National Hunt season, which runs from midsummer to spring. I had done some research into the history of jumping, I said, and I'd been to Kempton Park a few times, but I didn't feel qualified to offer an opinion about potential winners, since I had enough trouble spotting them at the flat-racing tracks I frequented in the States.

"I like Musso in the first," Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler said.

I nodded, and went back to reading my racing paper, the *Sporting Life.* This is a fascinating publication, quite different from the *Daily Racing Form.* It contains none of the dense statistical material that Americans need to assure themselves that the racing game is not as randomly determined as it often seems to be. The English, with their more highly evolved historical perspective, understand the essential fruitlessness of computer-based scheming, so the *Sporting Life* sets them a problem in interpretation rather than in mathematics. Its front page always features tabloid-style photographs of horses, along with punning headlines in bold type:

SANDY LOOKS HANDY
IT'S ME AGAIN CAN SURPRISE
BROWN CHAMBERLIN IS NOT
SO GREEN NOW

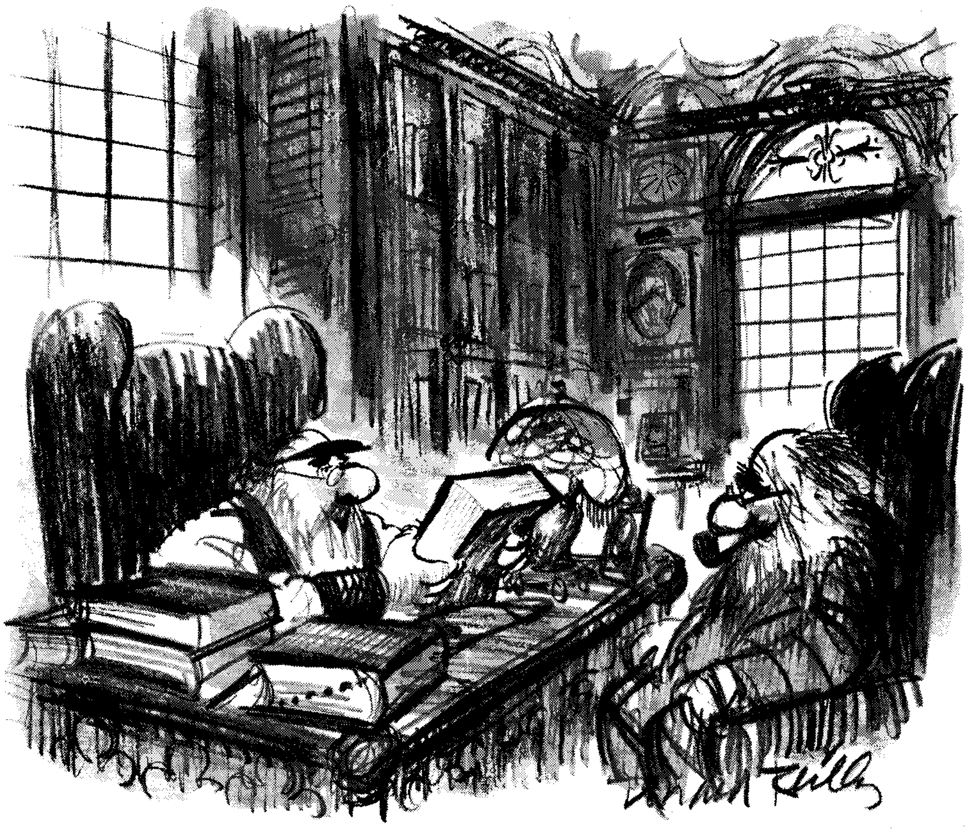
Inside, there are race cards, or programs, for all the courses where meetings are being held—at least two every afternoon. The meetings last for a day or two, and they take place at more than forty courses, in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. The cards list the horses entered in each race, their ages, handicap weights, trainers, owners, and jockeys. The horses' past performances are described in totally subjective language. There are a few numbers scattered among the lists, but they are straightforward items, lacking the nuance of decimals, so I have always made my selections on the basis of unquantifiable factors, like class, fitness, and a horse's appearance in the paddock.

According to the *Sporting Life*, Musso was favored in the first at Kempton Park, although he was expected to receive a strong challenge from Another Generation. I looked over at Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler. She was cleaning her glasses with a tissue. She wore a bulky sweater, a tweed skirt, and no-nonsense nurse shoes. Her hair was cut in a Dutch-boy bob.

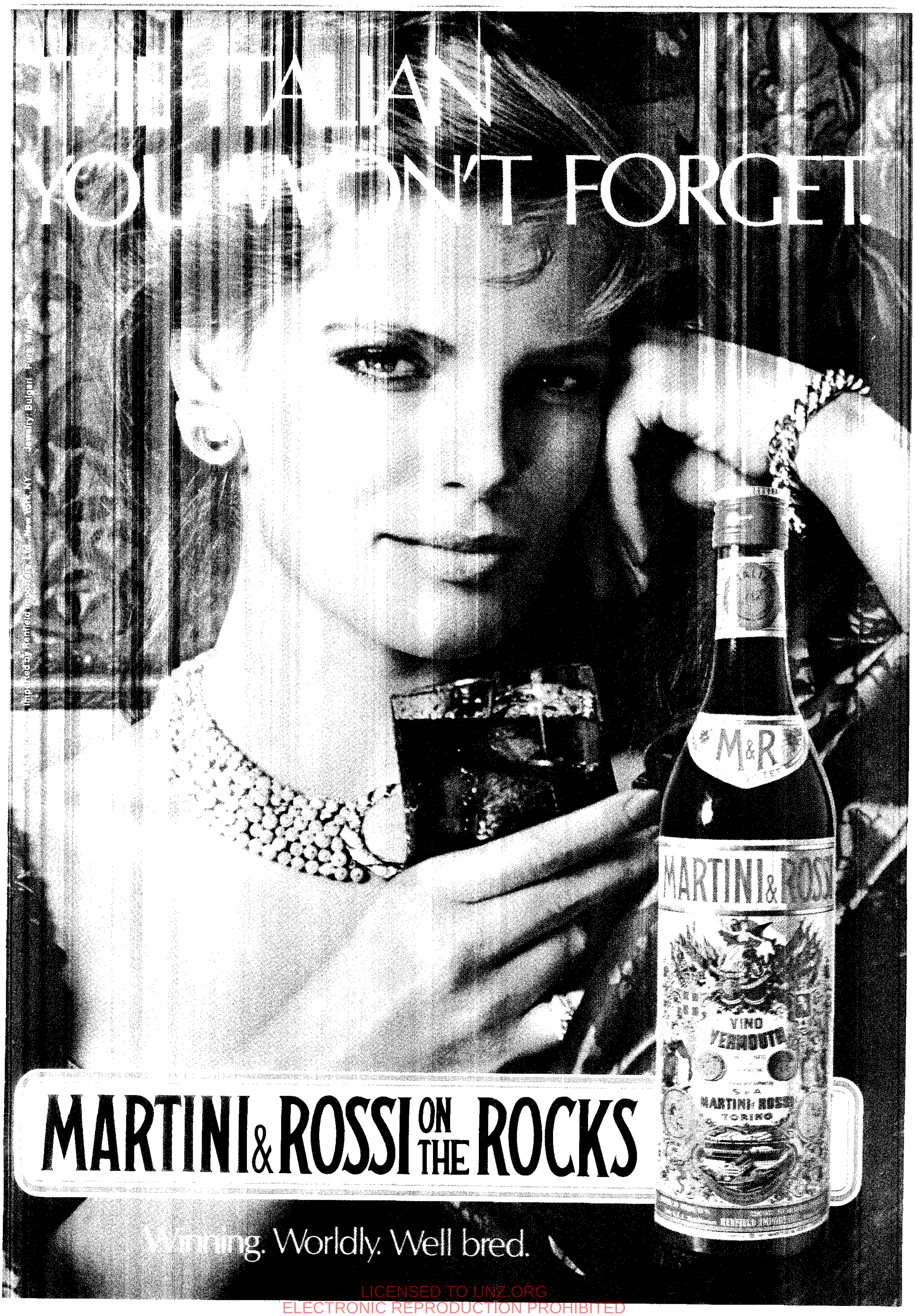
"Have you been to Ascot yet?" she asked.

I told her that I'd been to Ascot once, in autumn, when the trees along the backstretch were still turning color, and that the races had had a wonderful pastoral quality about them—it was all a bit like Thomas Hardy's novels, with the landscape in the ascendant. I said that I'd hoped to see the Queen at Ascot, or at least Julie Andrews, but I'd been disappointed.

"The Queen attends Royal Ascot," Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler said. "That's an entirely different sort of thing, isn't it? Upper crust and all that. It's the Queen Mother who loves jump-



"Turgid. I love it."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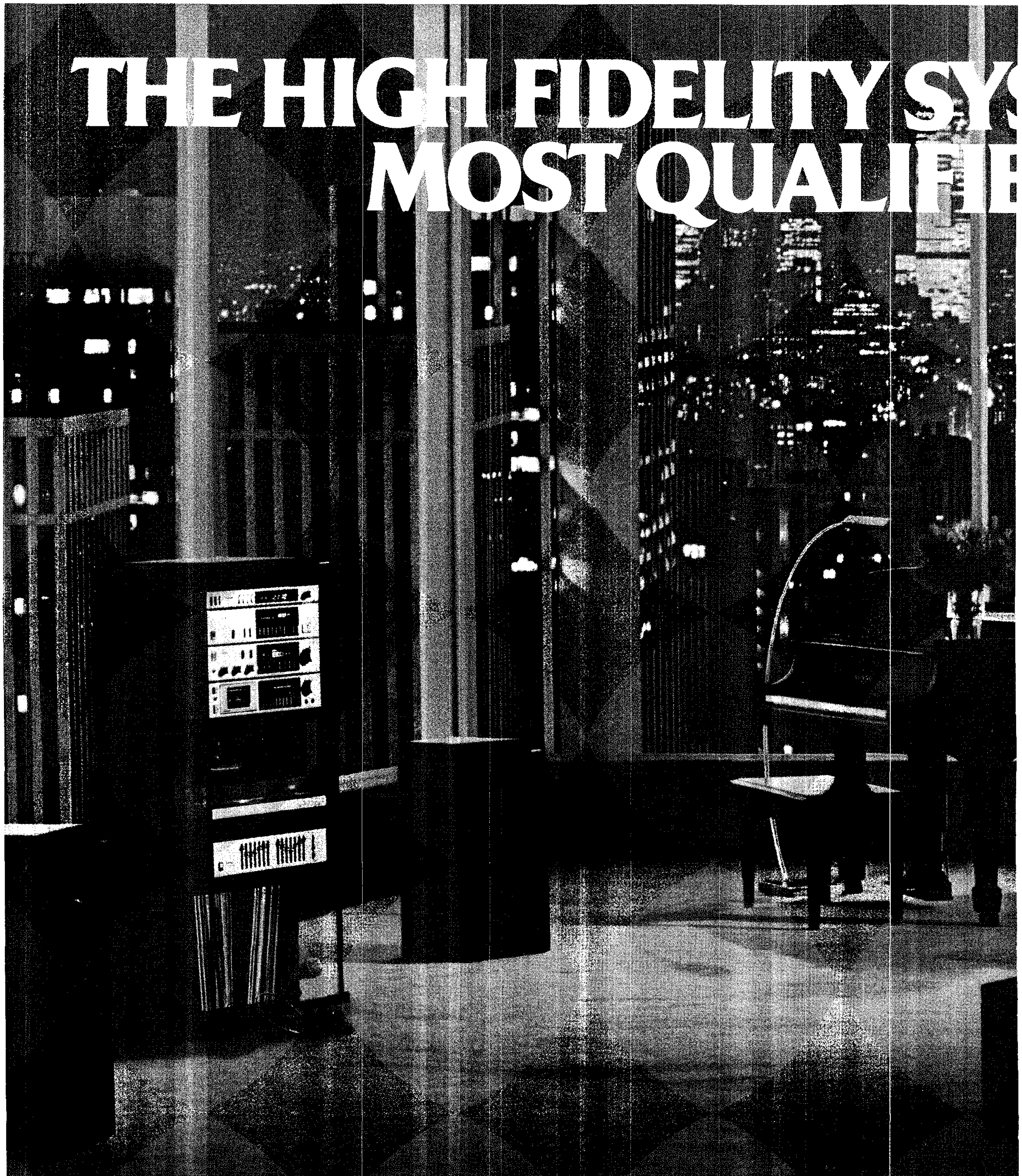

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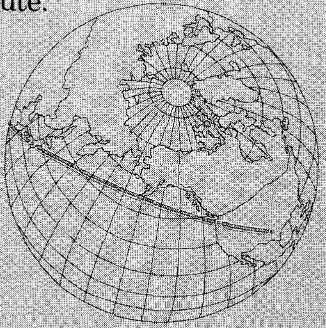

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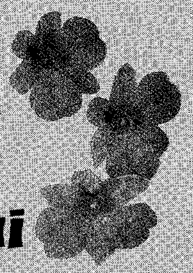

Thai
A Flight of Graciousness.

ing. She's got her own horses. Fulke Walwyn is her trainer."

Actually, I'd seen the Queen Mother once, at Newbury. She sat in a glassed-in box near the finish line to watch a horse of hers, Sindebele, run his first race ever. Sindebele fell down while trying to jump a hurdle.

Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler said that she'd visited twelve racecourses in her life, and she proceeded to recite them to me. Some of the courses were so obscure that their names sounded like the names of forgotten Elizabethan poets—Catterick, Plumpton, Taunton, Towcester. You could imagine these fellows sitting at a tavern table and sharing a bottle of hock while couplets rattled around in their brains. Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler laughed at the analogy. She was a former secondary-school teacher, with a degree in literature, and she was familiar with the work of several American poets, including Robert Frost and Allen Ginsberg. A student had given her a copy of Ginsberg's "Howl," back in the terrible sixties. It had not upset her, she said—nasty words were not so bothersome after you'd reached a certain age. I said that I couldn't read Frost anymore without feeling slightly cheated, but that Ginsberg had some fine moments—although in general I preferred the poems of his contemporary Robert Creeley. Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler took a pencil from her purse and wrote Creeley's name in a little notebook.

Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler told me that she lived in a suburb of London, with her husband, a retired building contractor, who has no interest in racing. "He was born in the city," she said. "He doesn't care for country things." For her, jumping races were a country thing. They reminded her of her childhood, in Devon, near the tiny village of Chardstock. She could still remember standing on a hillside on Boxing Day many years ago and watching the local squires ride to hounds, over undulant farmland littered with obstacles—hedgerows, fences, streams. Jumping-race courses—especially those used for steeplechases—simulate these obstacles. Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler saw her first professional jumping-race meeting when an uncle took her to Wincanton, in Somerset, just after her sixteenth birthday. It pleased her so much that she began going to jumping races at every opportunity. On her honeymoon, in Scotland, she dragged her husband to the racecourse at Ayr, and

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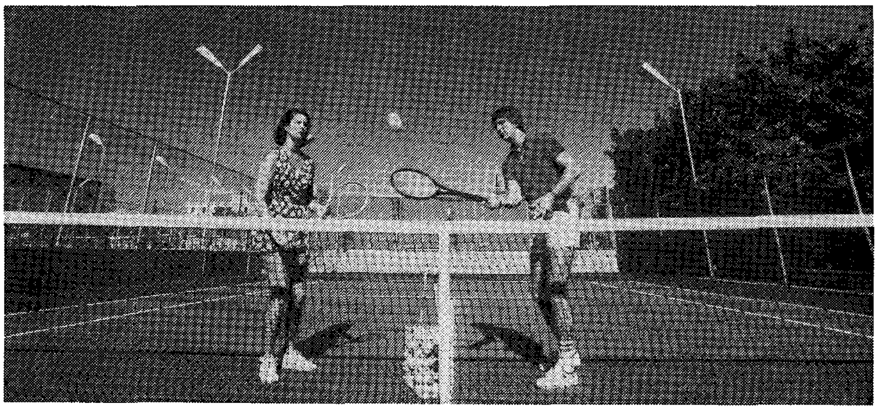

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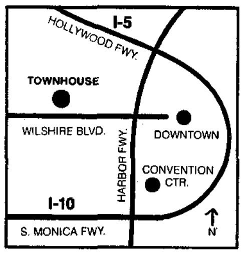

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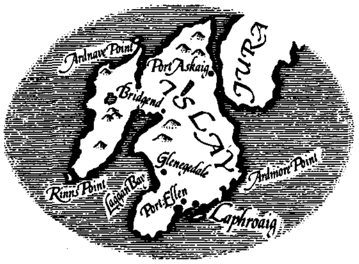

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he had such an awful time that he vowed never to accompany her again. Since then, he has avoided racing as devoutly as Henchard, the Mayor of Casterbridge, avoided drink, so Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler always travels to the races alone. She survives, she said, by making friends.

Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler is an anomaly, for jumping has always been a gentleman's game. It has its roots in the races that eighteenth-century Irish squires used to hold to test the mettle of their hunting stock. Often, the squires chose a village church steeple to mark the finish line—hence the word "steeplechase." Today, owners of jumping horses need a noble dedication to the sport, and a bank account indifferent to downward fluctuations, in order to participate. Even at the largest courses, the average purse on an average day seldom amounts to more than two thousand dollars. Jumping is a small-scale endeavor, so the temptation to fiddle with horses or to run crippled or indisposed stock is greatly reduced. The laws governing medication are very strict. Anti-inflammatory drugs (like Butazolidin, which props up thousands of near-lame animals in the States) are forbidden, and so are steroids, Lasix for bleeders, and most other chemicals commonly found in a vet's bag.

Consequently, jumping horses look good: groomed to perfection, their shiny coats given a high gloss by the eternal damp that passes for winter weather in Britain. The original jumpers in Ireland had no Thoroughbred blood, but practically all of today's jumpers are in a direct line of descent from the three Thoroughbred foundation sires who were imported to England in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries—the Byerly Turk and the Darley and Godolphin Arabians. The jumpers are often larger and burlier than other Thoroughbreds, with broad chests and muscular hindquarters, which grant them the staying power necessary to complete gruelling races that almost never cover less than two miles. They tend to mature rather slowly. The best steeplechasers are between eight and ten years old, and they may run in reasonably decent form until they are twelve or thirteen. Testaments to extreme longevity are not unusual. Mac Vidi, a stolid gelding with the genetic makeup of Bernard Baruch, is still touring courses at the age of sixteen.

Most jumping horses start out in races over hurdles, where the obstacles—brushy hedges about three and a half feet high—are lower and more resilient than the stiff fences that must be negotiated in steeplechases. The fences at Kempton Park are made of birchwood thatched over with gorse, an evergreen with yellow flowers that grows on moors and heaths; they do not yield to pressure, as hurdles do. A horse that clips a fence with its heels, or jumps too early or too late, or bridles at the severity of the challenge is generally guaranteed to fall. The falls are miserable to watch. Jockeys float into the air, then hit the ground with a bone-cracking thud. If they're lucky, their mounts don't land on top of them. Horses come down in an awkward tangle of limbs, but surprisingly few of them are hurt so badly that they have to be destroyed. An inordinate number rise quickly to their feet, shake themselves, and take off again in riderless pursuit of the pack—providing yet another obstacle in the race. It's the jockeys who seem to suffer most; broken collarbones are a dime a dozen, and so are broken arms and legs.

Ever since the inception of steeplechasing, there have been outcries about its supposed brutality. One of the sport's most vehement early opponents was Charles Apperly, known pseudonymously as Nimrod, who wrote about foxhunting for magazines. It was said of Nimrod that he was always trying to make six words do the work of two. In 1839, he sent an open letter to both the *Times* and the *Standard* in an effort to alert the public to the horrors of steeplechasing, but the letter was never printed—because, according to Nimrod, the person charged with delivering it to London disapproved of its contents and burned it. Nimrod did manage, before his death, in 1843, to write about the plight of Grimaldi, a much admired horse whose heart had burst after a steeplechase at St. Albans. He informed his readers that Dr. Wardrop, a noted surgeon, had examined Grimaldi's heart and had found it to be "of uncommon dimensions, larger than that of Eclipse, but it could not stand steeplechasing," and "it burst in the moment of victory."

An unidentified friend of Nimrod's was even more vociferous in his objections to steeplechasing. "I boldly affirm that it is no criterion of the best horse but a mere game of chance and gambling transaction," this fellow wrote, in a letter that did not get published. "From many quiet and observant farmers I heard the following remark, 'This is a cruel exhibition, with not one feature to recommend it . . . and if the good sense of Englishmen does not put it down, I hope the Legislature will.' " In response to such ongoing complaints, the Grand National Steeplechase Hunt Committee was formed, in 1866, to govern the affairs of the sport. Most of the committee's members were also members of the prestigious Jockey Club, and over the years they adopted a stringent body of rules designed to keep mishaps to a minimum. But mishaps will always be part of jumping. It is high-risk racing, exhilarating to watch, and that is one reason that Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler returns to the racecourse again and again.

Another reason is that Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler loves horses. "I have a strong feeling for animals," she told me. This does not make her unique in Britain; the English adore their pets. There is a television personality, Barbara Woodhouse, who has a show on the BBC called "Barbara's World of Horses and Ponies." Barbara trains the horses and ponies by blowing up their noses. I think she may have learned this from an Indian tribe in Argentina. She had another show during which she visited viewers' homes and gave them advice about their problem dogs. Once, I saw her admonish a slow-moving dog by shaking a plastic bag at it. She even did a special show in Beverly Hills, where she dropped in on celebrities and met their pets. Some of the celebrities were Britt Eklund, Wilfrid Hyde-White, David Soul, and Zsa Zsa Gabor. During the special, Barbara confessed to William Shatner that she knew that when she got to Heaven she'd be reunited with her own dog, who'd died some years before.

WHEN Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler and I got off the train at Kempton Park, it was less cold outside than it had been in London. A little sunlight was leaking through the haze. This is known in England as "a bright interval." Ahead of us I could see the main grandstand. It is an imposing brick structure, with the fortresslike look of the nineteenth-century churches, office buildings, and row houses you see all over London. This is orderly architecture, built to withstand the elements and outlast any of its inhabitants. It inspires an ines-

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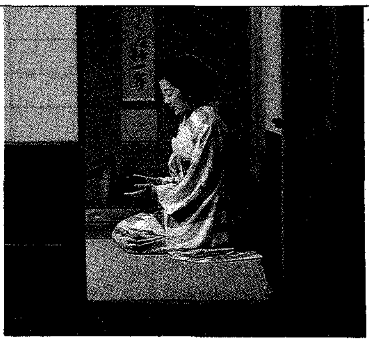

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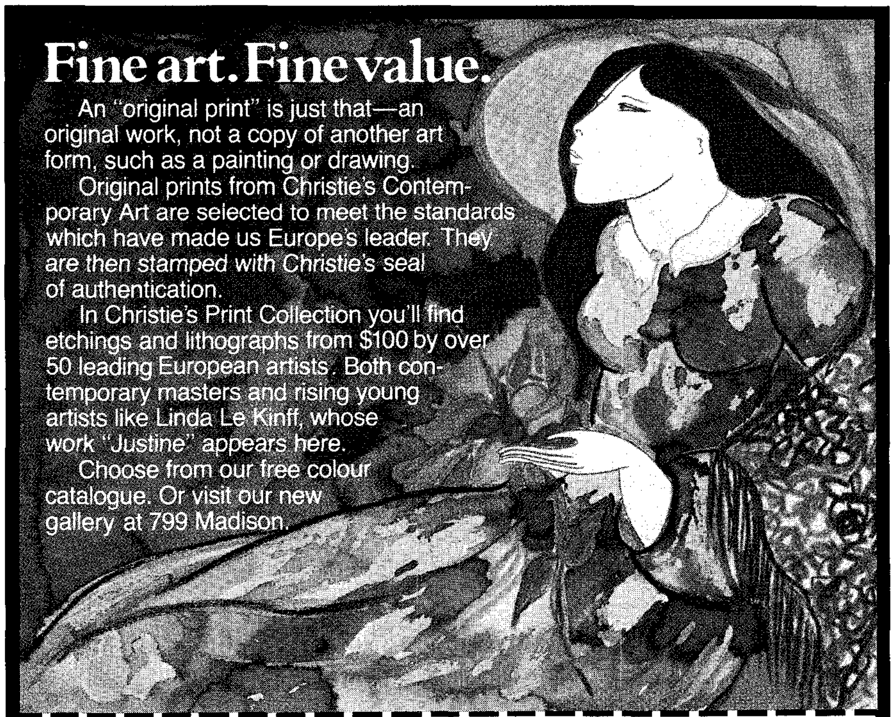

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capable reverence for the past; indeed, nothing in Britain is as sacrosanct as what happened yesterday.

The original Kempton Manor was owned by Robert, Earl of Mortain. It was mentioned in the Domesday Book, of 1086. Later, the manor was acquired by the Crown, and it remained in royal hands until the Tudor era. In the thirteenth century, Henry III built a hunting lodge there and stocked the woods with deer. The early Plantagenet kings visited Kempton Manor, usually when travelling from Westminster to Windsor, and they probably did some hunting. But the lodge eventually fell into disrepair, and it was dismantled in 1374. Some years later, Elizabeth I leased the manor to William Killigrewe. It was the home of a succession of country gentlemen until S. H. Hyde—a solicitor, a Tory, and a racing buff—acquired the property in the eighteen-seventies and worked a transformation.

Admission to Kempton Park is very dear, in line with an inflated economy. The cheapest grandstand enclosure, known as the Silver Ring, confines punters to a macadam area almost a half mile from the winning post. It costs three dollars to enter. There is nothing silvery about the Silver Ring. Being there is more like being in purdah, with a veil drawn over your eyes. Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler and I paid about eight dollars apiece to get into Tattersall's, the middle enclosure—named for Richard Tattersall, who founded one of the first British bloodstock firms, in 1766. The Members' enclosure, right next to Tattersall's, is open to non-members willing to part with thirteen dollars. I had spent the thirteen once, just to see who was over there. They looked to me like a bunch of people who were drinking hard in order to forget that they'd overextended themselves in financial matters. Bottles of champagne were making the rounds, and there was a good deal of clubby chitchat going on. The men called each other Nigel or Basil. They had velvet collars on their topcoats and raincoats. Their hats were brown felt, with little snap brims. A few of them had brought their wives along, and the wives sat in clutches at Formica tables in various bars, smoking slow cigarettes and projecting an air of stylish indifference that they must have cultivated at innumerable boring cocktail parties over the years.

I told Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler that at American tracks the class divisions are made vertically. You rise to the

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top, but the masses are always around you, so that you can't forget your humble origins. The American grandstand represents a society in flux, with certain dreams of upward mobility intact. In Britain, the division in grandstands is horizontal. There is no chance that a Member will ever be reduced to the Silver Ring, and no chance that a Silver Ringer will ever arrive at Member status. Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler said that that was all very well, but she was getting hungry, and she was going to eat her sandwich and hard-boiled egg at the parade ring—the paddock.

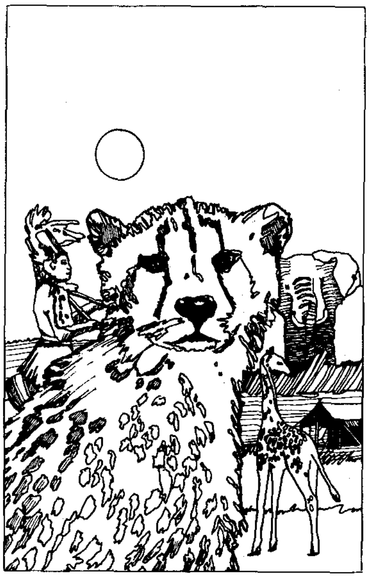
I hadn't carried my lunch with me, so I went to the Winners' Bar, on the ground level of Tattersall's, and ordered a light ale and a pork pie. The pork pie was very heavy. It was only two or three inches in diameter, but I had trouble lifting it to my mouth. This was a pork pie that could have been flung from a catapult at the Visigoths. It tasted all right, though, and I preferred it to the cellophane-wrapped cheese rolls available at another bar, upstairs. You could buy a hamburger upstairs, too. It came in a Styrofoam-like container, just like the burgers at McDonald's, but you had to chew it for a long time before it disassembled. At Newbury once, I'd bought a fine pre-race meal from a fishmonger who sold cockles, mussels, whelks, and jellied eels from a cart. He served up his delicate offerings in fluted paper cups, and you ate them with a splash of hot sauce, sucking in the essence of the sea.

After I'd eaten, I joined Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler at the parade ring. It's a fenced-in oval behind the grandstand, with a path on its periphery, over which horses are walked in preparation for a race. Just outside the fence, there are seats of a sort—round, padded cushions covered with black vinyl, each of which is attached to a thin metal leg driven into the ground. The seats are so small that an average-size haunch necessarily overlaps into space, but they afford you a fine proximity to the animals. We could almost reach out and touch Musso when he passed by. The sardine effect that can make American paddock-going so hazardous rarely comes about at Kempton Park, even when six or seven thousand people—a big crowd for jumping—are in attendance. The extreme courtesy that prevails everywhere in Britain is evident at the parade ring. Nobody pushes, nobody shoves, nobody threatens to use your ear as an ashtray. You can watch the horses at your leisure, thinking your usual deep and revelatory thoughts.

“THERE'S John Francome,” Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler said, nodding in the direction of a sinewy-looking jockey who had come into the parade ring and now stood next to Musso. I had seen Francome ride. He has an uncanny ability to get the most out of his mounts, combining strength with gentleness. Sometimes he seems to lift faltering animals over fences; sometimes he seems to bind them together when their legs go wobbly after a jump. Currently, he is a leading rider in jumping races, and everybody thinks that he is good enough to earn himself a place in the history of the sport.

The first great jump jockey was one Captain Becher, a commissioned officer in the Buckinghamshire Yeomanry early in the nineteenth century. As a child, Becher had been forbidden by his father to ride donkeys, on the assumption that such low animals would spoil any talent he might have for handling horses. Becher's chief patron was Thomas Coleman, a steeplechase entrepreneur who had bought the Chequers Tavern in St. Albans and turned it into the Turf Hotel. Becher lived at the hotel, and for a time he rode only Coleman's stock. By 1829, though, he was travelling all over England to accept mounts. He was known for his riding skills, and also for parlor tricks he performed at post-race social gatherings. Becher could run around a room on the wainscoting without ever touching the floor. He could kick the ceiling. He could imitate the noises made by chickens, goats, ducks, and cows. It was Becher who rode Grimaldi in that fateful St. Albans steeplechase. He was so fond of Grimaldi that he obtained one of the horse's forelegs as a souvenir. He liked to show it off to friends. He had his last public ride at Doncaster in 1847. Later, he was given a sinecure as Inspector of Sacks on the Great Northern Railway in Lincolnshire. He died in 1864, at the age of sixty-seven, and his possessions were sold at auction—lathe, tool chest, fish can, grindstone, scarlet hunting coat, velvet caps, driving whips, racing saddle, and seven silk jackets. “These seven,” said the auctioneer, “have seen many a flourishing day.”

Dick Francis, who now writes



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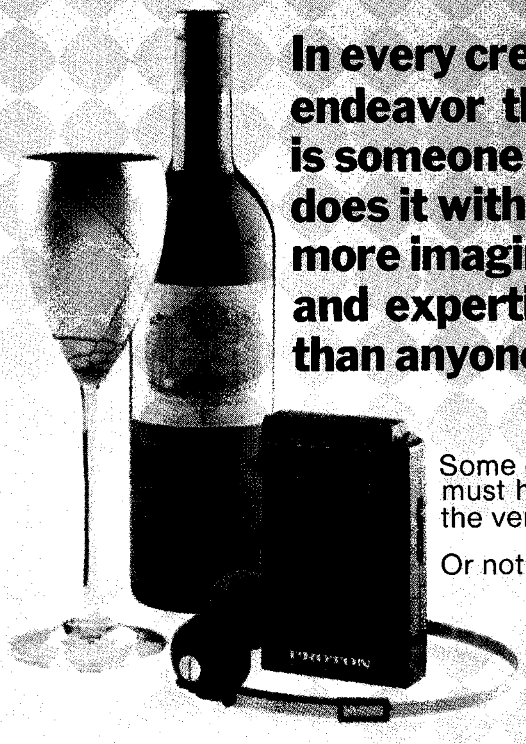
thrillers about racing, was a professional jump jockey for almost ten years, and he has recounted his adventures in an autobiography, "The Sport of Queens." They give some indication of the vagaries of a jump jockey's life. Early in Francis's career, at a small rural meeting, he rode a horse that unseated him, then bolted from the track, galloped into a stream, and swam away. Francis rode a doped horse once. The animal was so cranked up that it ran right through the first hurdle, throwing Francis, and veered off into the woods nearby, where it was finally captured hours later. In 1956, Francis rode Devon Loch, the Queen Mother's horse, in steeplechasing's most famous event—the Grand National, at Aintree. Devon Loch jumped all thirty fences with ease, and he was far ahead going into the stretch, and then suddenly and mysteriously went spread-eagled fifty yards before the winning post. "That's racing, I suppose," the Queen Mother later said. The youngest Francis, a three-year-old, invented a new game to play around the house. "I'm Devon Loch!" the boy would cry, falling to the floor. "Down I go, bump!"

Francis enjoyed the freedom of being a jump jockey. He had to commute to courses throughout the country, often in treacherous weather, but he claims not to have minded. He understands how fortunate he was to be successful; only one in forty jump jockeys makes the job pay. Francis's attitude toward accidents is cavalier: "The number of bones each jockey may expect to break varies a great deal, because some men have strong bones, and others brittle." Francis cracked a leg or two every season. He broke his collarbone twelve times, but he was not as fragile as Jack Dowdeswell, a rider whose collarbone shattered as readily as crystal. Dowdeswell's collarbone was ultimately removed and replaced by an artificial one. Francis never severed his spinal cord, like a jockey named Lionel Vick, or broke his back, like one named Fred Winter. Francis says that a jump jockey has about one chance in five hundred of being killed, and that this is a death rate very much lower than the rate for window-cleaners. "If any window cleaners' wives are reading this," Francis writes, "I sincerely apologise for passing on this unwelcome piece of news."

Other jockeys had joined Francome in the parade ring. They were busy checking their tack—adjusting



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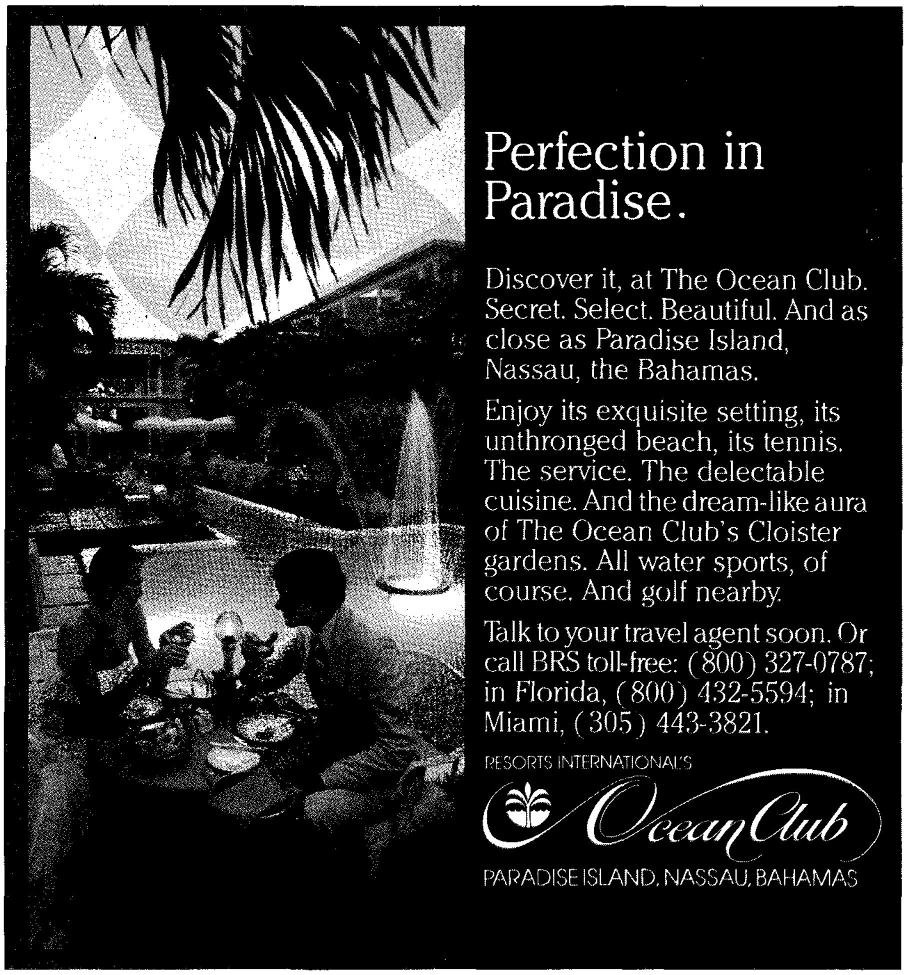
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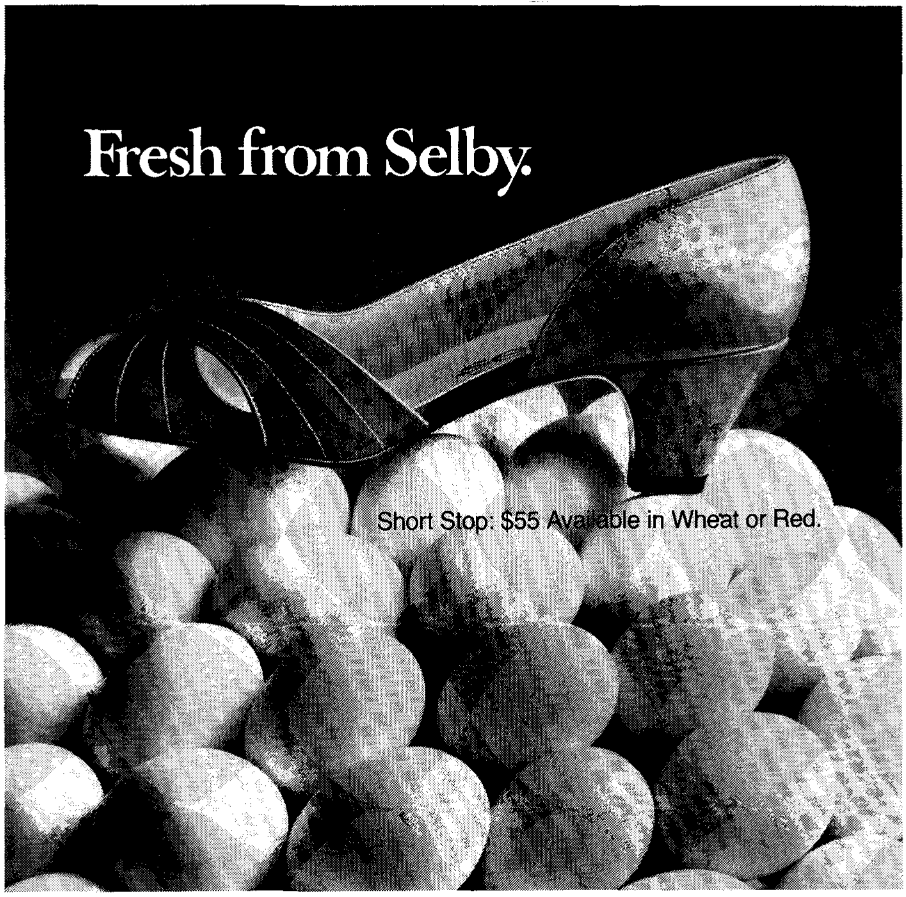
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saddle stirrups and tightening surcingles—while making the obligatory small talk with owners. They had a cocky assurance about them. There were no foreigners among them, so the racial tension that sometimes exists among jockeys in the States was absent. Unlike the abnormally diminutive riders who work the flats, they had not been forced into their profession by any freak of nature. Some of them had simply grown too heavy for flat racing—jumping horses carry an enormous amount of weight compared to sprinters—and some of them had never wanted to be anything but jump jockeys. They stood between five feet six and five feet ten, and they weighed between a hundred and forty and a hundred and sixty pounds. They had wiry builds, complemented by strong backs and shoulders, which they'd developed while holding on to rogue horses who pulled hard at the reins. The torsos of older riders—men in their forties—seemed as stretched, in a way, as taffy. They prided themselves on their horsemanship, but they were often criticized by experts for not knowing how to ride a race. Tactical brilliance is something best learned on the flat, where the pace of races is fast, and the margin for error is slim.

Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler had circled John Francome's name on her race card. She had underlined Musso's name. She had put an asterisk next to the horse's number.

"There," she said, almost with a sigh. "I think I'm ready to make my bet."

THE first person to make a book is said to have been a Lancashire man named Ogden, who stood up at the Newmarket races in about 1795 and quoted odds for all the horses running. Ogden was ridiculed and shouted down, but his idea took hold, and before long bookies were a fixture at every race meeting. At Kempton Park, about sixty of them set up shop on the macadam that separates Tattersall's and the Silver Ring from the racecourse proper. They are not permitted into the Members' enclosure. Members must transgress class lines to bet—with Bennie Edwards or George Fletcher, say, who are themselves members of an exclusive club, the Bookmakers' Association of Wales. The bookies pay a fee to the racecourse for their daily permit, but their spots, or pitches, are allocated internally, on a strict seniority basis. A good pitch—close to the grandstand, easily accessible to punters—is handed down from father to son. Only the guttering out of a bookmaking dynasty will make a choice position available.

As much as is humanly possible, the bookies conform to a physical type. It is difficult to find a young bookie, for instance, or a thin bookie. Bookies seem to arrive at the racecourse in full-blown middle age, with solid, well-fed figures protected from the winter chill by raincoats or topcoats. They wear ties, of course, and also hats. The bookies have ruddy faces, splotched here and there by exposure to inclement weather and the alcohol necessary to withstand it. Most of them don't drink during working hours, for fear of muddling their accounts, but short-tempered, hungover bookies are not unusual and can be identified by the nastiness with which they conduct their business.

Punters who find the bookies intimidating go inside the grandstand and bet with the Tote. Established in 1928 by an Act of Parliament, the Tote is a government-run concession, supervised by the Horse Race Totalisator Board. It has pari-mutuel windows at every major racecourse. Much of the Tote's daily handle is ultimately returned to the people who own racecourses in the form of subsidies and purse monies. Like other government operations, the Tote has been mismanaged lately—plagued by creative accounting practices, which erupted in a "Totegate" scandal.

Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler never bets with the Tote. "I don't like all that machinery," she told me as we wandered among the bookies. This was a novel objection. Most punters dislike the Tote because its odds fluctuate—like the odds at American tracks—depending on the amount of money bet on each horse. If you bet with a bookie, the odds of the wager are fixed, no matter what happens in the future. But Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler was more interested in the quality of the exchange than in whatever edge it might bring her. She was looking not for the best price available on Musso—the prices offered ranged from six-to-four to two-to-one—but for Eddie Martin, her favorite bookie. "It's a bit like a street market, don't you think?" she asked. I agreed. The bookies could have been selling shoes or sealing wax. They chanted their odds in rich, raw voices, forming a Cockney choir.

While Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler

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went off in search of Eddie Martin, I watched a bookie named Fred Binns work. Binns cuts a flamboyant figure, with the look of the aging aviator about him. In fact, during the war he was a pilot. Like the other bookies, he stood on a small wooden platform that allowed him to see over the heads of the crowd. The platform also gave him a quite literal elevated status that caused waffling bettors to tremble a little. Next to Binns was a tripod from which a slate was hung. A sheet of tissue-thin paper printed with a list of the horses entered in the first race covered three-quarters of the slate, leaving a column at the left unobscured. In the column, Binns chalked the odds he was offering. The prices changed often, depending on the sway of the action, and Binns kept wiping out numbers and making corrections. When he accepted a bet, he tossed the money into a leather bag hanging from the tripod, then shouted the terms of the wager to his clerk, who stood behind the tripod and recorded the transaction in a ledger. There was something of Scrooge and Cratchit in the byplay. "Eight-eight-two," Binns might say as he handed a bettor a ticket bearing that number. "Five pounds on Musso at seven-to-four." The ticket was the bettor's receipt: a white cardboard rectangle with orange stripes, busy and post-modern in design, that was embellished with Binns' name, his credentials, some mysterious letters, and a code word—"Miss Binki." The bookies had new tickets printed every few days, always with a new code word, to protect themselves from counterfeiters. Jack Cohen's code word was "Officer Kelly;" Steve Dee's was "Tom Horn."

I had been doing surprisingly well at the jumping races. I thought they were easier to handicap than the flat races back home, in spite of the lack of statistics. Usually, there are only two or three serious contenders in any race—except for major events, when all the best eligible horses show up. You have another advantage in that the jumping game is dominated by a handful of trainers. Whenever they run a horse, you know that the horse is fit and has a shot at winning. The problem is that other punters have the same information, so it's hard to find a reasonable price on most favorites. The favorite wins in forty-one per cent of all steeplechases and in thirty-nine per cent of all hurdles, and that means that you are often forced to take very short odds on the horse you like. I took Musso at six-to-four from Sol Parker, a bulldog-faced man with a snappish demeanor. " 'E's not in a bad mood," said a Cockney gent who was hanging around Parker's pitch. "It's just 'is nature."

THE Kempton Park circuit is roughly triangular and about thirteen furlongs long. It has three courses, of natural turf, laid out side by side: the steeplechase course; the hurdles course; and an unimpeded course, used for flat racing, in season. The infield has a pond and an old-fashioned, non-electronic tote board. Musso's race would cover about two and a half miles, over hurdles. The horses would go around the course about one and a half times, and would make ten jumps. I watched the race with Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler. The only seats in the grandstand are on the top level, so we stood with other punters on its concrete steps, which provide the main viewing area. The horses were milling about in the distance, way out on the backstretch, waiting for the starter to release them. There is no starting gate in jumping races. The riders position their mounts where they want them and take off at a modest gallop when they get the signal. The action sneaks up on you—no bells, no yammering announcer. Since the pace is slow, you are drawn in rather gradually. The stimulation is cerebral, without the sudden charge of adrenaline you feel when a six-furlong flat race begins.

Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler had binoculars, and she gave me a commentary on the running. "That chestnut colt is going well," she said, referring to Another Generation, who had the lead. Another Generation, being a colt, was a rarity. Most jumping horses are geldings, because the obstacles they must jump pose a constant threat to the genitalia. Gelding makes them worthless at stud, of course, but it has a wonderful effect on the sport, since owners keep their horses performing instead of retiring them early. When the horses passed the grandstand for the first time, I was impressed by how easily they seemed to take to the turf. They had been trained on farms, and the grass probably had a pleasing familiarity to them. The sense of animals doing something against their will was greatly diminished.

The horses continued around, into their second circuit. Several of them

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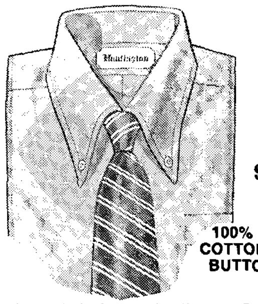

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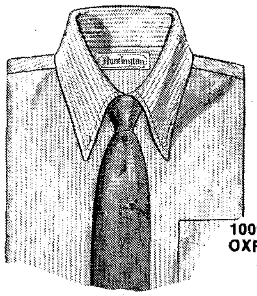

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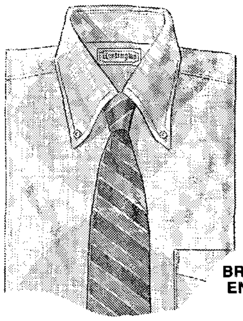

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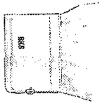
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were beginning to tire, and it showed in their jumping: more often than not, they brushed the hurdles with their bellies as they went over them. As the horses approached the stretch—called the run-in—it became clear that Musso and Another Generation would battle each other to the wire. They drew away from the others by five or six lengths. Such a large gap is not unusual in jumping races, because the races are a test of endurance more than anything else. Francome applied some of his special urging, and Musso responded by pulling ahead and taking the race by a neck.

Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler was very happy. She squeezed my arm. She'd bet a pound with Eddie Martin, and now that pound was two. Sol Parker would have to make my three pounds worth almost seven. Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler and I were perfect handicapping geniuses. We congratulated each other. Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler suggested, rather tentatively, that we pool our winnings and go for broke on the next race. Then she said no, that wasn't fair, because I'd won more than she had. I said that I didn't care, since I was an American, and Americans were supposed to be reckless with their money. She told me that she'd had an American friend who gave her cigarettes during the Second World War. I told her that every person I'd met in England had had a friend like that.

We went to the parade ring and agreed to play Fire Drill, another favorite. Fire Drill was to be ridden by Steve Smith-Eccles. I thought this was a good sign, because Smith-Eccles had two last names, like Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler. I passed four pounds to Les Nicholls, accepting odds of seven-to-four. Fire Drill ran well for a while, but then he hit a steeplechase fence and fell. Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler was devastated. She felt that she'd led me astray. I told her that that wasn't possible—I'd strayed long before.

I convinced her that we should try again. We put two pounds apiece on Sweeping Along, a big, strapping horse who had run a good second at Newbury last time out. The race was the longest of the day—a steeplechase of about three miles. The horses had to make almost two complete circuits, jumping each obstacle on the course—with the exception of one puddle about twelve feet wide—twice. This added up to fourteen plain fences and four fences with six-foot-wide open ditches behind them. The usual

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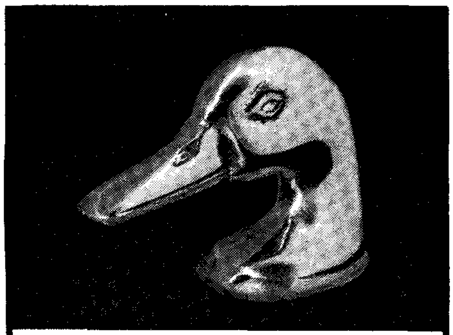

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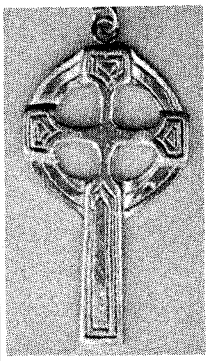

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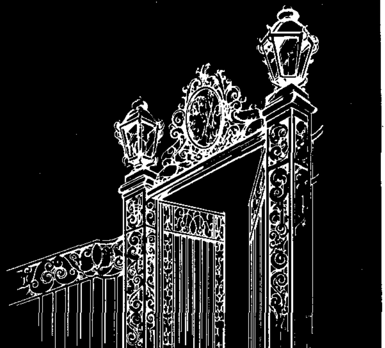
time of a three-mile chase is about six minutes, so your mind tends to wander a bit, just as it does in Hardy novels when Hardy suspends his plot to offer a disquisition on Wessex. Characters are set in motion, but the landscape dominates them. I was watching mallards on the infield pond when I felt Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler squeezing my arm again. Sweeping Along had been trailing the field, but now he was in overdrive, jumping fences with aplomb. He was fully in command when he reached the last one, and he jumped it as if he had wings.

We celebrated our victory by retiring to the Winners' Bar and ordering bottles of Guinness. Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler insisted that we sit at the back of the room, far away from the food counter, where a tempting steak-and-kidney pie was resting on a sideboard. She was on a diet, she said. She had been on the diet since 1978, and she didn't think she'd ever get off it. I asked her if she was planning to go to Ascot later that week. She said that she wanted to, but that, really, going to the jump races was an expensive proposition, and she had to exercise some control.

I couldn't argue with her. An afternoon at Kempton Park—including racing paper, train ticket, admission, lunch, and drinks—put you about twenty dollars out of pocket before you'd even made a wager. This was about double the cost of an afternoon at an American track, but you got far better-quality racing for your money. The horses were not doped or crippled, and the racecourse management wasn't always trying to manipulate you. If you bought a wedge of steak-and-kidney pie, you tasted real steak and kidneys; I'd eaten so many plastoid pizzas at tracks in the States that my body was probably permanently damaged. And you couldn't blame the racecourses for charging a pretty penny—not when the gambling action was controlled by the bookies and the government. They were hurt by television, too. Most major races are shown on TV, so a lot of people stay at home to watch them, or go to the local pub, making their wagers at one of the twelve thousand betting shops around. I'd read somewhere that quite a few of the courses were in financial trouble, and I hoped that somebody—maybe an enterprising Member of Parliament—would devise a plan to help support them. It seemed to me that jump racing was a sort of



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museum piece, small-scale and rather pure in its intentions, and that it ought to be preserved, in one form or another, so that the slowed-down, country way of life it represented would continue to be available. The races made you feel good, win or lose, and that was reason enough to care about what happened to them.

As we drank our Guinness, I asked Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler if she'd read much of Thomas Hardy.

"Almost all of him, I should think," she said. "Did you know that Devon is part of Hardy's Wessex? Well, it is. I used to use 'Jude the Obscure' in some of my classes. That's such a sad book. Why is Hardy so sad, I wonder. Do you know the saddest thing in all of Hardy? It's when Tess and her brother have the accident with the mail cart. Her entire life changes after that. It gave me nightmares when I read it as a child. To think of a horse impaled on the shaft of a cart!"

We watched the sixth, and last, race of the afternoon down by the rail. The sound of the approaching horses was muted—a bass drum wrapped in cotton. Every now and then, we could hear a horse's hooves clipping the top of a hedge. Neither of us had the winner, so we didn't have to wait around to collect. We walked back to the train station through falling light that brought out the green in the grass and the gold in the leaves on the trees. We found an empty compartment and settled in. Around us, the silent men tramped to seats and unbuttoned their topcoats or raincoats and began reading the evening paper. Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler and I exchanged addresses. I promised to send her a copy of a Creeley book when I got back to California, and she promised to study it carefully. She said that she would not be offended if Creeley, like Ginsberg, used nasty words. Then we talked some more about Hardy, and about Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler's reluctant husband. When we reached Waterloo, we stepped down onto the platform and shook hands. Mrs. Wharton-Wheeler's grip was very firm.

—BILL BARICH

•

The third myth Bromley debunked was that cults have similar belief systems and objectives. Their theologies are very different, he said, and their organizational differences are tremendous. Some groups live communally, some quasi-communally and others not at all, he pointed out.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Love's Mazes

IN 1954, Edward J. Dent wrote:

> The only way to understand Handel's operas is the logical one: to begin with the librettos and read them word for word from beginning to end, and to do the same with the full scores, never allowing oneself to skip a note of the recitative, however "dry" it may appear to be. It is fatal to regard a Handel opera (or indeed any opera) as no more than a string of famous arias; it is a drama, inseparable from its action and stage setting.

A year later, the Handel Opera Society, formed under Dent's inspiration, staged its first production, of Handel's "Deidamia." "Hercules" followed in 1956, and "Alcina," with Joan Sutherland as its heroine, in 1957. For the last twenty-three years, the Society has generally put on two Handels a year at Sadler's Wells. (Last year's pair was "Partenope" and "Belshazzar.") In 1959, two other Handel opera series began: in the little Unicorn Theatre, in Abingdon, and at the Barber Institute, in Birmingham. (There it was that Janet Baker sang Irene in "Tamerlano," Ariodante, and Orlando.) Most of Handel's forty-odd operas have now been revived—some of them in several productions—in the country where he lived and worked. Most of the mistakes that can be made in their performance have long since been made. By trial and error, by blunder and bold adventure, answers were found to the "problems"—of dramaturgy, of voice type, of staging, of instrumentation—that they pose to modern performers and to modern audiences. But the lessons provided by two decades of steady performance remained largely unlearned by the big companies. I've not seen the English National's recent "Giulio Cesare" (which is to be re-created in San Francisco this year), but Covent Garden's "Alcina" and the English National's "Semele" were sorry examples of a refusal to take Handel's dramas seriously, and the New York City Opera's "Cesare" was a travesty.

The American Repertory Theatre, at the Loeb Drama Center, in Cambridge, is now presenting an "Orlando" conceived closely in accord with Dent's counsel. Except for repeats in the overture, this "Orlando" is done complete—all the arias, all the recitative. It is playing (to full houses) for a run of forty performances, which means that the singers, drawn on any night from a double-cast pool, can try new refinements, inflections, and musical variations; that the performance grows; and that Cambridge and Boston enthusiasts can visit it again and again, discovering both differences and new beauties in a score performed with detailed, dedicated commitment.

Dent declared roundly and rightly that "Orlando" has "a very good libretto" and that "the moral aspect of this opera is interesting." The titular hero is Christendom's doughty champion distracted from his mission and driven to madness by his unrequited love for Angelica, Queen of Cathay. She, who spurned the hands of half Europe's princes, has fallen in love with the African soldier boy Medoro. That much is familiar from Ariosto. Handel adds two more characters: the shepherdess Dorinda, deserted by Medoro when the highborn Angelica crossed his path and dazzled him; and the mage Zoroaster, part counsellor and part conjurer, who cares for Orlando and finally cures him of his infatuation. Like "Figaro" and "Così Fan Tutte," the piece explores the intricacies and responsibilities of love in music that makes manifest and vivid its pangs, its joys, and its ambiguities. Act I ends with a trio in which Angelica and Medoro, happy with one another, try to console Dorinda, and each strand of feeling is surely spun. Act II is a breathtaking sequence of beautiful, emotional arias culminating in Orlando's famous mad scene. Four years after "Orlando," Handel himself had a breakdown. His first biographer, John Mainwaring, remarked on the "violence of his passions" and continued:

> How greatly his senses were disordered at intervals, for a long time, appeared from an hundred instances, which are better forgotten than recorded. The most violent deviations from reason, are usually seen when the strongest faculties happen to be thrown out of course.

The mad scene of Handel's "Orlando" when violently and passionately enacted—as it was in Cambridge—is an incident to arouse pity and terror. And Orlando's sudden return to reason, effected in the opera by a philtre brought from starry regions by an eagle, adumbrates Handel's own restoration at Aix-la-Chapelle: "His cure, from . . . the quickness, with which it was wrought, passed with the Nuns for a miracle." In short, "Orlando" when

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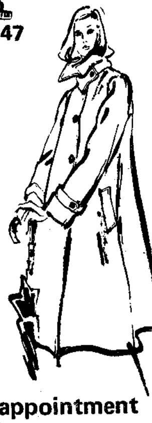

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properly performed seems real. The magic apparatus of its plot becomes a metaphor for human experience.

The Cambridge performance is given in modern dress and with contemporary imagery. The first stage direction in the original libretto is:

> Night. A Country with a Mountain in Prospect; *Atlas*, on the Summit of the Mountain, sustaining the Heavens on his Shoulders; Several Genij at the Foot of the Mountain; ZOROASTER leaning on a Stone, and contemplating the Motions of the Stars.

The Cambridge synopsis reads:

> The scene opens at Mission Control, Kennedy Space Center, Cape Canaveral. Zoroaster—scientist, magician, and Project Supervisor—is studying distant galaxies of the solar system.

He studies them, of course, on a screen, with winking lights below. Where Handel's scene changes to a glade with Dorinda's pastoral cot, Cambridge's shifts to a clearing in the Everglades where Dorinda has parked her Airstream camper. When Zoroaster, to shield Medoro from the jealous Orlando, causes "a large Fountain to rise out of the Earth and conceal him," a steel drinking fountain appears for Medoro to duck behind. At the close of Act II, Handel's Zoroaster dispatches Orlando in an aerial chariot; in Cambridge, a rocket lifts off. Act III's Temple of Mars becomes a Martian landscape.

In the telling, this may sound like adolescent ingenuity. In practice, the Cambridge collaborators have devised apt and effective imagery to replace the marvellous stage machines of the Baroque theatre. The sets are designed by the painter Elaine Spatz-Rabinowitz; the costumes are by Rita Ryack; the lighting is by James F. Ingalls; Peter Sellars is the director. Their stage pictures are beautiful. Image after image remains graved in the mind: Dorinda, in cutoff jeans, apostrophizing the nightingale as she stands in the warm glow from her camper door; Angelica, a Main Line heiress kitted in impeccable riding clothes, pinned to a silver panel by a shaft of cold blue light; Orlando, a romantic figure in his orange space suit, flexing his muscles as he recalls the feats of Alcides and of Peleus' son. The opera is not altered. The characters and their plights remain those Handel portrayed so keenly. Clumsily executed, or conceived in a spirit of prankishness, such a production would be intolerable. But this "Orlando" is brilliantly, gracefully, and precisely handled. (Entertainingly, too: the element of visual extravaganza is a necessary component of Handel's drama.) Mr. Sellars is twenty-four. His work seems to me the newest and most exciting I have encountered on the operatic stage since—well, since Giorgio Strehler's. His "Orlando" is more accurately inventive and more musical than were, say, Peter Brook's and Peter Hall's earliest essays in opera. His cast must sometimes be as active as those in Brook's "Midsummer Night's Dream," but whereas in that exhilarating show Shakespeare's poetry, ill spoken, took second place, in this one Handel's music, very well sung, is paramount. In the trio, the three singers move through intricate, mazy patterns that seem not a gloss on the music but a marvellous, living enactment of it. Mr. Sellars' control of the long phrase, of stillness, of sudden shifts of direction, of musical and emotional counterpoints struck me as near-miraculous. And his control of the stage-audience relationship (houselights were left on, as they were in Handel's day) was rare and wonderful.

A cast of expert young singers sang lightly, fluently, and truly. Jeffrey Gall, a countertenor, was a poignant and powerful Orlando. So was his alternate, Sanford Sylvan—a baritone, but one with a clear timbre that made the octave transposition less distressing than usual. Jane Bryden was a fine-drawn, patrician Angelica; her alternate, Janet Brown, was more vulnerable, and very sweet of voice. Mary Kendrick Sego and Pamela Gore were both admirable in portraying a good-natured, burly, winning Medoro. At both performances I saw, Sharon Baker was a quicksilver, captivating Dorinda, and James Maddalena a suave, spry Zoroaster. Handel—I cite Dent again—"made no concessions to the vanity of conductors; in that golden age of opera they did not exist." Craig Smith was such a conductor as singers and directors dream of working with. He set apt tempi, phrased eloquently, was responsive to each turn of the drama, and evidently welcomed each surprising, unrehearsed flight of fancy with which the singers embellished their lines.

Budget restrictions precluded the touches of recorders and horns that should occasionally color Handel's basic orchestra of oboes, bassoon, strings, and continuo. The opera is sung in Italian, but a bilingual libretto is available, for a dollar. "Orlando" continues through March. The performance discovers all Handel's richness, variety, wit, humanity, and genius.

Lorenzo Da Ponte in his memoirs cites Ariosto as one of his "first masters," and ideas from "Orlando Furioso" lie not far beneath his libretto for "Così Fan Tutte." The plot is a sophisticated development of the tale told in Ariosto's Canto 43, where woman's fidelity is put to the test. The prima donna borrows her name from Ariosto's heroic Fiordiligi, who followed her beloved to the wars. In an aria for Guglielmo (which Mozart later replaced with a shorter one), the baritone declares himself more helplessly infatuate than Orlando, more deeply smitten than Medoro. The libretto, written to be heard by and please educated people, is as rich in classical allusions as any that Handel set. Venus, Mars, and Vulcan—a triangle familiar to Mozart's Figaro—reappear. Penelope, Pallas, Jove, Mercury, Artemis, Charon, the Eumenides, the Phoenix, and the Hydra pass in procession. Fiordiligi when roused to highest indignation rounds on the importunate suitors with a line of Virgil, converting "*Velut . . . rupes immota resistit*" into "Come scoglio immoto resta."

"Così Fan Tutte" is an opera, like "Orlando," every word of whose libretto deserves attention. It would be sensible of the Met, which has just mounted a new production of the piece, to leave the houselights up, so that listeners could follow it. The show is sung in Italian. (The old Victorian translation, by the Reverend Marmaduke E. Browne, alters names but captures the tone in such lines as "Then, for strength, could Samson beat us? Or, for learning, Epictetus, Saint Augustine, or Servetus?") Literary skill is but one of the opera's varied merits. The White Queen trained herself to believe six impossible things before breakfast. To enjoy "Così" fully, the listener should learn to hear it in at least six possible, if incompatible, ways simultaneously. "Cosi" is an artificial, mannered comedy, with a plot providing what Alfred Einstein described as "the aesthetic satisfaction that we get from a chess problem well solved;" and it is a work proclaiming profound truths about human character and human behavior. The four lovers, Dent said, are "more like marionettes than human beings;" and they are also four recognizable, distinct, living, breathing people. The score is Mozart's loveliest and most extended

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divertimento—a radiant sequence of movements scored for six voices and orchestra, each movement employing different forces—and it is a developing music drama. It is precisely and delicately constructed and balanced; yet Act II contains a sequence of five arias that Hermann Abert could describe as "without peer in its monotony among Mozart's mature works." It is an improbable tale of fidelity and devotion destroyed in an instant by flightiness and frivolity; and it is a believable account of events that might really happen—reflecting, indeed, Mozart's real-life transference of his affections from one Weber sister to another. There is a parody element in the music—"Come scoglio" is a highly extravagant protestation—but Fiordiligi in that aria is patently sincere and means every word she sings. And what of Ferrando's mock wooing in the duet "Fra gli amplessi," and of Fiordiligi's heartfelt surrender? Do they speak in accents other than those of true love? One of the marvels of "Così" is that we need not answer that question but can welcome both the truth and force of the sentiments and the contrivance of the situation.

The "Così" performances I have enjoyed most have been those that took their starting point in individual characters and personalities carefully observed and fully portrayed; that left the ambiguities (and particularly Fiordiligi's feelings for the "absent" Guglielmo and the disguised Ferrando, and theirs for her) unresolved, as in real life such ambiguities often are; and that ended with the original couples reunited—shaken by their emotional adventures, wiser, a little more mature. Romantics have long argued that the mispairing in the central scenes reveals the true matches—that the emotional Fiordiligi and Ferrando are meant for one another, as are those realists Dorabella and Guglielmo. By this reckoning, Don Alfonso is either a perceptive character-reader whose wager is a brilliant stroke of psychological counsel or a cynic whose jest inadvertently does much good. The logical consequence is that the betrothal ceremony begun in spoof should go ahead in earnest. Alfonso's last words to the women are "I deceived you, but the deception undeceived your lovers, who will henceforth be wiser. . . . Join hands, take partners, kiss, and keep silent. All four of you now laugh, as I laughed and will laugh." And all four follow his advice, praising a life where laughter

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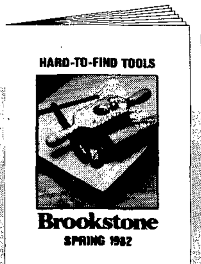

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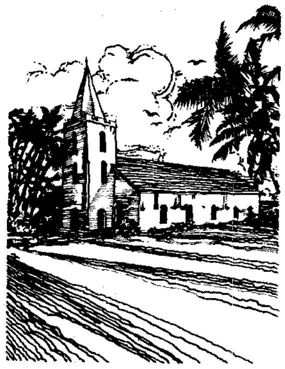

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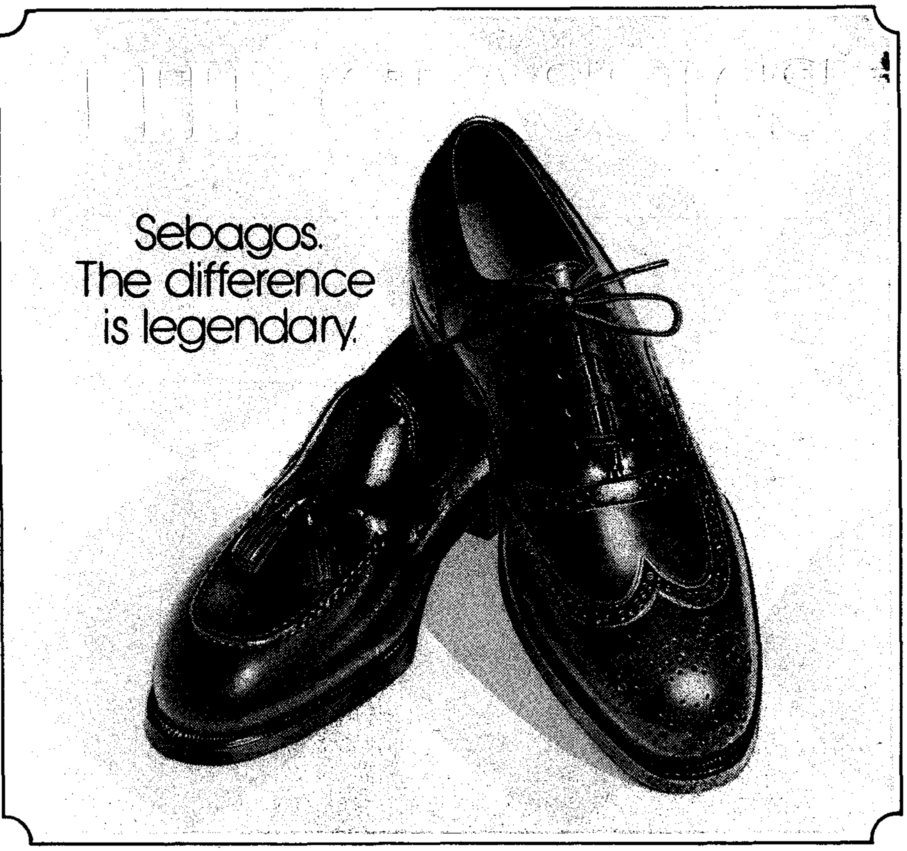
and reason can weather every storm. After "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," "Così" proclaims sentiments that Jane Austen and George Eliot would recognize. But who joins hands with whom? The historical answer, the libretto's answer, the only possible answer, is plain. At the same time, it is a measure of Mozart's insight into the human heart that the question can even have been asked.

The new Met production, which is directed by Colin Graham, answers the question wrongly. During the closing pages, Ferrando and Guglielmo, reconciled to their original loves, then catch one another's eyes, shrug, and coolly switch partners for the final exchanges. The women react hardly at all. The effect is casual and cynical, and it is unprepared for. The message seems to be "What does it matter who mates with whom?" Mozart's music has been telling us that such things matter very much. The coarse, frivolous comment would have done more harm had not the performance by that time ceased to claim much serious attention. The drama was enacted (at any rate, on the second night) by five melodious puppets and only one real character. She was Dorabella, in the person of Maria Ewing. And Miss Ewing was wonderful. No need to repeat the encomiums that her Dorabella at Glyndebourne, in 1978 (in Peter Hall's wonderfully fresh, truthful production), won. She was the same impulsive, spontaneous, ever-arresting young woman, quick to respond to every turn of events. So long as she was on the stage, then—provided one attended only to her—Mozart's drama was alive. Kiri Te Kanawa moved blandly through the role of Fiordiligi, making lovely sounds undisturbed by any emotion or any sharp consonants. ("Come scoglio immoro resa conra i veni" was what one heard.) Kathleen Battle's Despina was a sketch that needs filling out with more vivacious Italian. David Rendall's singing as Ferrando was fluent and well shaped; his characterization was stock. James Morris, oddly cast as Guglielmo, was often raucous and roaring. And even Donald Gramm, usually so polished, witty, and resourceful a performer, made next to nothing of Don Alfonso.

The opera was given uncut, as it rarely is. In itself, that is a virtue, but not if it was the reason that James Levine, conducting, rushed through so many numbers at breakneck speed. Recitatives were gabble-gabble and



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gobble-gobble, not witty discourse. The first three trios and the aria "Ah lo veggio" (which Mozart marked allegretto but Mr. Levine took at an allegro assai) were the most disconcertingly rapid. Mr. Levine's Mozart is often graceless, despite his evident affection for the music. With a stick, he beat out every beat of the score, emphatically, insistently. The effect was breathless, unlinear, not shaped to the words and their sense, and not taking life from—but, rather, inhibiting any eloquence in—the singers. Harmonic events that should be placed and dwelt on passed by unheeded. He used what sounded like too large, heavy, and bright an orchestra, sunk deep in a pit. He is an energetic and excited conductor, but in "Così" his gait was not that of a limber, Mozartian athlete—a Beecham, a Walter—ready to relax, responsive to each bewitching surprise along the way.

Hayden Griffin's scenery is an arrangement of moving screens and panels against a clear sky, with cutouts at the back—somewhat in the manner of Luciano Damiani's wonderful décor for Strehler's great "Entführung" at Salzburg but less distinguished and beautiful in execution. The lighting, by Gil Wechsler, is admirably bright and clear. The stage direction—until the final blunder—is neat and could be called inoffensive were it not an offense to treat a Mozart opera as if it were not the most important thing in the world. —ANDREW PORTER

•

THE SAVE THE HUMANS BENEFIT which was planned for January 30 has been cancelled.—*Newsletter of the First Unitarian Universalist Church of Paradise Valley, Arizona.*

It's a lost cause anyway.

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The analysis of the totals tells the tale of crime run rampant in the urban areas of New York. New York City is at the end of its wits in finding space to incarcerate dangerous lawmakers.—*Editorial in the Waterbury (Conn.) Republican.*

No jail is big enough.

•

"The lead character in "DQYNASTYQ PLAYEE zy waoh wsqtsythe is wtth hillit s—wyqou ia tq ameq hih waoe zut wzqlaue stu eeeq gtte—waq dq st a lastq ahe ytu eeeeeq sthethi lq that sou eeeq liqke lots of dollars. Carrington has that ring to it, like Worthington or Rockefeller."—*Albuquerque (N.M.) Tribune.*

Money isn't everything, though.

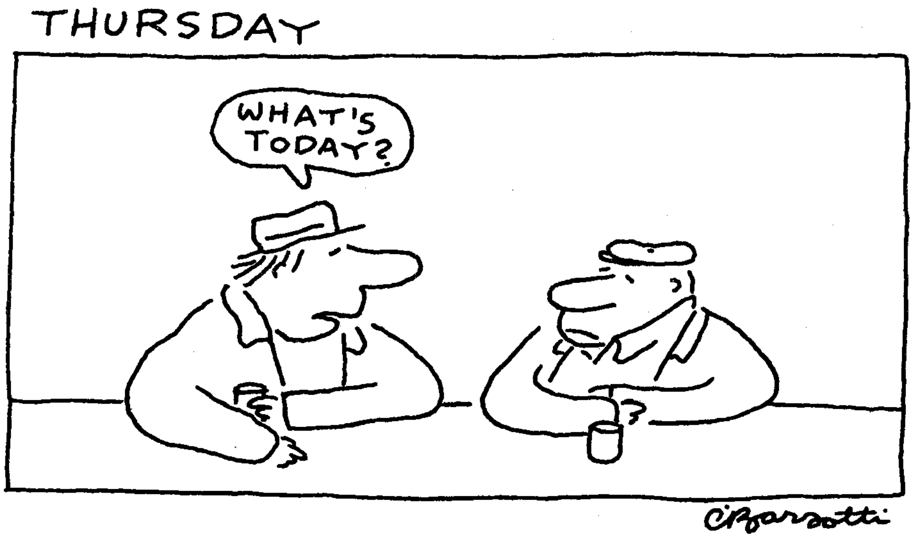
DANCING

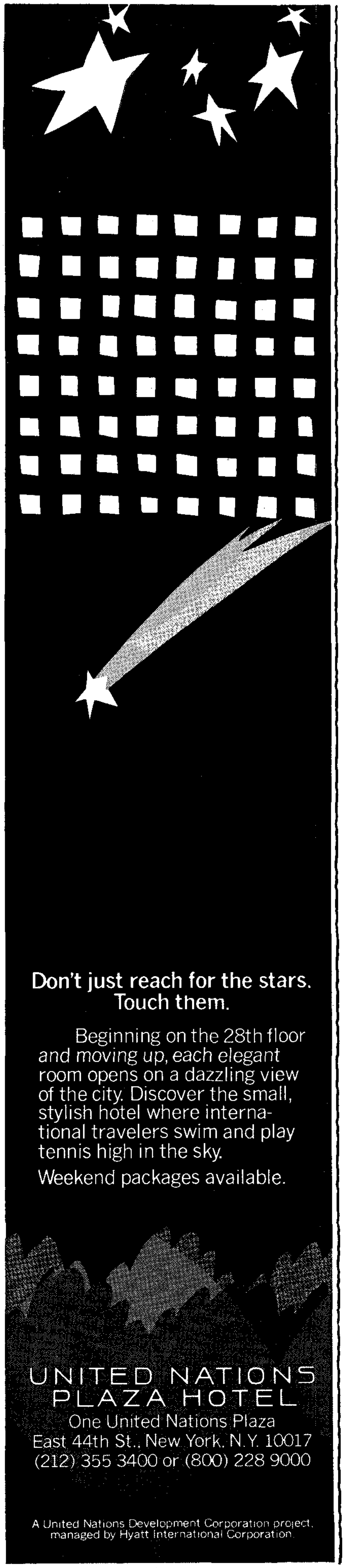
This Space and That Jazz and These Dancers

IT is a misfortune that George Gershwin, the master of American rhythm, did not write a ballet. When he died, he was planning his first full-scale composition for dancers, "The Swing Symphony," as part of the score of the movie "Goldwyn Follies;" his choreographer would have been George Balanchine. In 1970, Balanchine made a Gershwin ballet of sorts out of selections from the composer's 1932 songbook and called it "Who Cares?"—a title that, like the ballet itself, evokes the hedonism and throwaway elegance of the twenties, when American musical comedy was at its peak. "Who Cares?" commemorates Fred Astaire as well as Gershwin; it is made up of dance numbers that express in ballet scale and ballet impetus the tradition of American show dancing at its most imaginative. If Balanchine chose to work with Gershwin's songs rather than his concert pieces, it may have been because it was in the songs that Gershwin most intensely visualized his idea of dance. Gershwin had no conception of ballet or of modern dance, which was just then beginning to be known in this country. For "The Swing Symphony," he would presumably have worked with Balanchine the way Tchaikovsky worked with Petipa—filling out musical prescriptions at the behest of one who understood the developed language of dance. In the songs, though, Gershwin's knowledge of dance is complete, and it is the social dance—the Charleston, the fox-trot—of his era. Although dance rhythm is always present in his orchestral works and piano pieces, it is subordinate to another stream of visualization. Gershwin isn't seeing dances in his "Rhapsody in Blue" and "An American in Paris" or in his piano concerto. The fact that choreographers persistently attempt this music testifies to its power of kinetic suggestion, but the ballets invariably fail, because Gershwin's kinetic powers are focussed in unstageable visions. He eludes the net of dance, and sets traps for choreographers.

The Piano Concerto in F has provoked two recent ballets. One, by Billy Wilson for the Alvin Ailey company, is in a jazz-wrenched modern-dance idiom; the other is in the sleekly upholstered classicism of Jerome Robbins and New York City Ballet. The most interesting thing about both these ballets is that, in relation to the music, they have no life except when Gershwin refers to dancing, as he does glancingly throughout the first movement and again at the end of the third. His motif is the Charleston, and it goes as quickly as it comes, swallowed up in the throng of motifs by which he sought to depict his subject. Gershwin's original title for the Concerto in F was "New York Concerto," and he does seem to be presenting a city panorama—one far more detailed and grand than he would later present in "An American in Paris." Neither Wilson nor Robbins seems to have any inkling about New York or its meaning to Gershwin. (It was his home city, and, as the child of Russian-Jewish immigrants, making his way out of the ghetto, it was also his crucible.) What is more important, neither choreographer is able to contrive a substitute for Gershwin's construct—the panorama that he shows us in such concrete scenic and dramatic detail that if he had any visual accompaniment in mind it was surely the motion picture, in which images can be intercut with a comparable velocity. (The concerto was written in 1925, the year not only of the Charleston but of "Potemkin.") In the Wilson piece, the dancers are scattered like dry leaves by the force of the music. Although Robbins manages to contain a lot of this force, he's irresolute about what he's containing it for. He doesn't seem to want to impose his own construct on the music so much as to keep it from imposing itself on him. The parading chorus of women behind the lovers' pas de deux in the slow movement imparts a sense of continuity, and its mood of drifting ennui is not inappropriate to the music. But Robbins doesn't tell us who these women are. It's not enough for them to be impersonal observers—strangers in the city—especially when they settle down during the principals' most intimate passages and simply stare. Earlier, in the first movement, women and men had crossed the stage in blocklike masses against the soloist's line of direction, and we could see for a moment the drama of the individual and the crowd; and the surge of that opposition, repeating itself to the heartbeat of the music, began to be thrilling. There are not many moments like this. Robbins calls his ballet "The Gershwin Concerto," but it's not really about the music. It's not an independent choreographic statement, either. It's like most Robbins ballets—its only subject is New York City Ballet.

Robbins has always loved to make pieces about dancers. Beginning with "Dances at a Gathering" and continuing with "Goldberg Variations" and most of the works that followed it (not omitting the sleeper of the Ravel Festival, "Ma Mère l'Oye"), his portraits of dancers have become less generic, more personal. One can really believe of some of his latter-day pieces the statement he made about the personae of "Dances at a Gathering"—that "the dancers are themselves dancing with each other to that music in that space." Coming from almost any other choreographer, this might be taken as a declaration of artistic integrity: the dance is complete in itself and has no need of motivation from the standpoint of characterization or subject matter. Coming from Robbins, it means the opposite—not a disavowal of pro-

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grammatic content but an affirmation of it. Robbins no doubt believes in the ideal of pure expression; working for the same company as Balanchine, he could not help believing it. But what may be for Balanchine a working hypothesis enabling him to dispense with extraneous references is for Robbins an automatic presumption that *all* references are extraneous—that when, as in "The Gershwin Concerto," we see Maria Calegari and Darci Kistler dancing with Christopher d'Amboise and Mel Tomlinson we are seeing these dancers in their actual roles as members of New York City Ballet, and nothing else. By these lights, the meanings in a dance are not only internal but nontranscendent; they change when the casting changes. And Robbins is in fact ingenious at exercising the talents of various N.Y.C.B. dancers without giving them roles in which they may transcend their circumstances and take their place in the world—the world, I mean, of art and the imagination. For Robbins, the making of a Gershwin ballet means that certain dancers are seen in circumstances set by Gershwin; they're creatures of the Jazz Age, yes, but this is only a ploy—we're not interested in any of that. The Art Deco attitudes of the female corps keep dissolving; "the past" keeps circling back to the present. When the women stand or sit around watching the principals, they aren't setting Gershwin's scene, they're a ballet company watching onstage instead of from the wings. You almost feel that for them to carry Gershwinesque scene-painting beyond a suggestive daub here and there would be a violation of their rights. The Dance comes first.

I think Robbins is involved in a profound confusion of ends and means, but he's been at it so long that he's succeeded in establishing his constricted world view as a basic reality of ballet life. A Robbins ballet is some other place for the dancers to be besides the world of Balanchine, yet what is a Robbins ballet but a view of the world of Balanchine—or, rather, of the company he has created? "The Gershwin Concerto" does not omit a quotation from "Who Cares?"—of course not, since Gershwin already belongs to this company. I find implausible the habits of the Robbins devotees who don't attend regular performances of New York City Ballet. What do they think he's talking about? But the N.Y.C.B. devotee who isn't interested in Robbins premières puzzles me, too. A new Robbins is, if it is nothing else, a slice of the company's life. One can try and match Robbins' impressions of the dancers against one's own, or—more amusingly—against Balanchine's. And Robbins in repertory provides good muscle-flexing opportunities for aspiring dancers. "Goldberg Variations," with its profusion of soloist roles, has become, through wholesale annual or semiannual recasting, a grid for screening aspirants. Robbins will often pinpoint a dancer's quality before Balanchine does; it was he who "spotted" Kyra Nichols, Daniel Duell, Bart Cook, Robert Weiss. In "The Gershwin Concerto," I think he overestimates Christopher d'Amboise's abilities almost as much as he underrates Mel Tomlinson's. (The former Dance Theatre of Harlem soloist has been given a jiving and strutting role verging on caricature.) The two ballerinas, who are sharply differentiated at the outset, soon become interchangeable. To be sure, Kistler and Calegari are sisters under the N.Y.C.B. skin, but, having stated Kistlerian and Calegaresque themes in his choreography and related them to different themes in the music (red-hot and blue), Robbins apparently feels free not only to intermingle his themes in the second movement but to lose them completely in the third. The two feminine leads, which are the crux of the ballet, wind up as blank as the Merle Park-Jennifer Penney leads in Kenneth MacMillan's "Fin du Jour." Right at the end, Robbins has the two women change partners; the effect is all but unnoticeable. Is his meaning that they have in some sense become each other? Perhaps the rest of the company knows the answer.

Robbins' infatuation with dancers has always been a great strength. But it used to have a poetic dimension. Think of "Afternoon of a Faun." And, in spite of what he says about it, "Dances at a Gathering" embraces a broader reality than the literal one of dancers dancing. To put it another way, it is possible while watching that ballet and listening to the Chopin music to think of Poland. And the ballet is enhanced, not diminished, by the thought. Robbins, though, seems bent on legendizing dancers in a vacuum. Maybe he agrees with the people out front who adore New York City Ballet as a race of gods. When he sets a role on Dancer

X, he almost always gives that audience lots of what it loves about X. But the real revelations about dancers are left to Balanchine. One feels that Robbins is satisfied with this arrangement—that, indeed, he would hear of no other. He seems to enjoy being inside and outside the company at once, being both an observer of New York City Ballet and a shaper of its image. The enjoyment shows in the smooth, untroubled progress of his ballets, in their watchability, in their audience psychology. Robbins doesn't fail; he has hits. The fact that his work is increasingly centered in a mystique does it no harm at the box office. The general public takes Robbins as Robbins; the ballet public takes him as Balanchine's coadjutor as well. And Robbins appears to take himself as Balanchine's foremost disciple. But it's not Balanchine's creative method that Robbins has adopted—it's his creative product.

In "Mozartiana," Balanchine last year created four variations for Suzanne Farrell which were a redefinition of Farrell, and this year, by putting Peter Martins opposite her in the leading male role, he re-created the pas de deux. He also inserted a program note in the form of a letter from a young Russian émigré, the musicologist Solomon Volkov. It is unlike Balanchine to use a fan letter to plug one of his ballets, and, in any case, Volkov's letter is not remarkably elucidating. I was perplexed until I noticed a key word. "The dance," Volkov writes, "draws the music into a complex counterpoint; 'Mozartiana' blossoms." The word is "counterpoint." It is the underlying principle of the climactic Theme and Variations section of the ballet, which the ballerina shares with her partner. In the pas de deux, the continuous line of the dance is made out of two bodies moving in counterpoint, and this continuous line moves, as Volkov observed, in counterpoint to the music. Farrell and Martins made the whole thing seem like a conversation in which a subject is discussed without ever being mentioned and no sentence is finished; the line of contact was respun, ever more fine, at each performance. One Saturday matinée, particularly, when Robert Irving was conducting, it was like seeing the drama of dancing with every nerve exposed. Martins, in dancing a part originally made for Ib Andersen, had to fit himself into tight allegro patterns, and he did it without seeming to have a moment's discomfort or distort-

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ing his royal *profundo* intonation. Farrell performed a similar miracle of accommodation when she took over the Kay Mazzo role in "Duo Concertant" and the Violette Verdy role in "La Source," both opposite Martins. The two great dancers are very great together—incomparable in measured adagio phrases, amazing in allegro. Martins, who seems to have renewed his commitment to performing, is continually bringing off roles that might belong to an Ib Andersen or a Helgi Tomasson. Balanchine first noticed this additional capacity of Martins when he cast him in "Duo Concertant," ten years ago, and being in that ballet this season appears to have rejuvenated Farrell. Her whole presence seems refreshed. "Duo" closes with a spotlit vignette about the Poet losing and regaining his Muse. As performed by Farrell and Martins, it is a lovely pendant to "Chaconne," in which they are glimpsed as Orpheus and Eurydice.

The company gave thoughtful productions of two new works. Besides "The Gershwin Concerto," which has a geometric Art Deco backdrop in blue by Santo Loquasto, Martins' revival of "The Magic Flute" has been fitted out with scenery and costumes in the style of eighteenth-century French pastoral prints. The tints are vegetable—pleasantly so in David Mitchell's scenery, excessively so in Ben Benson's costumes. I wrote about "The Magic Flute" (no connection to Mozart's opera) when it was first done by the School of American Ballet last spring. In addition to décor, it has acquired an orchestration, by Robert Irving, that does honor to the composer, Riccardo Drigo; also, there are some new dances, in which the tinies of the school participate. The ballet is for children and very young or plausibly young adults. Martins cast Andersen and Tomasson as the adolescent hero but a last-minute crisis compelled him to dance the part himself at the opening performance. Actually, the only thing wrong with that was that he was too busy looking out for everyone else to concentrate. This is his best ballet. It is theatrically uninhibited and emotionally sincere, and the company is rising to it. Darci Kistler dances the heroine with that unsettling precocity which has marked all her performances up to now. Her mime is on the same level, and mime is not in the N.Y.C.B. line; here she really does have a Merle Park-Jennifer Penney type of role. In the alter-

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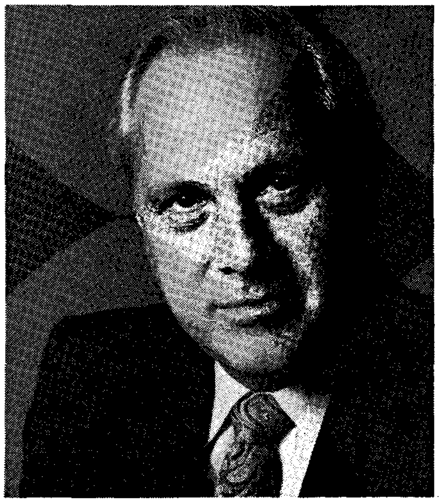

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nate cast, Katrina Killian, guided by the experienced Tomasson, repeats and improves on her exuberant school performance. The character mimes are not bad, but the student cast was funnier. Only Florence Fitzgerald, as the mother, is getting the most out of her role at the moment. Ulrik Trojaborg, though, has been handed the role of Oberon and triumphs by getting the *least* out of it. (In the school production, Oberon was a girl.)

POLAND. I went out to C. W. Post Center, on Long Island, to see whether Mazowsze, the Polish folk-dance troupe, would actually appear in a subscription series for which it had been booked last fall, and, if so, whether I would recognize it as the company that used to tour the United States in the sixties and seventies with rather more fanfare. (There hadn't even been an ad in the *Times* for the Long Island date.) The company appeared, unmistakably Mazowsze. The bright young faces were glowing, the costumes—twenty-five complete changes, including shoes, for as many numbers—were knockouts, and the dancing, too, was as I remembered: high-spirited, elegant, occasionally exciting, but not consistently what one might have hoped for from Poles. Still, it was a vibrant show, with singing in English as well as in Polish, and with ample opportunity for a friendly audience to demonstrate solidarity. The audience, which was a large one, was no friendlier than it would have been to the Ice Capades. Some people down front, evidently Poles, raised one cheer at some passing patriotic sentiment, and that was it. No response—not even when a song was introduced, in English, as one that was sung "in a time of foreign domination." At the end, after a fairish amount of applause, the audience hurried off to its cars in the freezing dark, and the company, I guess, began packing for the rest of its twelve-week tour. I don't know what kind of reception the dancers have had elsewhere. But the silence on Long Island could only have been a comfort to the government that sent them.

—ARLENE CROCE

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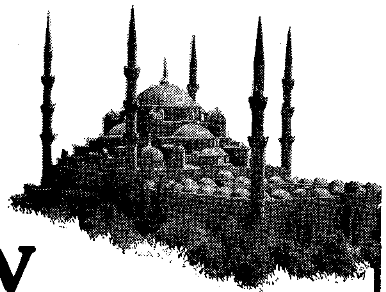

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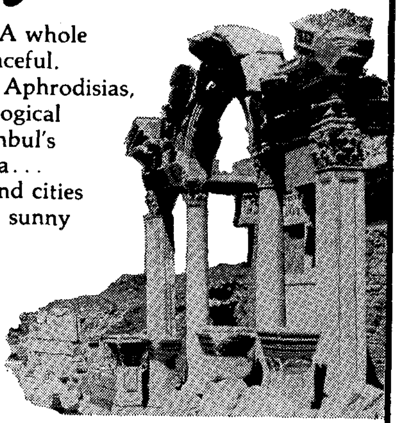

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AROUND CITY HALL

MAYBE

IN his State of the State address last month, Governor Hugh Carey quoted from the last State of the State address that Franklin Delano Roosevelt gave as Governor of New York, which referred to a domestic crisis that called for "unity of leadership and action as complete as if we were engaged in war." Carey went on to say, "Nineteen-thirty-two was a winter of national discontent, a time when the poor felt abandoned and the working people betrayed, a time when the old certainties cracked under the weight of new and brutal realities, and a time when the people long famous for their optimism came to dread the future. It was a winter much like this one." Carey's speech was among the many events that honored the centennial of Roosevelt's birth by recalling, for those too young to remember, the desperation of many American lives before the New Deal. As it happened, Roosevelt's hundredth birthday, on January 30th, came the same week as President Reagan's January 26th announcement of his New Federalism policy, in which he proposed turning back to the states many of the responsibilities that the Roosevelt Administration, often relying on a newly broad interpretation of the general-welfare clause of the Constitution, had taken over, because the states were unable or unwilling to fulfill them. (Two days after the New Federalism speech, a Herblock cartoon showed the President crossing out the phrase to "promote the general welfare," from the preamble to the Constitution.) Although it was a nationwide celebration that honored Roosevelt last month, Governor Carey pointed out that it was especially appropriate for him to quote F.D.R.'s words, since they had been uttered on the very spot where Carey then stood, in the State Assembly chamber, in Albany, and exactly fifty years earlier, on January 6, 1932.

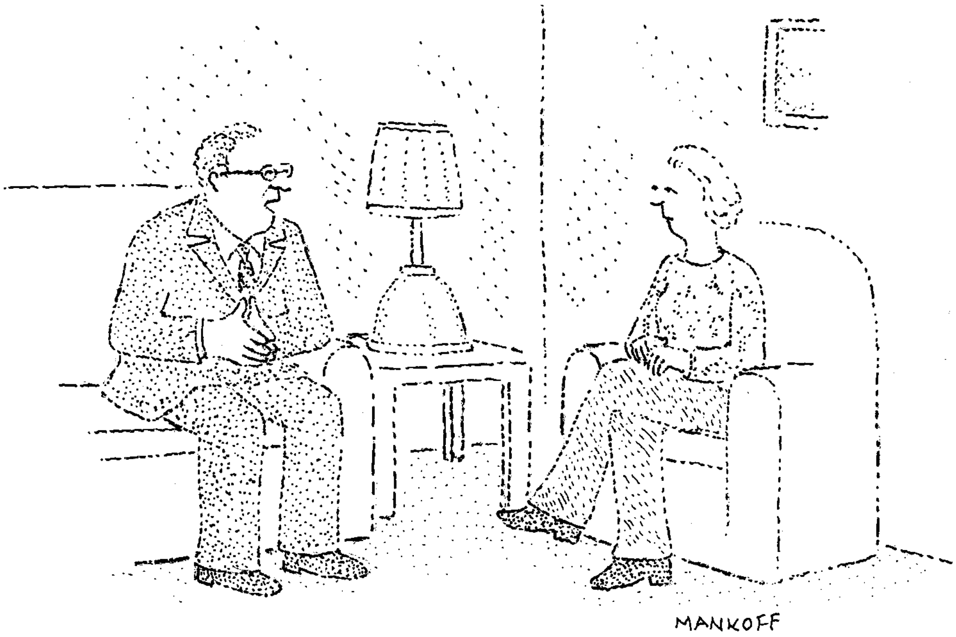
Nine days after Carey delivered his speech, he declared, in an announcement described in many press accounts as "stunning," that the January 6th speech would be his own last State of the State Message. Referring to hard legislative battles ahead, he said that he was determined in his final year to cap his two terms in office by achieving "a program that sets a certain, safe course for the state's future," and added, "I cannot fulfill this commitment and at the same time immerse myself in the day-to-day details of the campaign trail." Ten days after the New York political world was shaken by the Governor's decision, it was shaken again, by the news that Mayor Edward Koch was considering making a race for the governorship. Koch was reminded of how frequently he had said that he had no intention of running for any office other than Mayor ("About a thousand times," he agreed cheerfully) and of how he had told a roomful of reporters only a few weeks earlier that he had no interest whatever in going to Washington or Albany. Saying that Albany "has only one good restaurant," he had called having to live there "a fate worse than death." After he declared his interest in the governorship, on January 25th, he said, "Everybody has to die sometime."

A few weeks ago, when New Yorkers contemplated not the events of half a century ago but those of the year just past and the one ahead—the appropriate turn-of-the-year maneuver for the month named after the mythical Roman deity with two faces, looking in opposite directions—the City Hall agenda for 1982 promised to be relatively orderly and down-to-business. Mayor Koch had just been elected to a second term. Ordinarily, an officeholder in his second term must give his attention to the processes of government—even an officeholder who, like Koch, takes special delight in the street-theatre and other colorful aspects of politics. A second-term politician can no longer get away with blaming his predecessor for nearly everything that goes wrong: he is the predecessor. And since Koch had just made history by becoming the first New York Mayor to be elected on both the Democratic and the Republican lines, it would be hard for him to exercise the traditional option of blaming the other major party for everything. When, to the dismay of some of his fellow-Democrats, he sought and won the Republican nomination, he had argued that this alliance would make it easier for him to get needed help for the city from Republican leaders here (where in fact they don't count for much, Republicans being only about one-sixth of the registered voters) as well as from those in Albany and Washington, where Republicans are more plentiful.

In 1982, the city needs a lot more help than it needed last year, when the Koch administration believed that it was safe to assure the citizenry that New York's financial troubles were substantially over. Even though New York has not yet begun to feel the full brunt of the federal cuts imposed in the name of supply-side economics (which Carey calls "deny-side economics"), its tentative budget for the coming year, as it was revealed by Koch last month—on the same day that Carey announced his withdrawal from the Governor's race—projected a deficit of eight hundred and fifty-four million dollars. And in the next fiscal year there is, of course, no hope of the extra largesse from Washington that in past years often appeared in time to fill wide budget gaps. A *Times* poll in December showed that New Yorkers considered crime the city's greatest problem, and that eighty-four per cent of them thought it was worse than it had been four years earlier. In 1981, there were eighteen hundred and thirty-three murders in the city. Yet, according to the provisions of Koch's new austerity budget, the number of police officers will have decreased by about four per cent from their strength at the end of this fiscal year. As the year began, the prospect seemed to be that those who planned to follow the Mayor's words and actions closely in his second term were in for some sobering times, in which the City Hall entertainment quotient would be far lower than the one they had got used to. This impression lasted until three and a half weeks into the new year, when Koch announced his possible candidacy for Governor.

No doubt to the regret of those—party poopers, perhaps—who view politics as a distraction from government, New Yorkers face a 1982 election for Governor right on the heels of the mayoral election. It had been widely believed that Carey would be a candidate for a third term, despite complaints of his often erratic behavior and despite the various controversies resulting from his marriage last April to the former Evangeline Gouletas. One reason the Mayor gave for his change of heart about going to Albany was the withdrawal of Carey, whom, he explained, "I had fully expected to support." This was not most listeners' interpretation of a line that Koch had added to the prepared text of his inaugural address during the New Year's Day ceremony at which he was sworn in for a second term. Most of the speech was given over to the strident boosterism that has become the style here since New York's brush with bankruptcy in the nineteen-seventies. It used to be said that visitors to New York could safely tell a New Yorker all that was wrong with the city in tones that would have caused a resident of, say, Kalamazoo to arrange for the tourists' involuntary departure on the next bus—and that some New Yorkers, carrying this municipal arrogance even further, would remind abusive visitors of local atrocities they had left off their lists. Despite strenuous lobbying, when the city's petition for federal loans to keep it from going under financially went before Congress in 1975 it was by a margin of only ten votes that the four-hundred-and-thirty-five-member House of Representatives agreed to come to the rescue of a town whose own citizens seemed to hold it in such low regard. Since that perilous time, civic chauvinism, to the strident background music of "New York, New York" (where those little-town blues keep melting away), has often verged on the shameless. In his 1978 inaugural address, Koch called New York "a stroke of genius." This year, he described it as "a miracle."

The Mayor did find time in his speech to denounce the effect here of the federal budget cuts, but he did so without mentioning the name Reagan. During much of last year, wearing, it seemed, his Republican hat, Koch had endorsed the White House theory that the people had given the President a mandate to put into practice his economic theories. In recent months—and especially since the mayoral elections—he has sharply attacked the Administration programs, but not the President, whom, he has said, "I happen to like," and who, he explains, just doesn't understand the damage that his programs cause. In his inaugural remarks, Koch was also critical of the degree of general welfare provided to the city by the government in Albany, and he laid out exactly what it should do to win a better mark from the Koch City Hall. In New York State, half of the cost of Medicaid is funded by Washington and a quarter each by the state and local governments. Last year, the most important item of Carey's legislative program was a bill that would have provided for state assumption of the local governments' share of Medicaid, phased in over seven years. The legislation passed the Democratic-controlled State Assembly but was blocked in the Republican-controlled State Senate—an outcome for which Koch publicly blamed not the Republicans but Carey. ("The Governor . . . caved.") On January 1st, in words that were assumed to be directed at Carey, the Mayor said, "As we begin the gubernatorial election of 1982, I want to make clear that I will only support a candidate for Governor who makes a hard fight for a state takeover of Medicaid. And it is not rhetoric but results—results before the primary that will count with me." Then, leaning over the lectern, Koch added to his script the line "And if you think I'm kidding ask President Carter." He was referring to the steady attacks he had directed during much of 1980 at his fellow-Democrat Jimmy Carter (whom he had endorsed), to punish the President for what the Mayor judged to be insufficient attention to the city's needs—attacks that, it was evident from Koch's inaugural speech, he believed had played an important part in depriving Carter of this state's electoral votes and had thus helped bring in the current Administration, whose treatment of the city the Mayor now bitterly complains of. Two weeks after Koch was sworn in, he learned that although he might hold the threat of non-endorsement over the heads of other gubernatorial candidates, Carey had taken himself out from under.



"Maybe they're not the only factor, but I believe the Soviets are an important factor in the destabilization of our marriage."

• •

THE timing of the Governor's withdrawal from the race puzzled some political observers almost as much as the decision itself. Thomas E. Dewey, the last New York Governor to declare during an election year that he was not a candidate for another term, waited until early September to do so. One of Carey's political friends commented admiringly, "The old fox pulled off the timetable on his own," and added that it was typical of Carey, an Irish Catholic who has taken strong stands against the death penalty and in favor of Medicaid payments for abortion, to do precisely what most politicians would term political suicide. The word "stunning" in news accounts of the announcement was often followed a few beats later by the term "lame duck." Among those who considered the January 15th timing of the Governor's decision particularly unfortunate was the *News* political editor, Sam Roberts. In the January

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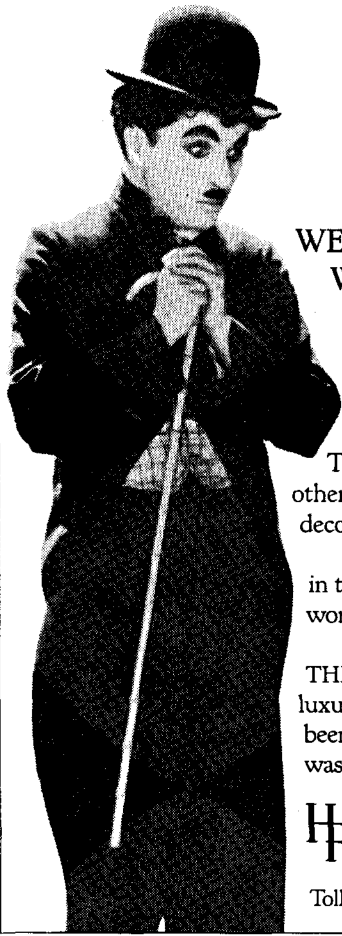
17th issue of his paper's Sunday magazine, which had gone to press some weeks earlier, Roberts had a long article advertised on the magazine's cover, with the headline "CAN CAREY COME BACK?" Roberts' conclusion was that Carey could indeed be reëlected, in spite of his controversial marriage and his personality problems. (David Garth, who had been the media adviser in Carey's two campaigns for Governor, commented this month that Carey "may have the best mind I've ever seen in government—and the most difficult personality.")

The Governor's abysmal showing in recent polls was not considered decisive: polls had shown him facing sure defeat months before the 1974 and 1978 elections, both of which he had taken handily. The consensus of the political pros whom Roberts had consulted was that Carey could win by stressing his record, which, on the whole, was a good one: he was advised to refer frequently to his two-and-a-half-billion-dollar tax cut; to the state's financial stability, compared with that of many other states; and, especially, to his performance in the city's financial crisis, during which he presided over the coalition of local leaders of finance, labor, and various levels of government which pulled the city through. (When Carey was asked, after his withdrawal announcement, to comment on the view that his first term had been more impressive than his second, he asked, "What am I supposed to do—save New York City twice?") In discussions of a third Carey race, it was understood that he had better have Garth on his team. The hazard of a bid for another term, Roberts concluded, was that after Carey's eight often stormy years in Albany the voters' response might be the one summed up by the slogan that Garth used a few years ago in helping out the campaign of a candidate who successfully challenged the incumbent President of Venezuela: "*Basta ya!*"—or "Enough, already!" On January 15th, it was Carey who said, "*Basta ya!*"

The day of the Governor's announcement was also the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr. The Mayor proclaimed Martin Luther King, Jr., Day in a ceremony in City Hall's Blue Room that was attended by a small group of invited black leaders, all of whom—unlike many prominent figures in the black community—had endorsed Koch in last year's mayoral election. A black leader who was not invited, but who came anyway, was the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, a longtime Koch adversary from Brooklyn, who every few weeks leads a crowd of demonstrators across the nearby Brooklyn Bridge to denounce the Mayor in front of City Hall, which he calls "the citadel of racism." What brought Daughtry over the bridge this time was not only the King birthday but the new city budget, made public that morning, which he believed discriminated against the poor. "Stop the War/On the Poor/All Fired Up/Can't Take No More," some sixty demonstrators chanted on the City Hall steps. Daughtry explained to the audience, which included two dozen policemen, "Were Dr. King alive today, he would be marching on City Hall." Koch had implied in his inaugural speech that even if there were to be no help from any other level of government New York would make out, because it was "a city of winners." From the looks of the proposed budget, however, this feat would not be accomplished with any ease. Even with shorter rations from Washington, the operating budget, of fifteen billion seven hundred million dollars, was balanced with over two billion dollars in federal money and over three billion dollars from the state. Having lost his bid last year for a total state Medicaid takeover, Carey, in his January 6th message, had proposed reducing the local governments' share from twenty-five per cent to ten per cent over five years. According to state calculations, the earlier plan would have given the city a hundred and forty-five million dollars in the next fiscal year, while the new plan would provide it with sixty-seven million. Koch commented that the city would have to decide which to include in its new budget. Although the earlier plan did not make it through the Legislature, the city hopefully put the state down for the larger figure. According to the President's January 26th proposal for the Great Swap (which Koch has called a "scam"), the federal government, a couple of years from now, would take over Medicaid (after, as the President did not mention, reducing it considerably in size). This prospect could give Albany legislators who don't favor any Medicaid takeover (partly because it would benefit New York City more than any other place) an excuse to put everything off to see what Washington would do.

CAREY's announcement had set off a scramble for funds and endorsements among seven or eight would-be Carey opponents in the Democratic primary who had been holding back, calculating the advantages of incumbency and wary of the famous Carey political resilience. They included a number of officeholders, nearly all downstaters, such as the State Attorney General, the Speaker of the Assembly, the Minority Leader of the State Senate, the Lieutenant Governor, and the President of New York's City Council. None of them, it appeared, had taken to heart Carey's statement that he couldn't do justice to his official responsibilities and also immerse himself in the day-to-day details of campaigning—but, for that matter, neither had Carey during his race for a second term as Governor or his six races for Congress as an incumbent. Generally considered to be furthest ahead in their preparations to announce themselves as candidates were Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo and City Council President Carol Bellamy. Seven or eight Republicans had already announced themselves, formally or informally, for their party's nomination for Governor. Most of them were from upstate, the home of most New York Republicans—and, indeed, of most New York voters. In the last statewide election, only about a third of the votes came from the city. The Republicans insisted that the Carey withdrawal made not a particle of difference to them. However, most of them had been busily constructing their campaigns around Carey's alleged deficiencies, and after the Governor's announcement many of them went about looking as if much of the fun had gone out of things. Soon afterward, it was the Mayor who was having all the fun.

From the time the Mayor let it be known that he might run for Governor, it was certain that, however the venture ended, the details of how it came about would survive here in pop political folklore. Late on the day after the startling news came from Carey, Koch was scheduled to leave for an eight-day vacation in Spain, accompanied by several friends, including David Garth, who had been the media adviser in both his mayoral races. The afternoon before he left, he spent some time on the phone with his good friend Rupert Murdoch, the Australian pub-



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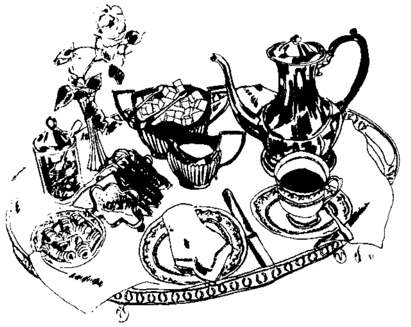

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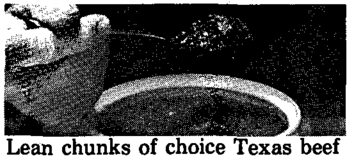

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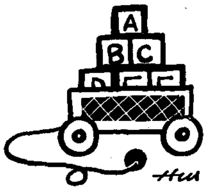
lisher of the tabloid New York *Post*, whose circulation—four hundred and ninety thousand when Murdoch bought it, in 1976—has soared to over nine hundred thousand as a result of his often outrageous editorial showmanship. Koch and his party were scheduled to return to Kennedy Airport on the evening of January 25th. That morning, the headline “ED KOCH FOR GOVERNOR” appeared in red letters across the top of the front page of the *Post*. Inside, an editorial describing the Mayor's record in glowing terms and urging that he be drafted to go to Albany took up all the editorial space. “Koch is reluctant to put his name forward,” it explained along the way. To help dispel his diffidence, the *Post* offered a coupon that those supporting the draft could sign and mail to “Governor Koch” at a special post-office box. There was no provision for voting no. A copy of the day's *Post* was thrust into Koch's hand when he got through customs that evening. Ordinarily, three or four reporters might have gone out to meet the Mayor. Because of the splash in the *Post*, about twenty made the trip. Asked if he was considering running for Governor, he said, “Maybe.” When he was reminded that he usually gave more direct answers to questions, the Mayor said, “You're looking at a new Ed Koch—modest and humble,” a line that got a good laugh. However, when the story was phoned in by David Medina, the *News* reporter on hand, it was misunderstood by the rewrite desk, and the next day Koch was quoted in the *News* as saying, “You're looking at a new Ed Koch—honest and humble.” The Mayor asked for and received a corrective story. Reporters at the airport had naturally reminded him of his comment that living in Albany would be a fate worse than death. One of them also brought up the fact that in December of 1980, beside the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, the most holy place of his religion, he had sworn, in the presence of some members of the press, that he would never run for an office other than Mayor of New York. “That pledge was between God and me—not between you and me,” Koch told the reporter. When, at a press conference on his first day back at City Hall, he was asked what he thought his chances of election were, the newly modest and humble Mayor said that for him to answer that question would be “chutzpahdik”—a word that he would probably not be using in most upstate communities if he were to become a statewide candidate. Asked how long it would be before he announced his decision about the race, he said, “Thirty days. I don't think I can string this out much longer than that.” If he were to be elected Governor, he would again be making modern political history. The only man who served as Mayor and then made it to the State House was De Witt Clinton, who was first elected in 1817.



It was also on January 26th, Koch's first day back at City Hall, that a ceremony was held in the City Council chamber in honor of the F.D.R. centennial. Koch proudly noted that it was the first such ceremony, one that was followed in the next few days by a cavalcade of commemorative dinners, reunions, museum exhibits, and print and television reports celebrating the leadership, vision, and—a quality that was always pointedly mentioned—compassion of the thirty-second President. Although Reagan himself was typically gracious at the White House luncheon honoring F.D.R., one could imagine some members of the White House staff shouting “*Basta ya!*” For the City Hall event, Koch's staff had dug up an account of a Roosevelt trip to the city in October of 1936, when the President and Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia jointly presided over the groundbreaking for the Queens Midtown Tunnel. In what some thought were unusually meaningful tones, Koch quoted an excerpt from the President's speech which highly praised the Mayor and the coöperative spirit between the two men. The two hundred guests in the City Council chamber included about twenty members of the Roosevelt family and the widow of LaGuardia, a political figure for whom 1982 is also a centennial year. All but three of the hundred and nine members of the F.D.R. centennial commission that was appointed by Carey had been invited, the exceptions being Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the commission chairman; Richard Wade, professor of history at the City University; and Koch's former Deputy Mayor Herman Badillo. All three had supported Koch opponents in last year's mayoral race. The actress Lauren Bacall introduced the various speakers. There was an embarrassing moment when she seemed to be unable to remember the Mayor's last name.

The speaker representing the Roosevelt family was Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., who said of the Mayor, "New Yorkers clearly like you, even though a certain newspaper wants to move you upstairs." Roosevelt had declined an invitation to attend Reagan's luncheon honoring his father the next day, saying, "The President did not appoint a centennial commission, yet suddenly he invites the entire family to the White House." The major reason he did not attend the White House affair, Roosevelt explained, was his distress over Reagan's "undoing" of so many of his father's programs. It was reported that for the New Federalism message, delivered that evening by Reagan, who up to then had quoted F.D.R. in virtually every address he made as President, the word to his speechwriters had been to look for Churchill quotations instead.

At the Roosevelt ceremony at City Hall, makeshift "Koch for Governor" buttons were already in evidence. One button, worn by Staten Island Borough President Anthony Gaeta, showed a picture of Koch under the label "America's Hope." The barely begun campaigns of other Democratic candidates for Governor had abruptly been "put on hold"—as press accounts constantly described it—until the principals could figure out whether Koch was serious and, if he was, what they would do then. Referring to this in-limbo crew, the Mayor had said to reporters that morning, "Will I be calling them? No. Will they be calling me? Yes." In a special quandary was Carol Bellamy: if Koch were to make a successful race for Governor, as City Council President she would automatically succeed him as Mayor. But if he were elected Governor and she were to run successfully for State Comptroller, succeeding Edward Regan, who is running for the Republican nomination for Governor, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin would become Mayor—although there has been speculation that he might run for State Attorney General if the present Attorney General, Robert Abrams, should be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor. The rustling sound at City Hall was that of politicians and reporters riffling through the city charter, chaffering over the fine print.

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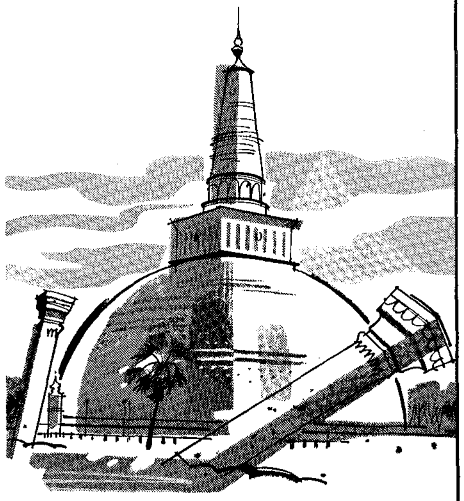

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was centered not on urban problems but on Koch's political plans. While he was in the state capital, he apologized to Mayor Erastus Corning II (who had announced his support for Mario Cuomo for the Democratic nomination) for saying "dumb" things about Albany, which, he said, had "lots of good restaurants." To reporters who followed him around, Koch kept asking, "Isn't this a hell of a lot of fun?" But he told them that in the matter of the race for Governor he was far more serious than when "the lark" began. Under the New Federalism, the power would shift from the localities to the states, and a state capital was the place to be. Koch assured them that he was "very interested in the outcome of the *Post* poll"—which is not being audited by Price Waterhouse. However, there was at that point no visible ground swell of support for Koch from the Democratic Party bosses. State Chairman Dominic Baranello did comment that Koch was "tremendously popular" and that "it would be awfully hard for the Republicans to say unkind things" about their standard-bearer in the mayoral election. He added, "I wasn't surprised at his statements, because mobility is an important ingredient in politics, and so is the front page." The leaders of the state Conservative Party denounced the *Post's* publishing of the "Governor Koch" coupons, which appeared daily through February 8th, calling it "Soviet style, one-choice campaign touting." Of the Conservatives' cavils, the *Post* editors, apparently reaching down into the depths of their made-in-Australia American-history books, asked, "How do they imagine Roosevelt was nominated in 1932?"

Although the question of how near the Mayor was to a decision ("waiting for Eddie" is how the interval was referred to in some quarters) continued to be given breathless attention each day in the *Post*, the Albany *Knickerbocker News* suggested that Rupert Murdoch's candidate should be encouraged to seek higher office—in Australia. In this city, the *Times* coverage of the Mayor's bobbing and weaving dwindled after a few days. It stopped almost entirely in the *News*, whose circulation has gone down as that of the *Post* has risen—a circumstance that was a large factor in the *News*' being put up for sale in December by its owners, the Chicago Tribune Company. The *News* had no interest in aiding and abetting an enterprise that was in part a *Post* promotion scheme. Late last month, Koch commissioned a statewide poll on his chances, but he did not reveal the results. In deciding whether to make the race, he would have to consider the reaction of voters in places like Watertown and Canandaigua to his past statements—which his opponents would be delighted to repeat—that New York City is a miracle, that he gets the bends any time he moves beyond the Bronx, that he would "go to the ends of the earth" (even, it now appears, to Albany) to help the city. To many upstate residents, the city is the center of sin and profligacy which hogs all the state tax money. Running against it has been the grease on the wheels of many political careers in the world beyond the Bronx. If the Mayor doesn't choose to run, his playing around with the idea may cost the city any advantage that he claimed it had won because he was on the Republican line last fall. The G.O.P. State Chairman, George Clark, has accused Koch of going back on a pledge not to run for Governor—a pledge made in exchange for the Republican mayoral endorsement, Clark says, during a meeting at the apartment of Koch's longtime political adviser, John LoCicero. However, the stalling of the campaigns of other Democratic contenders which was caused by the Mayor's fooling around with the idea of running for Governor—if fooling around is what it should turn out to be—could boost the chances of Koch's recent Republican friends and their candidate. The Mayor's own judgment on his having caused his fellow-Democrats to get a late start is that it perfectly accommodates those who complain that campaigns run too long nowadays. It should be considered "a humanitarian gesture," he said.

On February 11th, the *Post* published the results of its Governor Koch poll. "From Rochester to the outer reaches of Long Island," as their report described it, fourteen thousand four hundred and seventeen coupons had been received. (The population of New York State is over seventeen million. Still, every coupon had cost somebody a twenty-cent stamp.) The *Post* spent little time on any of the three hundred and seventy respondents who, ignoring the lack of provision for a no vote, had weighed in negatively anyhow. It dwelt instead on such comments as one from a Bronx resident who wished that Koch were triplets, and from a member of the City Council in Cohoes, New York, whose message to Koch was "I don't think anyone can beat you unless God himself runs." A day earlier, the *Village Voice* had offered an "Impeach Governor Koch" coupon to its readers. They were invited to sign and mail in a statement that said, "I think that Governor Koch should be impeached because he lied to God at the Wailing Wall about remaining Mayor and because he lied to George Clark in John LoCicero's apartment." There was no provision for voting no on that one, either.

MEANWHILE, in Albany, Carey, busily trying to prove that he is a fox and not a duck, was turning out a steady stream of legislative programs dealing with such matters as crime, education, and the introduction of more technological industry into the state. Asked late in January whether it was certain that he would not at some point consider national office, he shook up his listeners once again by remarking that after he finally got the state budget through the Legislature he might take a new look at everything—on the state as well as the national scene. To confound things further, "Draft Carey" buttons were in large supply all over the state capital. Here, in the territory of "Koch for Governor" buttons—well, a few of them—the Mayor mentioned at a recent press conference (not reported in either the *Times* or the *News*) his vow to God not to run for any office but Mayor. "If God wants to punish me, he'll probably make me Governor," he said. De Witt Clinton served as both Mayor and Governor and was also a United States Senator and a candidate for the Presidency. Asked whether, now that he had widened his horizons to include the state capital, he might widen them even further, to include a try for some national office, Koch said of living in Washington, "Only one good restaurant. A fate worse than death."

—ANDY LOGAN

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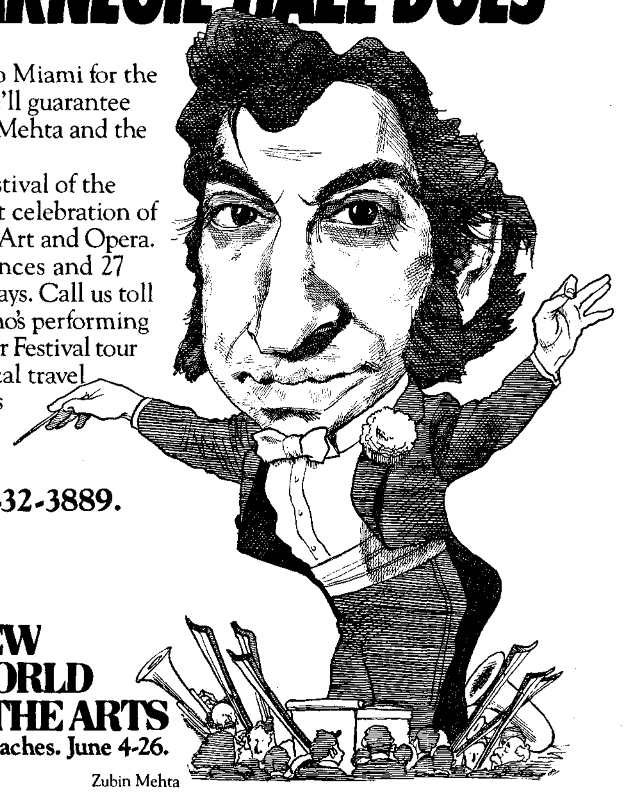
PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[From *Notes & Notices, published by Bucknell University*]

The *Philadelphia Magazine* recently named Dr. Stayton as one of the people to watch in 1982 in the field of human sexuality.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Man Who Understands Women

"PERSONAL BEST" is a celebration of modern American women's long-legged bodies. It's also a coming-of-age movie that shows what most of us go through—the painful experiences that later on we like to see as comedy. The surprise of this film—written, produced, and directed by the celebrated screenwriter Robert Towne ("The Last Detail," "Chinatown," "Shampoo")—is that most of the story is told non-verbally, and character is revealed in movement. This is perhaps the first directing début by a writer that buries motivation and minimizes the importance of words. Towne may have had to cut a couple of strings off his fiddle, but he plays a great lush, romantic tune. He bears down only on sensory experience, and he uses the actors, who are in fact athletes, as dancers. He presents a physical world that few of us know much about—the world of women athletes—and when he shows the adolescent Chris Cahill (Mariel Hemingway) preparing for the start of a race by hammering a block into the ground it's like Melville doing a how-to chapter. This is a very smart and super-subtle movie, in which the authenticity of the details draws us in (as it does in Melville); Towne cares enough to get them right, and he cares about the physical world in a reverent, fanatic way. When he shows Chris and the other heroine arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another. He breaks down athletic events into specific details; you watch the athletes' calves or some other part of them, and you get an exact sense of how their bodies work—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. This film celebrates women's bodies without turning them into objects; it turns them into bodies. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe. Everything in the movie is physically charged.

Perhaps consciously, perhaps instinctively, Towne has used the basic schema of growing up: of self-love, of discovering and exploring your own body and then moving through narcissism to friendship with someone of the same sex—a friendship that is tinged with homosexuality or is combined with it, and in which the friend serves as guide and teacher—and then moving to love of the other sex. And he has so deeply imagined it within the setting of sports competition that it's as if the whole physical world were the embodiment of coming of age sexually. Towne's cameras make love to women the way the hero did in "Shampoo": you can feel the warmth going out to them. The cinematography (by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel, who filled in when Chapman wasn't available) is soft-colored and generous. The imagery is rapt: you feel involved almost before anything happens. The two heroines—the young Chris and the more experienced Tory Skinner (Patrice Donnelly)—meet at the 1976 Olympic track-and-field trials, where Chris fails to make the team. Tory, who has qualified, helps her and falls in love with her. Over the next three years of preparing for the 1980 Olympics, they live together. Then Tory loses her—first because of the pressures of competition and the interference of the coach (Scott Glenn), and later because Chris falls for a boy. And they're such nice girls that you may feel bad about the misunderstanding between them—you want them to be friends. When Tory is competing against Chris in the 1980 pentathlon trials, the pain of rejection is too much for her, and she loses heart. It's up to Chris then to help Tory.

So little background information is provided that some people may think that Towne doesn't situate the story very well—that he hasn't brought us into it by showing where the characters come from and then developing them. But he doesn't need to. He excludes most of what would go into an ordinary sports film—college life, money problems, and much more about families. He doesn't explain the two heroines; he exults in them, and leaves them to explain themselves physically. When they make love, they are so tender with each other and so beautiful that it would take a very stern puritan to see anything wrong in their behavior. These two warrior women care for each other. They're

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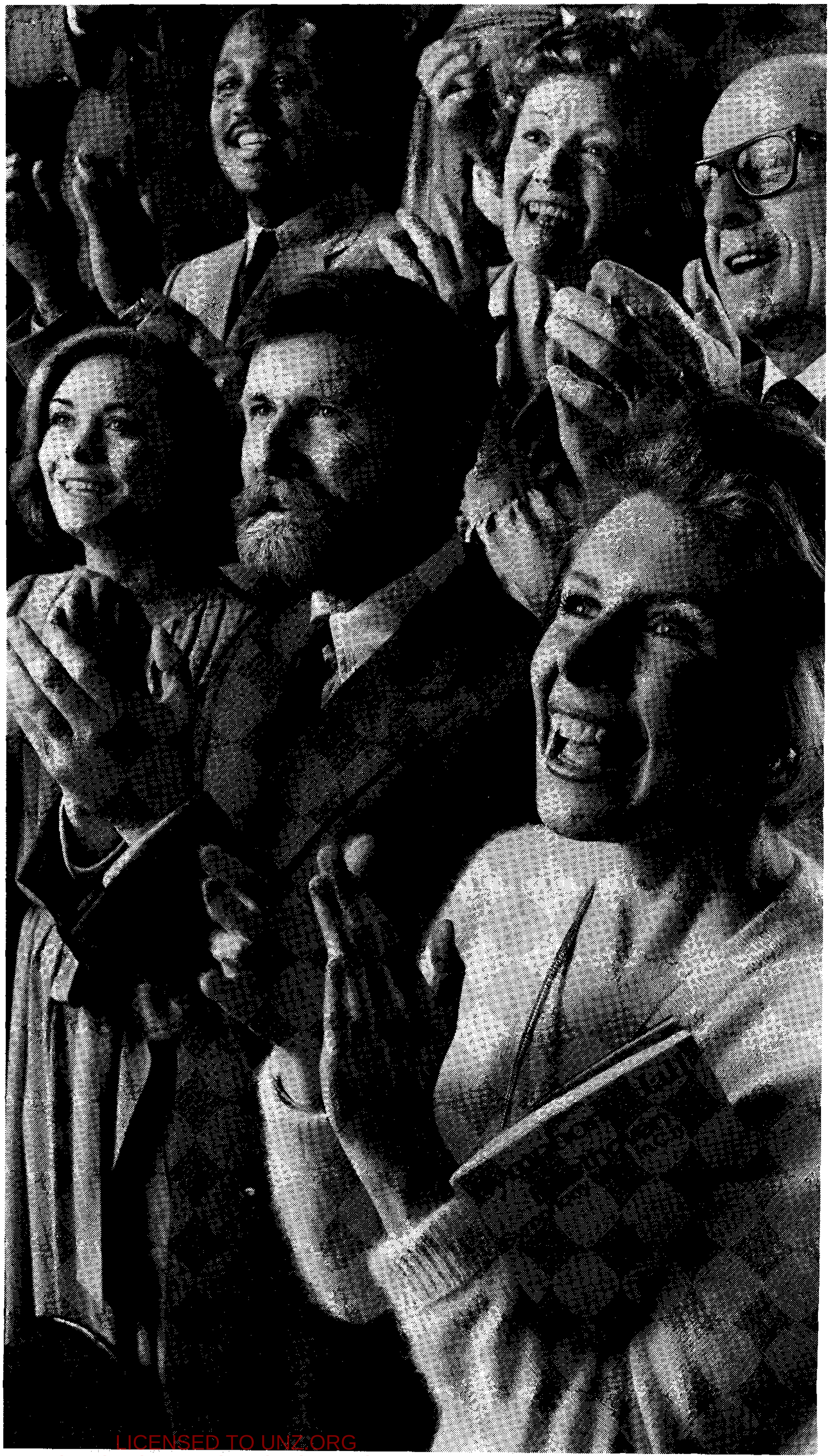

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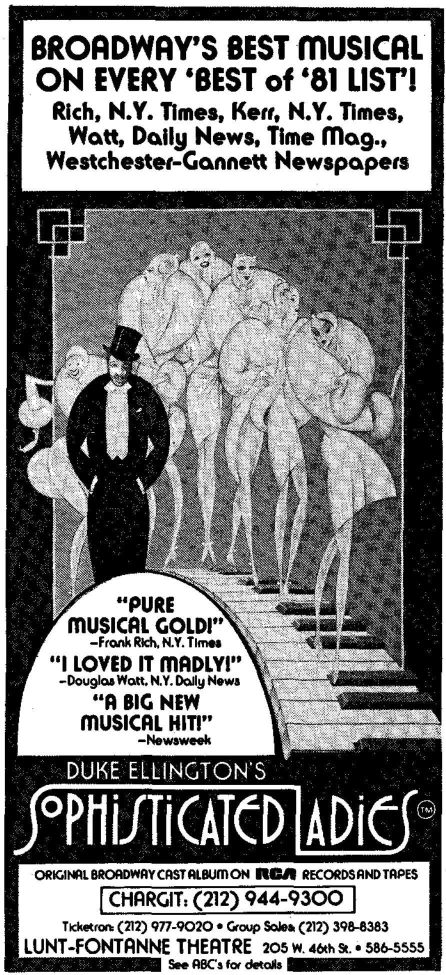

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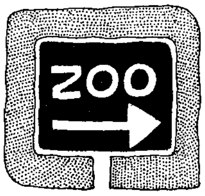
loving friends, and as the cameras show them Chris and Tory can't be immoral any more than they can be mean or duplicitous—look at how honestly and openly they compete, look at how they stand, how they move. Their lovemaking begins playfully—it's more sensuous than erotic. But when they tease each other there's an erotic element in it. The movie (deliberately) takes a primer approach to sex: it begins with tickling. When Chris picks up a lamp so she can see the naked Tory's scarred knee better, it's a child's lamp in the shape of a pelican. And the same childlike approach is taken to Chris's first heterosexual experience: it's playful and exploratory.



Towne bathes you in his love for the strength and delicacy of women's bodies. You see Chris and Tory through fog, you see them upside down, reflected in water—you see them every which way, and you see every section of their bodies. The movie admires every part of them. There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly; even the 1954 Colette film "The Game of Love" ("Le Blé en Herbe") was more circumspect. There isn't much dialogue, but it has an original, modern ease, and every line works on about four levels. The talk is so casual that sometimes you hardly register a joke until a second or two later, and then you laugh; you hear it after you've heard it. And sometimes the athletes tell jokes that the adolescents in the audience have heard before, and they laugh in recognition; Towne gets us all to laugh at the naturalness of joking. We've seen many movies on the same theme, but "Personal Best" feels unfamiliar, and it's this woozy, hip unfamiliarity that magnetizes us. Towne turns the heavy breathing of the women athletes working out into music; the sounds are sexual, and so are the images of ankles and hamstrings and thighs and crotches. The whole film is a series of open double-entendres. When the two girls arm-wrestle and then make love, there's an electric space heater in the room—the kind of heater that has coils that begin to glow, reach a certain intensity, turn orange and go off, and then start up again. And when the coach talks to Chris about running the hurdles or about anything else, he's also talking to her about Tory. The film orchestrates sexual maneuvers so that you take most of the moves in only partly consciously. You sense the pain that Tory feels when she loses Chris, and the pain that Chris, who is still finding her way, feels because she's hurting Tory. Chris is at that age when you're in a love affair that you don't understand and it's emotionally overwhelming to you.

Mariel Hemingway's Chris hasn't fully grown into her broad-shouldered body; it's the body of a Valkyrie jock while she's still a dear, giggly child with a radiant smile and a little kid's high, squeaky enthusiasm. When Denny (Kenny Moore), a water-polo player, meets her, we know that they're right for each other, because their voices match. (But there is no suggestion that Chris's heterosexual development is in any way morally preferable to her affair with Tory.) With her long, sun-streaked hair and her true-blue eyes, Chris is a beauty. She's also a visual comedy: almost six feet of muscle plus girlishness. The women athletes are all great-looking and all funny, because physically they have advanced so much faster than men's thinking about them has. They razz men flirtatiously, flaunting their own strength; the team clown is Emily Dole (the Throwin' Samoan), a heavyweight shot-putter. (In some sports, women are already hitting the men's records of only a few years ago; Mariel Hemingway worked out for eighteen months in order to be able to stand up next to the women champions who fill the screen.) When Chris and Denny are in the athletes' weight room, she gives him pointers about doing bench presses; while she's leaning over him talking about the weights, he's fixated on her genital area. She's a towering image of strength; when she's out with him and has to wait while he comes around to open the car door for her, she rolls her eyes in impatience, as if to say, "Get a load of this."

Chris the colt is touching because she doesn't know how to use her power, and when she's running, her anxious face, held down, is bobbing with her body. Essentially, the film is Chris's story: in the course of it she becomes a person. At first, her emotional range seems too limited for us to care about her, and she's rather blubbery and inert (like a hulking male jock) up to a particular moment: Denny has seen her to her door and returned to his car, when suddenly she

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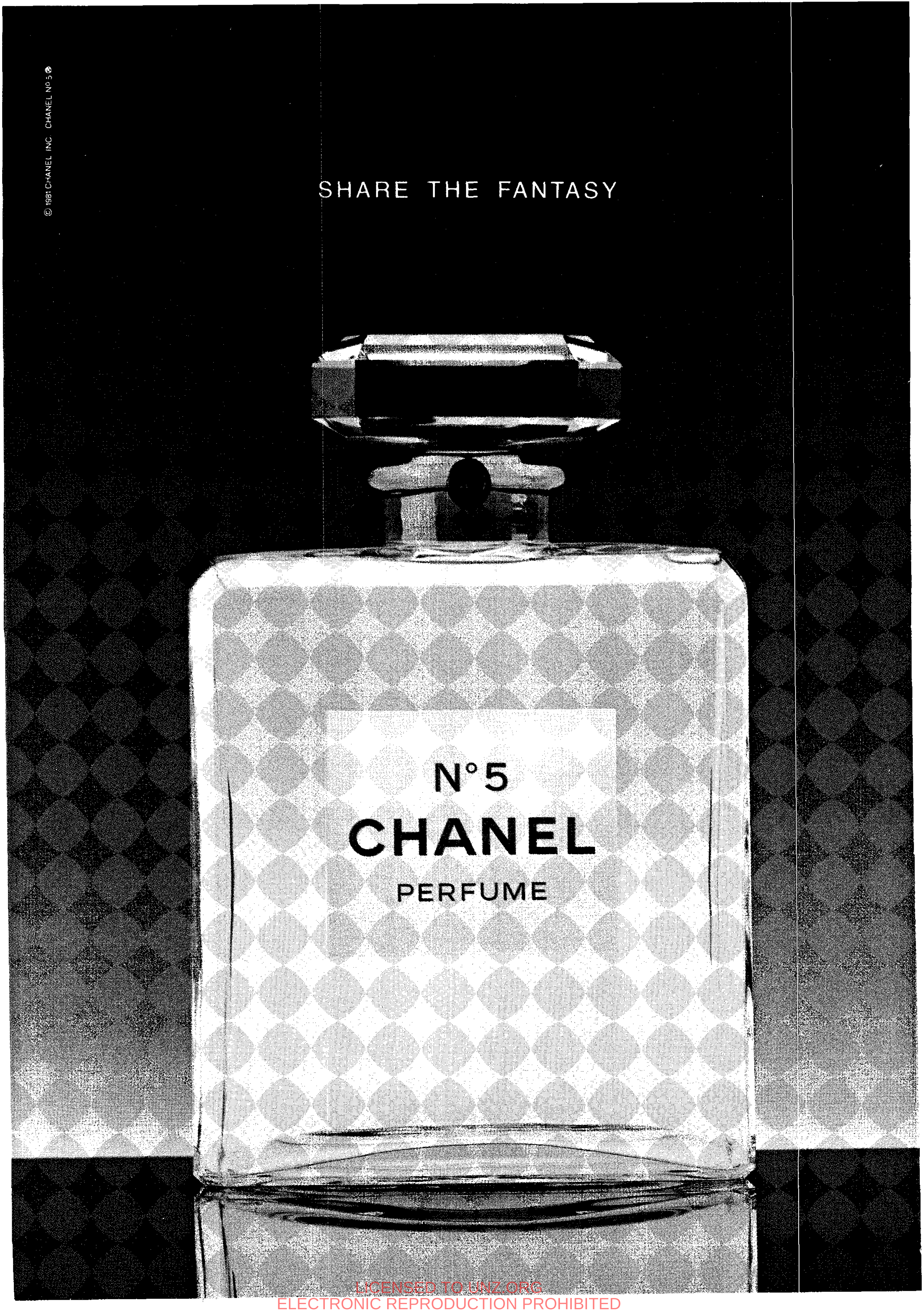
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leaps down the stairs, vaults over the fence, and says, "If you're not in a hurry, slow down." Until then, she has been acted upon, and Tory and the coach (who is her bridge to the other sex) and Denny, too, have all been watching her; now she wakes up and starts trusting her own impulses. But though she's the central character, physically Tory represents the film's ideal. When Tory runs, she's all of a piece, and she's thinking more clearly than at any other time. Patrice Donnelly, like most of the cast, hasn't acted before. Willowy yet strong, she's an Olympic hurdler. And when, at the end, Tory competes in the last pentathlon event, the eight-hundred-metre run, she moves like a beautiful machine. You don't see tension; what you see is the kind of transcendence that a great singer or a great dancer feels when every part of him is doing what it should and he's in a state of bliss. When you see her run, she seems to be sailing through the air, and you think, This is what all the training was for—so she could feel this way, and realize her highest physical capacities. That, of course, is what the title refers to. (In this sense, both girls win.) And you also see that the conception of the film is really inseparable from the performers.

Towne is esteemed for writing dialogue that allows actors to speak in their own voices—for adapting the dialogue to the actors, so that it doesn't sound forced or artificial. Here he has devised dialogue that enables the cast of athletes to sound natural. But he has gone beyond that: the movie has developed out of the adolescent gawkiness of Mariel Hemingway and out of the more recessive presence of Patrice Donnelly, who is part Shoshone and has an extraordinary profile—with her helmet of dark hair and her smooth skin, she looks like the women in Tuscan paintings. Her slightly flat nose contrasts with Hemingway's pretty little pug. They're an amazing pair—Donnelly, who has the neck of a goddess and eyes that cloud with suffering, and Hemingway, with her wide cheekbones, who's like a wonderful overgrown pet.

If there was a tipoff to Towne's emotional makeup, it was in the sensuous simplicity of the hairdresser played by Warren Beatty in "Shampoo." When this hero's girl (Goldie Hawn) caught him with a girl friend of hers and started a chain of accusations, he said, "Well, look, I don't know what I'm apologizing for. I go into an ele-

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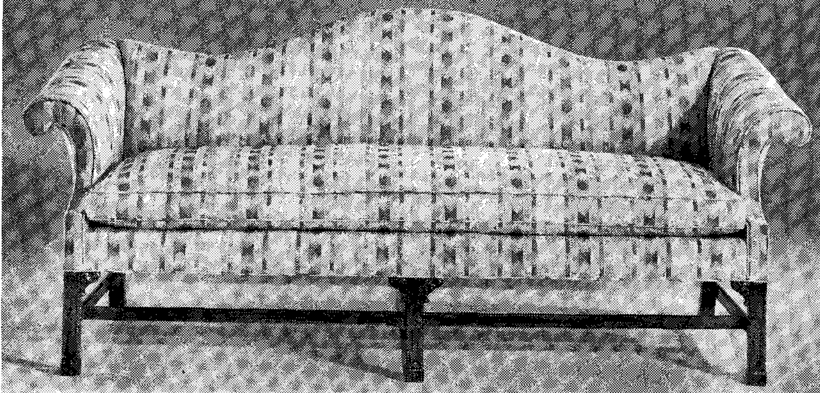

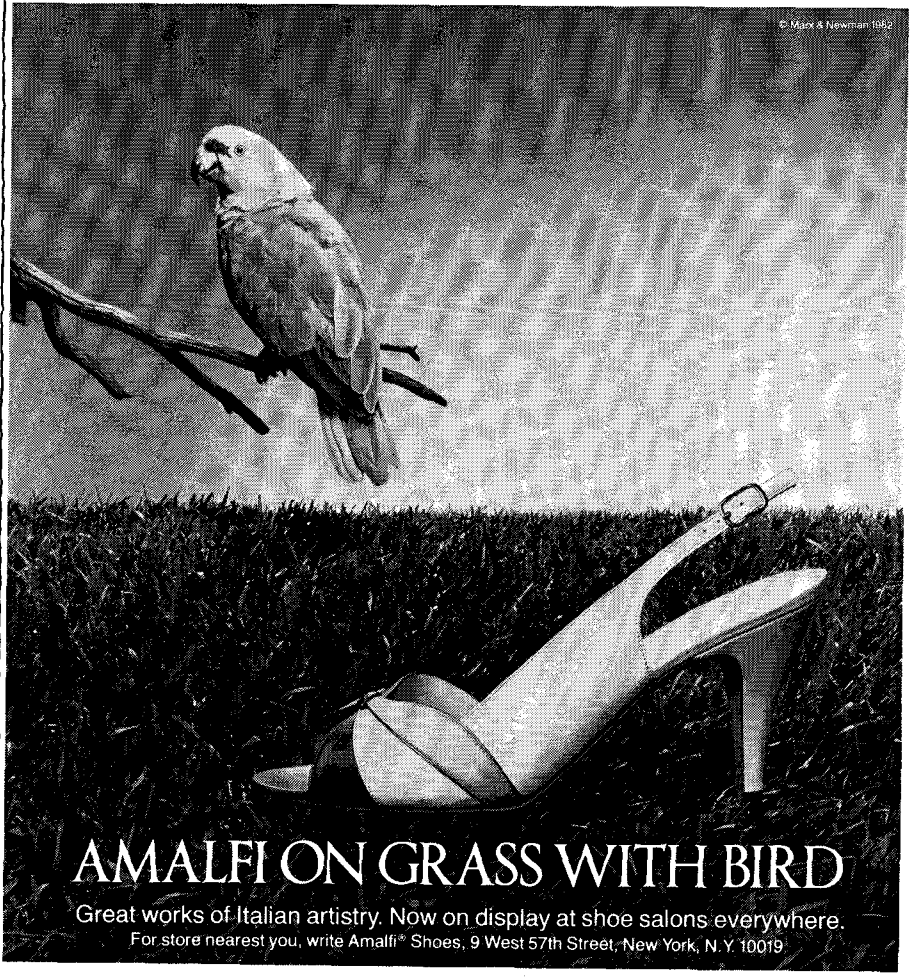

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vator or walk down the street and see a pretty girl, and that's it: it makes my day. I can't help it. I feel like I'm gonna live forever. Maybe it means I don't love them, and maybe it means I don't love you, but nobody's gonna tell me I don't *like* them very much." As Towne explained in interviews, the hero loves women because "they're pretty, they're nice to touch, they smell great, they look great, they feel great." And "there's nothing corrupt or crude about the guy at all—he's very sweet." Only a man who really loves women could have made "Personal Best."

Towne's feelings come through clearly in the steam-room scenes. If he were directing a bunch of naked men, the scenes would have wild payoff lines—some of his famous kickers. But he's so entranced by the women's beauty and conviviality that the scenes are just there, like stanzas in a love poem; the composition is head on and classical—an Ingres Turkish bath. By an act of imagination, Towne looks at the women with the detached obsessiveness that athletes and dancers often have about their own bodies. In "Carrie," when De Palma took us into the girls' locker room we were (deliberately) put in the position of a male voyeur, and what we saw was a boy's leering fantasy. When Towne takes us into the steam room, the camera might be one of the girls; he makes you smile or laugh as you recognize that the girls' nudity has the same easygoing quality as their dialogue. When the girls are shown in the high jump, flipping over onto their backs, they can't help being sexy, even though the camera keeps a straight face, and it's this detachment that makes you laugh. The camera never ogles the athletes' bodies. And no one in the movie is ever made to look bad—not even Scott Glenn as the scowling, sour-tempered coach with a Prince Valiant haircut and a teen-age boy's clothes, who taunts a male runner when Chris outraces him, and who does his damnedest to separate Chris and Tory, because their attachment might dull their competitive edge. He brings the team members out farther than they'd let themselves admit they'd like to go. He provokes Chris's hostility and brings out her strength; his victory with her is to get her to tell him to kiss off. Glenn gives the role a tensile ruggedness; this coach provides abuse and takes it—he's much like a movie director.

Towne, who was born and educated in Southern California, may have one

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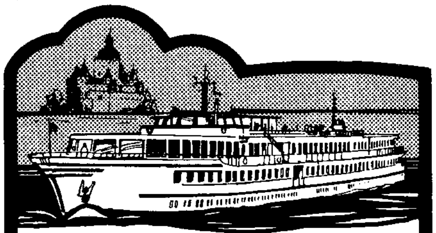

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of the most purely Southern California sensibilities to reach the screen. After the meets, the men and women athletes get together. These beer-drinking party scenes have the kind of imagery that is exploited in TV commercials and they could be ridiculous, but Towne likes the people who are there—he likes their relaxed, considerate ways. He believes in simplicity and sweetness and in the body. (A lot of people misunderstood "Shampoo," because they didn't perceive how simple and warmhearted the hero was meant to be, and they thought that at the end, when he was deserted, the film was punishing him for his sexual high jinks.) What Towne is saying in "Personal Best" could be reduced to "A horse's intelligence is in its hooves," and I think he means this in more than a romantic, metaphorical sense. He wants to believe that the beauty that excites him is the same as "character," and that a woman who moves beautifully is beautiful through and through, right to her soul. (When a girl flubs in competition, we can see the emotional confusions that are making her do it.)

"Personal Best" should be one of the best dating movies of all time, because it pares away all traces of self-consciousness. Nakedness is no big deal for the people on the screen. And you almost can't help feeling the two girls' emotions. It's not just the laughs that have an echo effect. Now that Towne is doing not only the writing but the whole thing, he sets up the movie so that everything resonates—the words, the gestures, the sudden hurt silences, the deep breaths. The slow-motion sequences are like ripples on a pond; bits of dialogue become motifs; and rhythms recur. His women athletes of the late seventies are like the figures you see romping on a Greek vase; you feel joined to them. He has made a dance film, seamless and fluid, about normal life. Watching this movie, you feel that you really can learn something essential about girls from looking at their thighs.

—Pauline Kael

•

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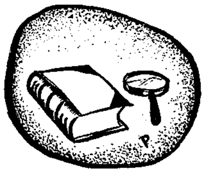
BOOKS

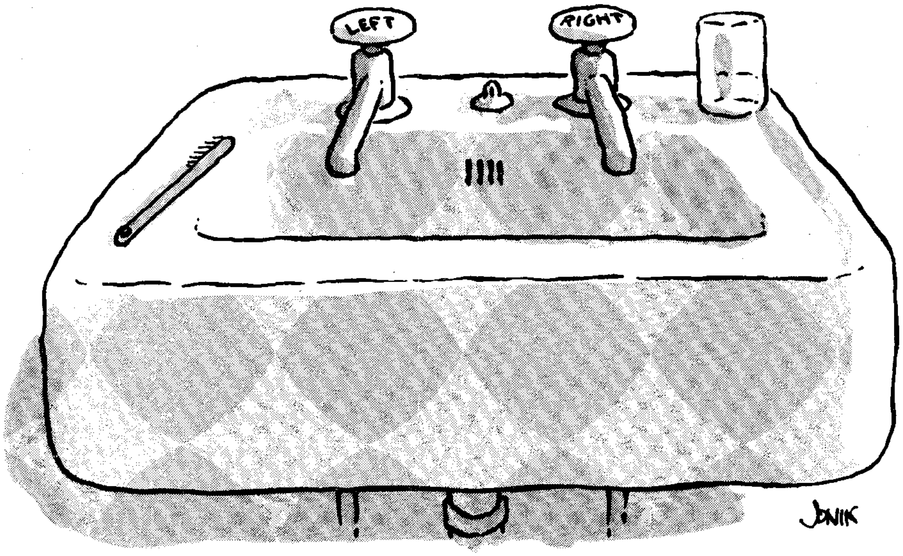
Toppling Towers Seen by a Whirling Soul



THE good thing about "The Dean's December" (Harper & Row; $13.95) is that it is by Saul Bellow, and therefore possesses wit, vividness, tenderness, brave thought, earthy mysticism, and a most generous, searching, humorous humanity; the bad thing about it, or at least not so good, is that it also is *about* Saul Bellow, in an uncomfortable, indirect, but unignorable way. The dean of the title, Albert Corde, a "Huguenot-Irish-Midwesterner and whatnot else," a man in his middle fifties, "not quite elderly but getting there," doesn't feel like a dean: he is too eccentric, too catered to, too absorbed in his writing and in his ingenious but pointedly nonprofessional theorizing. In Bucharest, the American Ambassador sends a limousine for him; in Chicago, his celebrity status goes sour when articles he published in *Harper's* malign the local power structure. He is a man of charisma, of wide and wealthy acquaintance, of many sexual conquests, though happily married now, to an eminent Rumanian-born astronomer. A certain tweed-free glamour attaches to him: "His nonchalant way of looking at you, the extruded brown eyes, that drowned-in-dreams look, was probably the source of his reputation as a swinger, a chaser." His persona, with "swelled eyes, yoked goggles, whitening brow hairs, pale dish face and long, uncomplaisant (only complaisant-looking) mouth," is redescribed every few pages, as if the author were checking to make sure the mask was still in place. The author, indeed, has a rather anxious relation to his character, not only buzzing like a gnat in front of his pale, "dish" face at the cost of a steady point of view (for we have no other vantage in this book than Corde's mind; why and how do we keep seeing him from the outside?) but slipping him little reassuring compliments now and then: "Corde's speed in making connections never failed to please [his wife];" "What a man he was for noticing! Continually attentive to his surroundings. As if he had been sent down to *mind* the outer world, on a mission of observation and notation." This Huguenot-Irish academic, whose university is never named or rendered very palpable, is a stand-in:

> He was not exactly deanlike in appearance. He wore a three-piece suit; the vest wasn't buttoned right somehow (no up-to-date official courting favor with undergraduates would dress in this style). He was something of a stand-in, a journalist passing for a dean.

Well, so what? Why shouldn't Bellow and Corde enjoyably share Chicago, rakish pasts, excitable social consciences, scientific Rumanian wives? (Bellow's present wife is an eminent mathematician.) Should a novelist be penalized because his excellence has generated prizes and fame and made the broad facts of his life public knowledge? Bellow in truth minds his own business more than most, and deliberately left New York, we know from interviews, to achieve a more private life and a more authentic American witness. The personae of Moses Herzog and Charlie Citrine, however patently they, too, at moments appeared to be stand-ins, did not give us the uncomfortable sensations Albert Corde does. They seemed self-projections as reckless and free and viable as the hulking Connecticut Wasp Eugene Henderson and the elderly Manhattan savant Artur Sammler. We felt good about them; they were, as the phrase goes, up front. "I celebrate myself," Whitman said. "And what I assume you shall assume, For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you." Literature can do with any amount of egoism, but the merest pinch of narcissism spoils the flavor. And there is more than a pinch in the emphasis here upon the articles about Chicago that Dean Corde has supposedly published, articles we overhear conversation and ruminations about for the first half of the book, intermittently, teasingly, and then in the second half are permitted to read sections of, articles we cannot but suppose to be fragments of the "nonfiction book about Chicago" that Bellow recently told Michiko Kakutani in the *Times Book Review* he had planned to write, accumulating "hundreds of pages of notes," before "he decided to abandon that approach and write a novel," a novel that we now hold in our hands. This book has swallowed the earlier one but has transparent sides, so that we can see the nonfiction book inside the novel and observe how incomplete the digestion process has been. Into scenes of life in Bucharest, as Corde and his wife, Minna, wait for her mother, Valeria, to die, and into the potentially absorbing trial in Chicago of two blacks for the murder of a graduate student at Corde's university, the articles—quoted, alluded to, clucked over—intrude their alien, paper reality. We are asked to swallow as part of Dean Corde's equipment "superexpressive" powers; we are invited to imagine "the spin he gave words;" we are expected to care whether or not he embarks upon another piece of exposition, this time propounding the theory of a scientist called Beech that excess lead in the environment is the root of all our social and psychological woes; we are made



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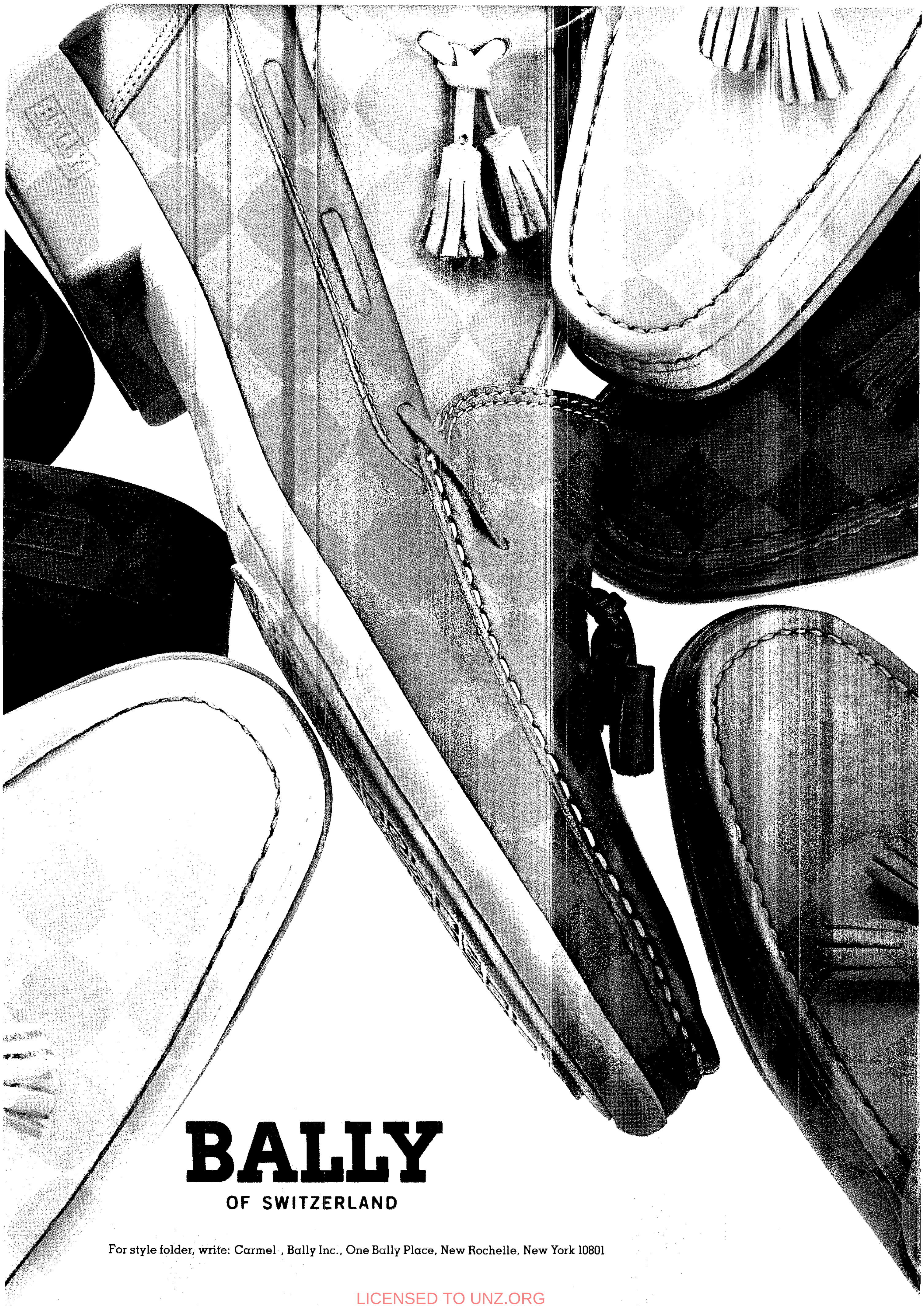

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to read pages of commentary upon the articles and Corde's fascinating personality by one Dewey Spangler, an old high-school pal of Corde's and fellow-aspirant to literary glory, who delivers his remarks first in two boozy conversations in Bucharest and then in an impossibly long and wordy (for its supposed newspaper use) syndicated column. It is too much; it is not fact or fiction. Let a journalist pass for a dean; but can journalism pass for a novel?

Corde is too closely tied to his creator to be free, to fall, to be judged in the round, to have anything much happen to him. No stark Greek fate is going to flatten this coddled agonist, we can be sure. What does he do, other than brood? He helps press a legal prosecution in Chicago. He buys cartons of Kents at the international *valuta* shop to grease the wheels of his mother-in-law's Rumanian funeral. He tends cyclamens and drinks plum brandy and sleeps to pass his idle days in Bucharest. He opens his mail when the plot needs a nudge. He loves his wife. We miss, I suppose, the great scenes of male-female pursuit and combat that the old Bellow produced; but all conflict in "The Dean's December" is frittered away, consigned to retrospect, allowed to pass, resolved offstage. An amazing number of characters exist altogether offstage: Corde's cousin and archenemy Max Detillion; the black criminals Lucas Ebry, Riggie Hines, and Spofford Mitchell; the touching young widow Lydia Lester; the distinguished but perhaps slightly crazy geophysicist Beech. They figure large in Corde's meditations, but we never directly meet them in a scene. A number of others—Corde's sister, Elfrida, and his nephew, the odious young radical Mason Zaehner, Jr.; his provost at the university, Alec Witt; some members of his club and the interview subjects for his famous articles—are seen briefly and are particularized with Bellow's incomparable flair but remain vivid bundles of characteristics stuck fast in the central tar baby of Corde's ruminations. They are all, even Minna, not so much encountered by Corde as interviewed by him.

As journalism, as writing, as *seeing*, much of "The Dean's December" is lovely. The Bucharest vistas, relatively untainted by the literary politics of the fictional factual Chicago articles, come through clear and drab, from the "strong dreary cars they drive in the satellite countries" to "the shops and the produce, the gloomy queues—brown, gray, black, mud colors, and an atmosphere of compulsory exercise in the prison yard." Never enchanted with Communism, Corde/Bellow observes without disenchantment the petty tyrannies and dishonesties of the "crypto-emotional life" led "in the shadow of the Party and the State"—a shadow that only vegetation does not feel:

> Three o'clock, and dusk already, tragic boredom coming with it. The forms of winter trees, the beauty of winter colors, were excepted from this. The trees made their tree gestures, but human beings were faced by the organized prevention of everything that came natural.

The cremation of Valeria, a doctor once prominent in the Party and then fallen from favor, is splendid reporting. The funeral observance takes place in a cold dome of which the floor is warmed by the crematory fires underneath; the rites are attended by a large crowd of elderly friends who "came out with a sort of underfed dignity in what was left of their presocialist wardrobe, to affirm that there was a sort of life—and perhaps, as Communists or even Iron Guardists (it was conceivable), they had sinned against it—the old European life which at its most disgraced was infinitely better than this present one." Corde is required to descend to the floor below to provide official identification of the corpse. The observer becomes an actor, reporting becomes experience:

> Corde felt cut in half by the extremes of heat and cold. [His] breast, as narrow as a ladder, was crowded with emotions—fire, death, suffocation, put into an icy hole or, instead, crackling in a furnace. Your last option. They still appeared equally terrible. How to choose between them!

Later, safely away, he imagines the actual cremation:

> At this very instant Valeria might be going into the fire, the roaring furnace which took off her hair, the silk scarf, grabbed away the green suit, melted the chased silver buttons, consumed the skin, flashed away the fat, blew up the organs, reached the bones, bore down on the skull—that refining fire, a ball of raging gold, a tiny sun, a star.

This is the kind of serial evocation, breathless and hasty-seeming but in every phrase ("grabbed away," "raging gold") vitally sharp and right, with which "The Adventures of Augie March" abounds. Compared to that inspired style of nearly thirty years ago, Bellow's now is more studied, a little knotted and choppy, verging on the abrupt:

> You poured from one of the buckets into the bowl. Corde himself now took charge

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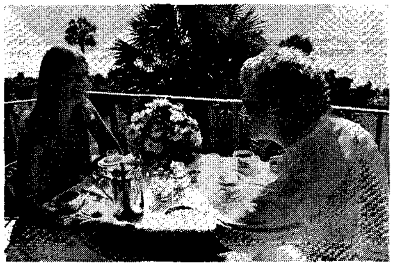

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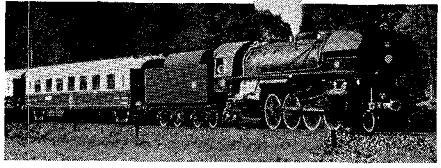

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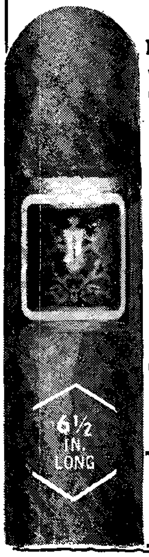

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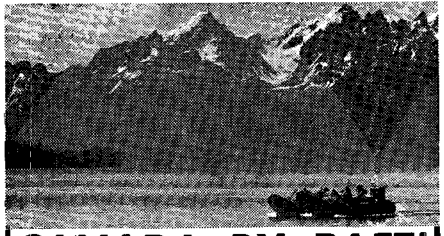

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and filled them when the water was running. The buckets were far too heavy for Gigi with her cardiac condition. The bathtub might have been a reservoir if the stopper had worked. All this was like the old times in the States, before the age of full convenience. It took you back.

Exclamations—"Give it to them!," "Have a look!," "Please, do!," "Christ, not me!"—pull the prose up short, and it all feels a bit heavily worked, with a patient circling, so that details are repeated, drilled in.

Bellow's imitation of spontaneity—his world gathering before our eyes with the miraculous silent swiftness of stop-action films of flowers blooming—is one of his special effects, and no doubt harder-won than it looks. Some of his images in this book have a beauty quite surreal, so unexpected is their tossed-off precision:

> Here in Eastern Europe, the morning's rain had turned to snow. The flakes were large—their shapes made Corde think of contact lenses—but as soon as they touched the pavements it was all over for them.
>
> Gigi also wore an imitation fur. To Corde these coats were odd—the lusterless needles mingled brown and purple, they felt soft enough, they had a heavy look but no actual weight; it was up to the wearer to put life into them.
>
> When Ioanna, crouching by the coffin, lifted her eyes to Corde, the blue eyes burnt as if her tears were alcohol.

And what Bellow does with human bodies! Visually seizing upon humps of fat and hollows of bone and ridges of gristle no one has ever put into words before, he makes of each body a kind of physical myth, a flesh-and-blood ideogram. Mason Zaehner, Corde's agitator nephew, is tall, "skinny, lanky, ambling, with pointed elbows;" when he sits down, he is "about as graceful as a driller's rig—a long frame, a remote head." That is what is wrong with him: "His quiddity was overstretched." A few pages on, the notion of attenuation undergoes some further diagnostic twists as Corde ponders his disagreeable nephew, who now looks "two-dimensional, like a drawing of a driller's rig. You had to study Mason to find the humanity in him. It was as hard to see as the thin line of mercury in some thermometers." Mason's mother, Corde's beloved sister Elfrida, is "curiously put together—very slender at the top, with a smooth dark head, and wide in the hips;" as Corde studies her, she—who, by the default of severe, pale, abstracted, starlit, grieving Minna, takes to herself the novel's modest

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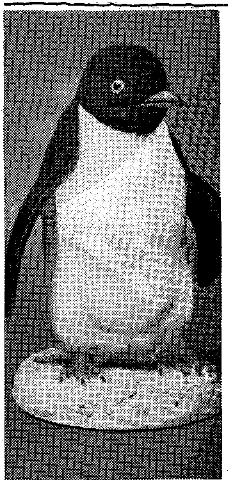

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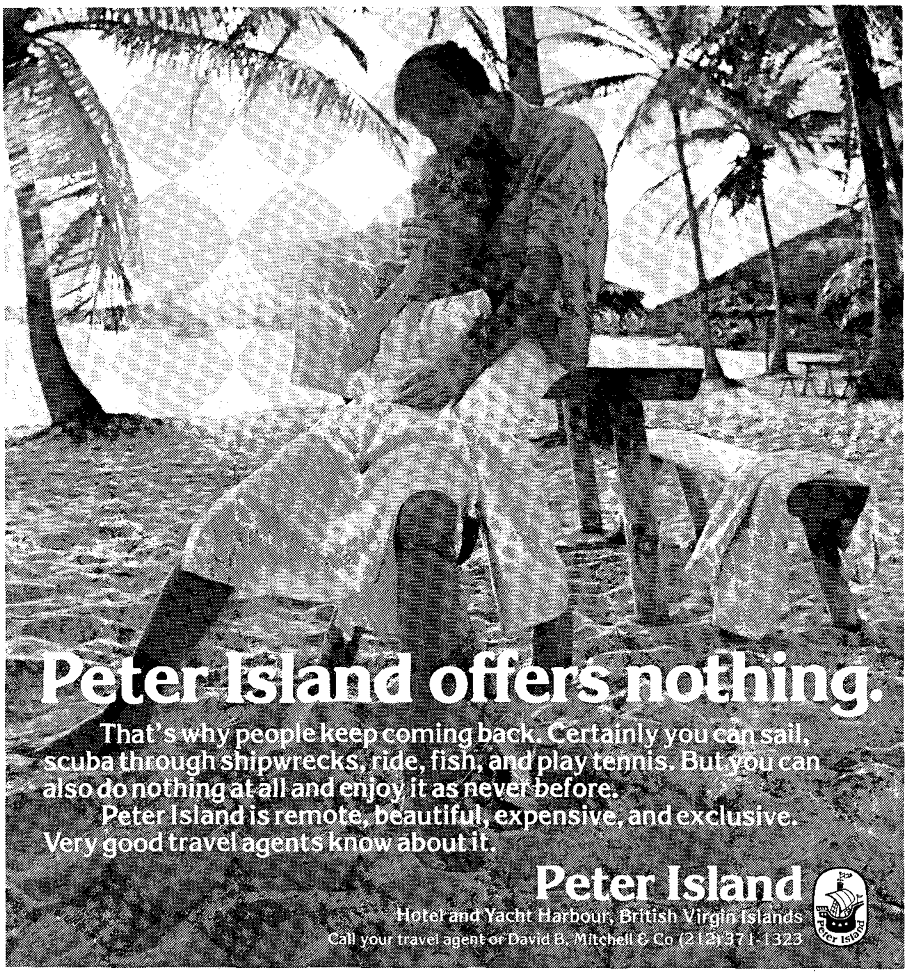
quota of female warmth—becomes a river goddess: “Yes, she was heavy in the thighs, big in the hips. There was a perennially strange ultra-familiar contrast between the elongated upper body, the upstream, and the broad estuary of the lower half, the lower flow of womanliness.” Lest we think this an idle metaphor, Corde in far-off Bucharest, a hundred and seventy-five pages later, remembers “the narrow dark head, the estuary hips.” Elfrida’s marrying a man of whom her brother disapproves—Judge Sorokin, “a Chicago type”—is, amid the displacements of this overpopulated, underplotted novel, the book’s erotic climax, and Corde’s muttered blessing (“She pressed her long cheek to his circular one. ‘You did right, Elfrida,’ he said”) its one effectively understated moment, when we are shown more than we are told. For we are told much and shown little in the course of the narrative, and if Bellow’s eye is still magical his ear seems dulled, allowing the voice of exposition to overwhelm the voices of character.

Since Corde’s researches into Chicago form the novel’s scattered centerpiece, something should be said about them. He sees Chicago as a tough place, and virtually all its citizens save himself as tough. His deceased brother-in-law, “Mason senior, a high-powered Loop lawyer with connections in the Daley machine, had been tough, arrogant, a bulldozing type. Brutal people, those Chicago insiders, a special breed.” In the halls of academe, too, brute strength prevails: “One of the shrewdest operators that ever lived, the Provost was also very strong—the perfect, up-to-date American strongman. You felt his muscle the instant you engaged him.” The good guys, the friends of the poor, also are full of muscle: Rufus Ridpath, a courageous prison reformer, “was a man of hillocky build, short in the neck, with a powerful intelligent Negro head. His brief arms were widely separated by his cylinder chest . . .” Toby Winthrop, who runs an admirable detoxification center, is a “powerful man”: “His trunk was enormous, his thighs were huge, his fingers thick.” Of Sam Varennes, a public defender, Corde writes, “Mr. Varennes is a muscular man. Even his throat has muscles, a pillar throat. I think he pumps iron.” The black underclass of Chicago—contemplating the misery, criminality, disconnectedness, and prospective doom of which



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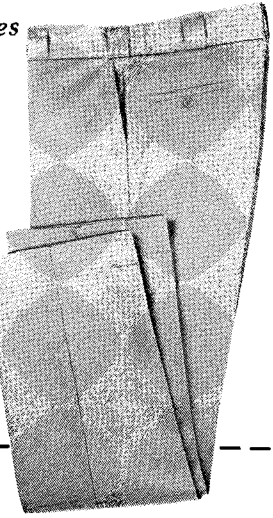

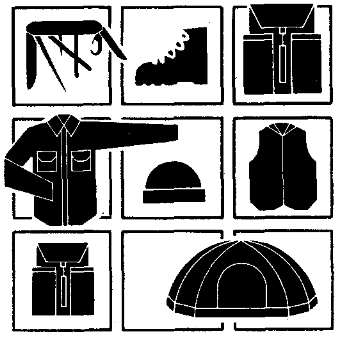

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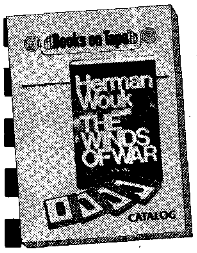

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has turned Corde into "a whirling soul"—is, of course, tough, too; Riggie Hines, "as tough as they come, and all whore," had "the build of a boxer and a boxer's compact tough head. Even the way she tucked back the mannish shirt to show the tops of her breasts was pugilistic." Corde's passionate concern with the plight of black Chicago—its vast population, as he sees it, being "written off," and entire cities like Chicago and Detroit being written off, and as many as fifteen million people having "already accepted to be stoned out of their minds," and civilization itself collapsing along with the cities, "nobody teaching the young language, human usages or religion"—finds little response among the wised-up pugilistic types around him, and a mixed response in the heart of this reader. Insofar as black slum-dwellers are made vivid, and their context of urban squalor dramatic, well and good. If the several murders touched upon here were brought closer to us, as Zola and Dreiser dramatized newspaper murders, even better; but this does not quite happen. Corde descends into his interviews about contemporary urban reality from on high, and is distrusted therefore. His language is high-flown, extreme: "I was losing Mr. Varennes. Anguish beyond the bounds of human tolerance was not a subject a nice man like Mr. Varennes was ready for on an ordinary day." Corde cannot think of urban deterioration without bringing in metaphysics and epistemology, Marx and Aristotle, Idi Amin and Jonestown, "the breaking of nations" and "how the soul is worked on." Not that the situation does not deserve an apocalyptic exposition; as Corde says, "if there are mysterious forces around, only exaggeration can help us to see them." But one wonders if to, say, Henry James the ethnic neighborhoods of Chicago so engagingly particularized by Bellow in "Augie March" might not have seemed as much a hopeless wasteland as black Chicago appears to Albert Corde. A certain fastidiousness is speaking; a strange persistent theme of excrement lies in "The Dean's December" at the pole opposite Minna's stars and Corde's cyclamens. A cab taken to O'Hare Airport smells so that Corde jokes, "People have even stopped wiping themselves," and one of his articles makes much of a Chicago sewer project, a "Cloaca Maxima" possibly weakening the foundations of the skyscrapers. The impudent Dewey Spangler rhapsodizes

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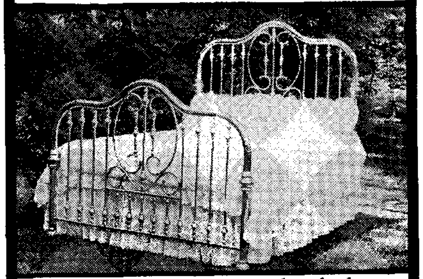

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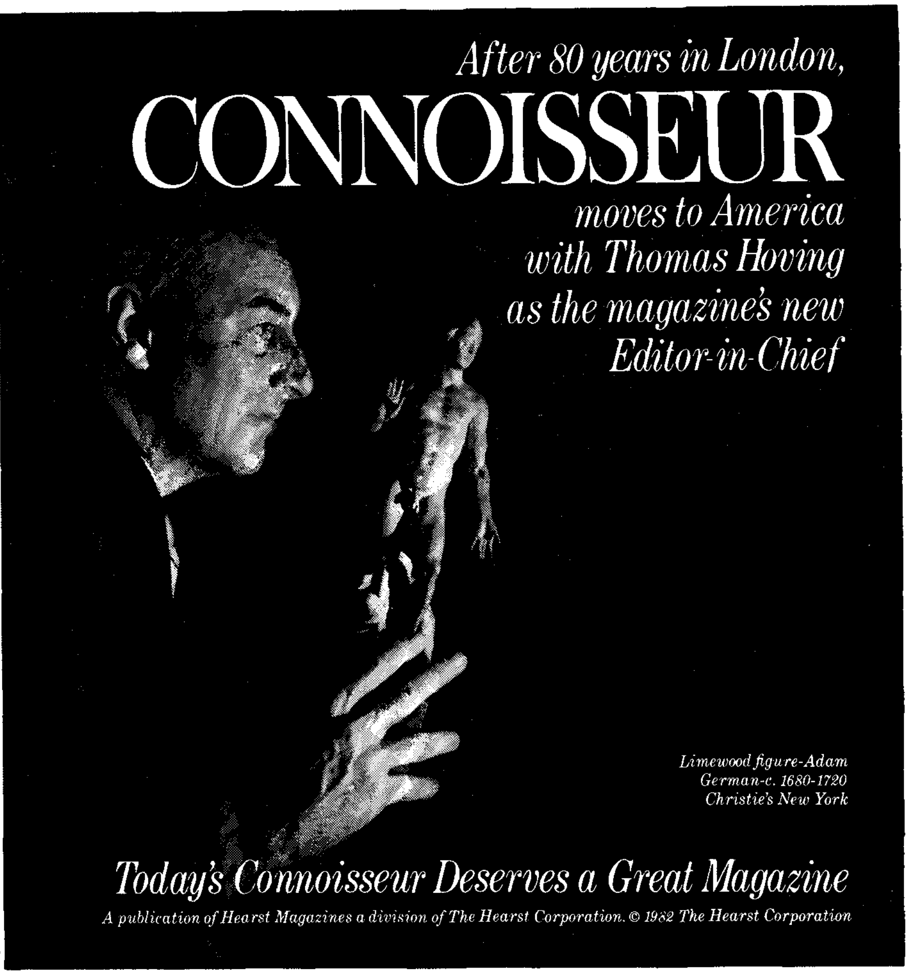
in parody, "All those tons of excrement, stunning to the imagination. It won't be the face of Helen that topples those great towers, it'll be you-know-what." Corde, of course, lives in those towers, ivory or not. His happiest Chicago scene shows a party given by his new brother-in-law's rich brother, on the fortieth floor of a Lake Shore Drive high rise. The festivity, a birthday party for a pet dog, peaks when the guests release from the balconies balloons "the shade of green poured into the Chicago River on Saint Patrick's Day," which are "snatched straight up;" and the novel itself ends with Corde's almost literal ascent, at Mount Palomar Observatory, to the stars, into the clean heavenly cold.

Bellow believes in the soul; this is one of his links with the ancients, with the great books. At the same time, like those great books, he feels and conveys the authentic heaviness in which our spirits are entangled; he has displayed for thirty years an unsurpassedly active and pungent awareness of the corporeal, of the mortal, of human creatureliness in all its sexual and assertive variety. He is not just a very good writer, he is one of the rare writers who when we read them feel to be taking mimesis a layer or two deeper than it has gone before. His lavish, rippling notations of persons, furniture, habiliments, and vistas awaken us to what is truly there. Such a gift for the actual is not unnaturally bound in with a yen toward the theoretical; for how do we see but by setting ourselves to see? From "Augie March" on, a sense of intellectual quest moves Bellow's heroes and is expected to move his readers. The quest in "The Dean's December" is narrow enough to meet concentrated resistance. It was indeed courageous of Bellow, as he told his *Times* interviewer, to devise a fiction about "the problems of demoralized cities." I, for one, take his ideas about civilization seriously enough to wish he had gone ahead and completed his nonfiction book on Chicago, and made a separate novel, or novella, of his glimpses of Bucharest. The switching back and forth between the two cities, both demoralized but in such different ways, is as wearying as the effort of holding in the mind's eye an image of Albert Corde different from the image on the back of the jacket. Bellow has it in him, great poet and fearless mental venturer that he is, to write one of those unclassifiable American masterpieces like "Walden." But such a book



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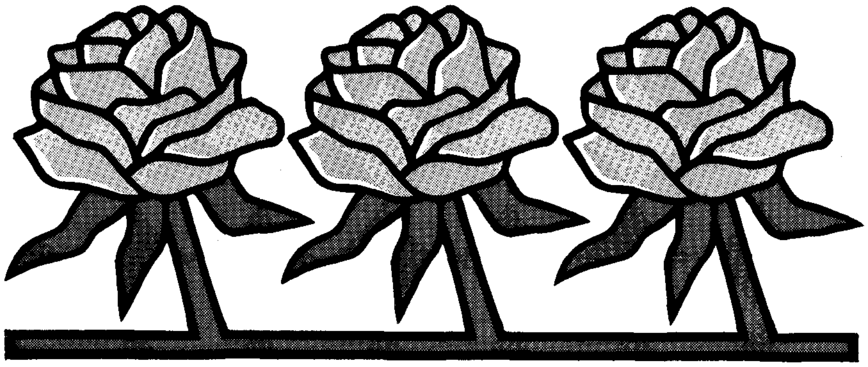

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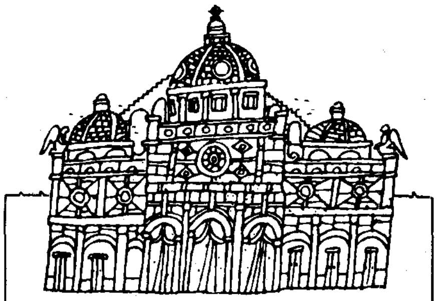

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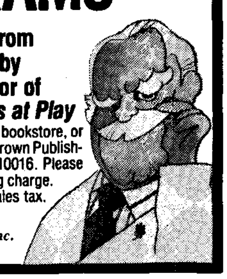

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must ramify from a firm, simple center, and this "The Dean's December" does not possess.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE VILLA GOLITSYN, by Piers Paul Read (Harper & Row; $13.95). The Villa Golitsyn, in Nice, was once (the author of this novel tells us) the winter home of a Russian prince and is now the home of a rich, self-exiled, youngish English couple, Willy and Priscilla Ludley. At the moment we meet them, they have three guests staying there: Simon Milson, a civil servant in the Foreign Office and an old school and university friend of Willy's; a runaway English schoolgirl who attached herself to Milson on the train through France; and another old school friend, a wavering homosexual named Charlie Hope. There is some reason to believe that Ludley, during a short hitch in the foreign service, committed an act of treason, and Milson is visiting the villa partly to try to determine if his old friend had in fact been a traitor. As for Hope, he is there to await an American actress with whom he hopes to straighten out his sex life. The runaway girl is in seventh heaven, and has already fallen in love with Ludley, who, though a drunk, is charming and stimulating company. But all the above is only a part, or a perspective, of the truth that Mr. Read enables us to gather, bit by delightful (and moving) bit.

BRAIDED LIVES, by Marge Piercy (Summit; $15.50). The author's previous novel, "Vida" (1980), dealt with the radical underground of the nineteen-sixties and seventies. This strong, surprisingly cant-free novel tells the story, in the first person, of a radical feminist's early years in the preceding decade: first as a hot-tempered teen-ager in a working-class Detroit neighborhood, where she and her mother hurl crockery and curses at each other; then at university, in Ann Arbor, where she dresses like a bohemian, drinks like a man, writes bad poetry, and both scorns and appalls the husband-hunting coeds in her dorm, and where she makes lifelong friends, lovers, and enemies among the scanty ranks of radical students and professors, who gather nervously to

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stage anti-HUAC skits, to sing protest songs, to ponder Sartre, and to talk about "the cinema." After graduating, she moves to Greenwich Village and supports her unfortunate poetry-writing habit with odd jobs; meanwhile, her closest female friends continue to fall in and out of love with her closest male friends, to fear pregnancy, and to risk illegal abortions. One especially grisly episode edges her toward radical-feminist activism as the age of "Vida" dawns. As the title suggests, the story is long and complicated, and—fortunately—it is too wry to work as propaganda.

NOTE: "Beyond the Pale," a collection of stories by William Trevor, has been published by Viking ($12.95). Some of the stories originally appeared in these pages.

GENERAL

KAFKA: A BIOGRAPHY, by Ronald Hayman (Oxford; $19.95). Franz Kafka (1883-1924) was a wretched child, a miserable youth, and a neurasthenic adult, who died untimely of tuberculosis. His family life was deplorable, his romantic life was absurd, and his surroundings—provincial Prague, his father's store, old-fashioned schools, and public bureaus—were constricting. It is perhaps a judgment on modern times that his sufferings, transmuted into fiction, foretold the purposelessness, incomprehensibility, and cruelty of the rest of the twentieth century. Mr. Hayman carefully and sympathetically outlines Kafka's predicaments as an unloved son, an uncertain Jew, and a spectator of the ferocious hostility between Germans and Czechs. Kafka was an excellent student who became, at his parents' insistence, a lawyer, and served with distinction in the Workers' Accident Insurance Institute through the First World War and after. Self-doubt did not affect his professional competence, although Mr. Hayman demonstrates that Kafka's elaborate strategies for self-torture simultaneously increased his unhappiness and sharpened his art.

•

William Pizzano, director of public information for the state DPW, at the same time declared that the bridge is safe for vehicles to cross. "Absolutely," Pizzano said. "If it wasn't safe, we wouldn't have closed the bridge."—*Concord (Mass.) Journal.*

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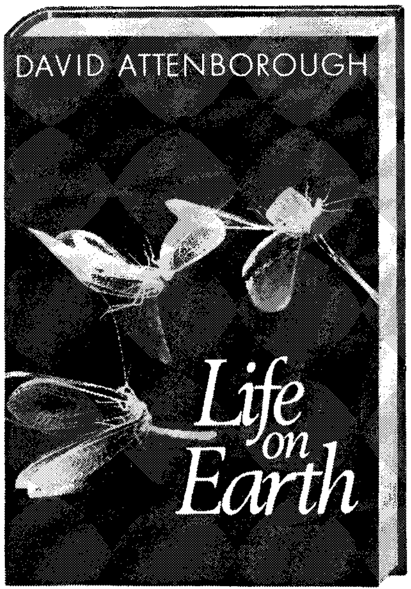

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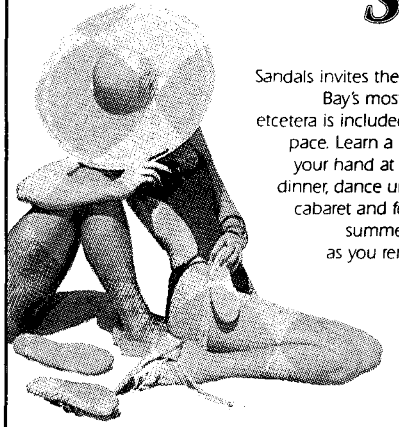

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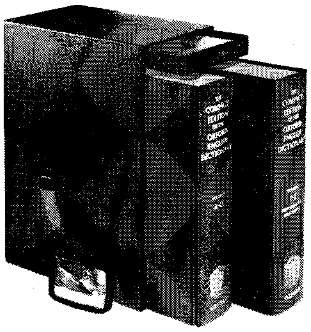

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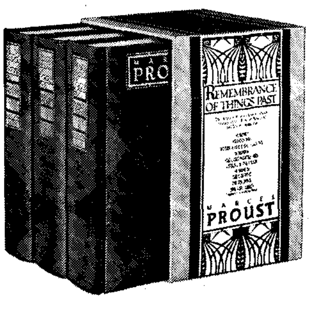

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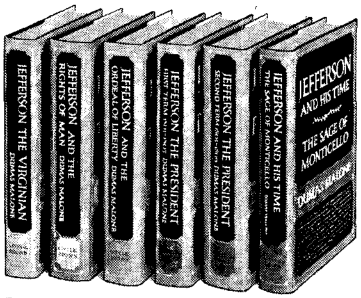

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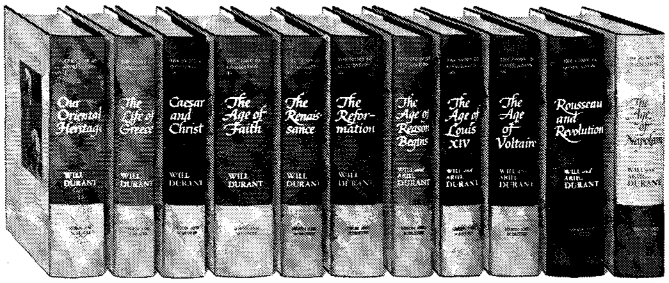

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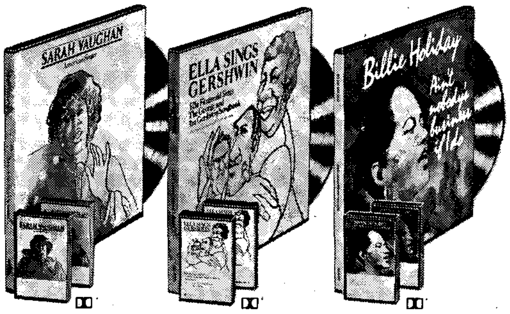

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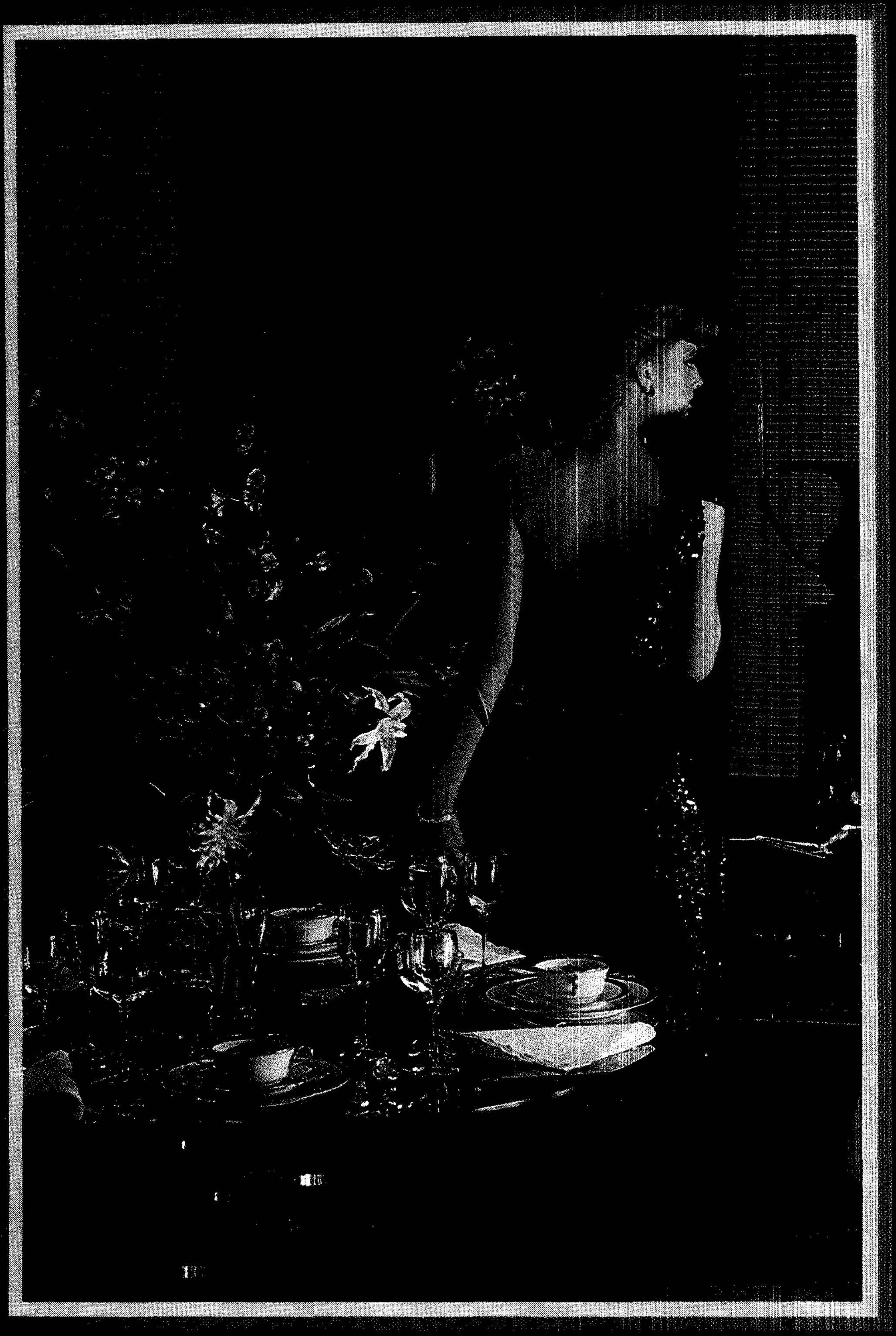

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